Colli

THE NATIONA EKLY

IOLA FREE PU
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

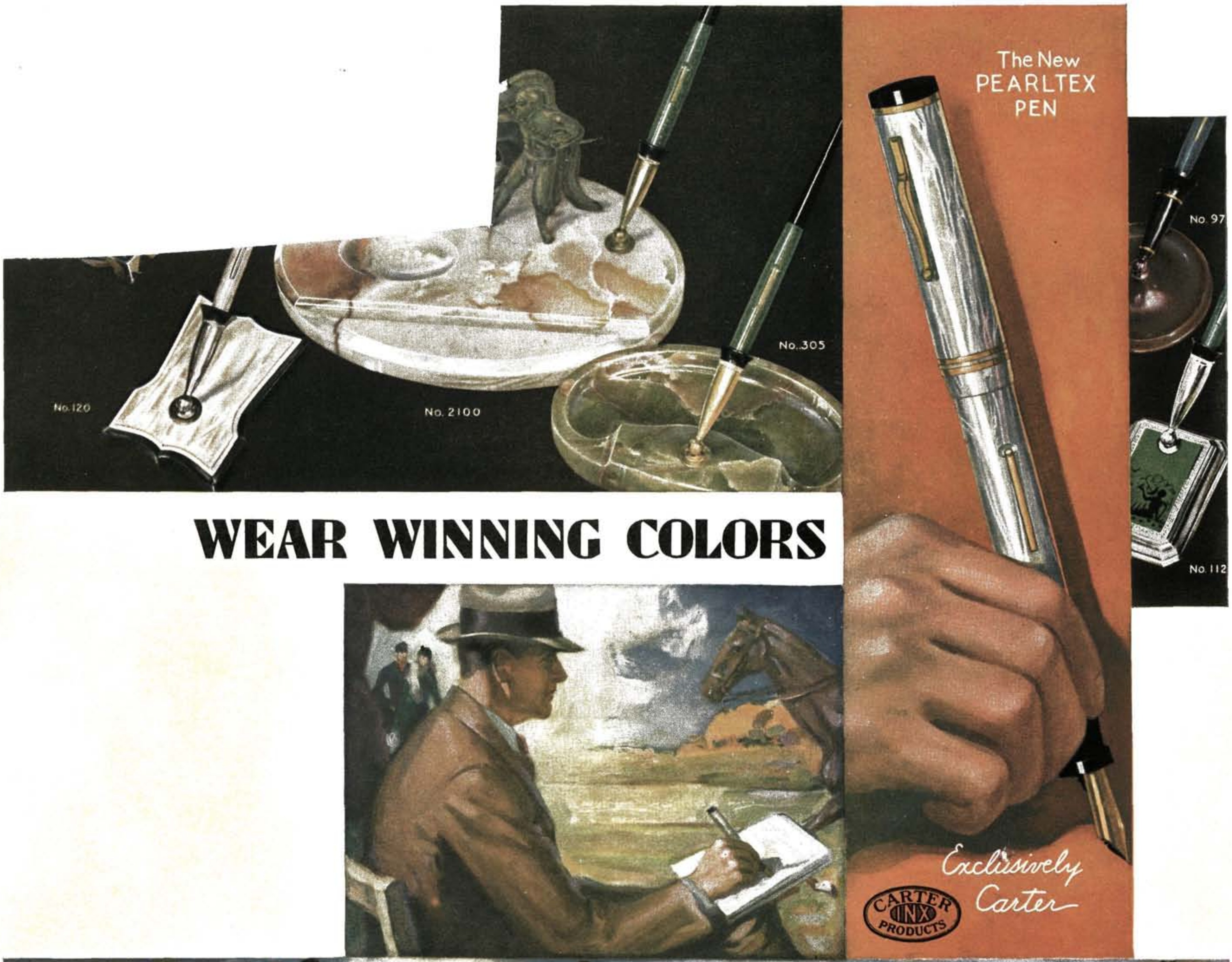
A short story by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE—

"The Making of a Gentleman"

More than 2,000,000 Circulation

Sept. 14, 1929



WEAR WINNING COLORS

CARTER has captured and reproduced for you the exquisite lustre, rich beauty and shimmering iridescence of the genuine pearl. Pearltex is an exclusive creation. . .With this pen, marvelous in appearance, comes the Carter dependability–the performance of a Thoroughbred. . . Flexible, responsive, writing instantly, with an ease that *makes writing a pleasure*, you have a pen practically indestructible–that will be yours to enjoy indefinitely. And the pen point is tipped with Osmiridium, the longest wearing and most costly pen point material known. . . The Carter Rocker Spring Clip is *built in.* It releases with a slight pressure of the finger, otherwise it grips the pocket firmly, perfect protection for a perfect pen. . . We are making every effort to meet the demand for the new Pearltex Pens. If your store is not yet supplied, let us help–a note from you will receive prompt and courteous attention.

Carter's Pearltex Pens at $10.00, $8.00 and $6.00 as well as Carter's beautiful blue or green Coralite Pens at $7.00 and $5.00 are unconditionally guaranteed. Both styles are unbreakable.

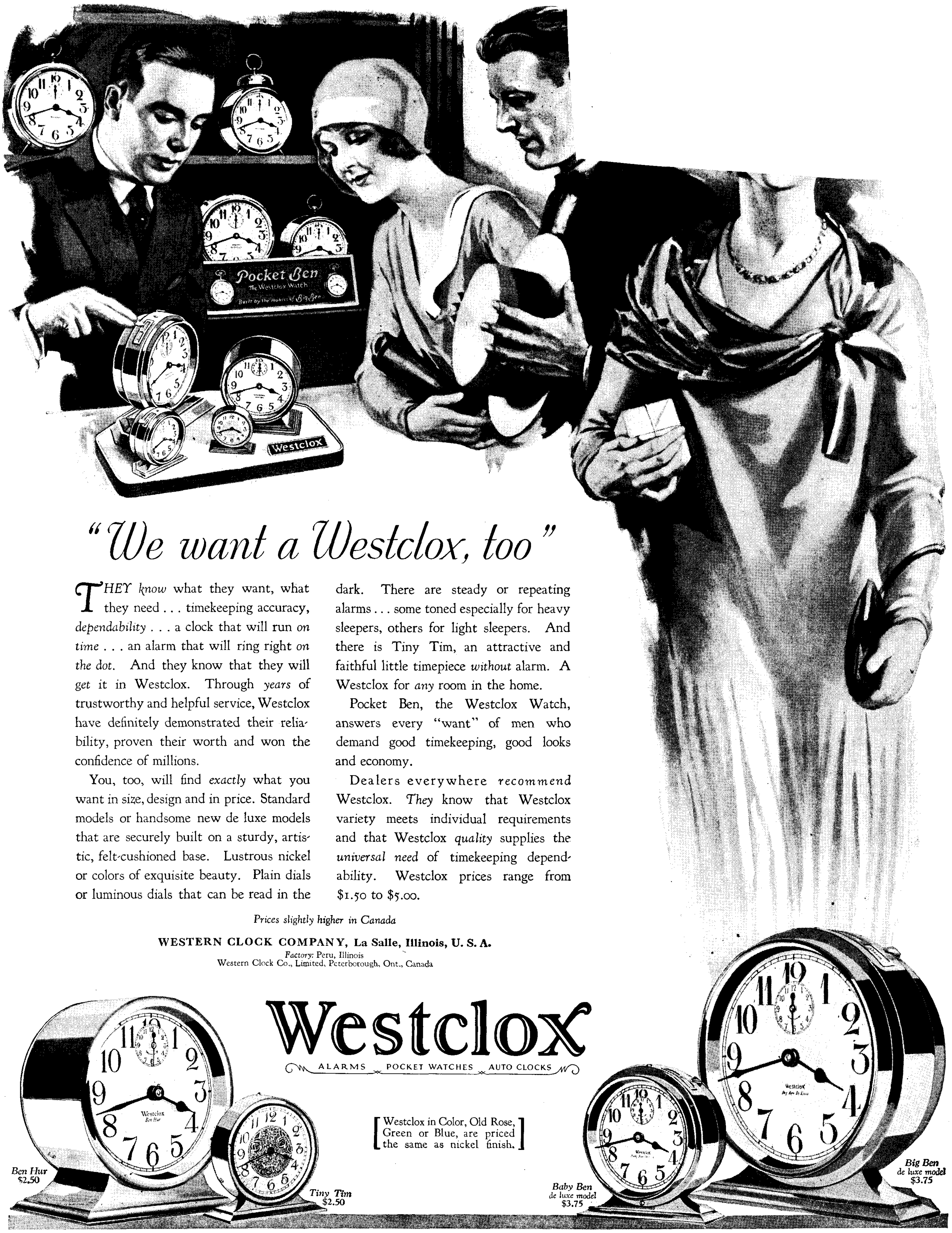
THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston New York Montreal Chicago

THE NEW
RYTO INK
WRITES INTENSE BLUE
TURNS A
PERMANENT BLACK

THE CARTER PEN

No. 120 – Black and White Pearltex, $16.00
No. 112 – Silver Plate, Green Inlay, $25.00
No. 2100 – Mexican Onyx, Bronze ornament, $60.00

No. 97 – Bronze Finish, $6.50
No. 111173 – Men's Pearltex Pen & Pencil Set, $15.00
No. 305 – Argentine Green Onyx, Deep Scoop, $25.00



"We want a Westclox, too"

THEY *know* what they want, what they need . . . timekeeping accuracy, *dependability* . . . a clock that will run *on time* . . . an alarm that will ring right *on the dot*. And they know that they will *get* it in Westclox. Through *years* of trustworthy and helpful service, Westclox have definitely demonstrated their reliability, proven their worth and won the confidence of millions.

You, too, will find *exactly* what you want in size, design and in price. Standard models or handsome new de luxe models that are securely built on a sturdy, artistic, felt-cushioned base. Lustrous nickel or colors of exquisite beauty. Plain dials or luminous dials that can be read in the dark. There are steady or repeating alarms . . . some toned especially for heavy sleepers, others for light sleepers. And there is Tiny Tim, an attractive and faithful little timepiece *without* alarm. A Westclox for *any* room in the home.

Pocket Ben, the Westclox Watch, answers every "want" of men who demand good timekeeping, good looks and economy.

Dealers everywhere *recommend* Westclox. *They* know that Westclox variety meets individual requirements and that Westclox *quality* supplies the *universal need* of timekeeping dependability. Westclox prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS · POCKET WATCHES · AUTO CLOCKS

[Westclox in Color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.]

Ben Hur
$2.50

Tiny Tim
$2.50

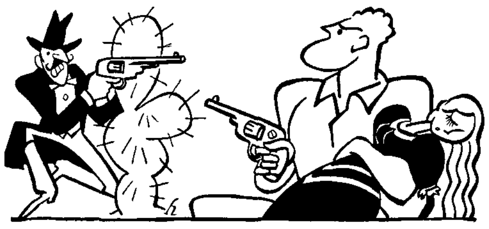
Baby Ben
de luxe model
$3.75

Big Ben
de luxe model
$3.75

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

stands of the country starting Friday, September 13th. Zane Grey's new novel, "The Yellowjacket Feud," begins in the issue of Collier's out that day.

There will be no violence, we trust. There's enough of that in the story.



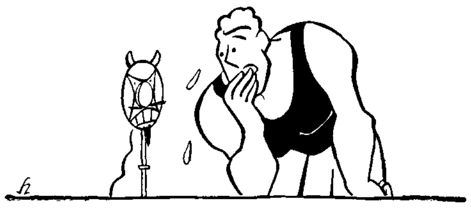
THE late Senator Boies Penrose, the last person who would have wanted it, has never been given his due share of credit for the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Senator Sheppard's amendment would not have reached the floor of the Senate if Penrose hadn't given the word, which he did with his fingers crossed. You'll find the whole dramatic story in William G. Shepherd's "Who Laughs Last."

—

WHEN the Joneses drop in for bridge next week, vary the program a bit by reading Ferrin L. Fraser's story "You Can't Convict a Pretty Woman"—aloud. And then ask for a ballot. Will your crowd follow the cold logic of Juror Number 5? Or have you a Number 3 mind?

—

AT LEAST once a week we marvel at the vocal powers of John B. Kennedy, Collier's own radio impresario and big-game hunter. Many a celebrated person is drawn irresistibly to the radio studio by that awesome voice and, once there, is lost. John is diplomatic, as with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or threatens, as with Dempsey, and almost before you can say superheterodyne the celebrity is standing before the microphone and doing very well. Mr. Kennedy's bag has included Rockefeller, Dempsey, John McCormack, Jeritza, Babe Ruth, Galli-Curci, Al Smith, Charles Schwab, and so on until your breath gives out. He tells about their radio experiences, and his, in "Mastering the Mike."



"YOU talk to me again like that and I'll crack you one on the jaw." The young man who couldn't pay for his meal was talking to Mr. Stolp, the cafeteria manager, and the girl at the cashier's desk needn't have paid any attention. But these young people nowadays need so little urging. And such a romance! It is "Cafeteria Girl," by Paul Deresco Augsburg.

—

WE WEREN'T half through. Think of having to dismiss with a word such entertainment as "April Escapade," by Kathleen Norris, and the serial by George Preedy—"The Prince's Darling." Also Grantland Rice's sport page, Fred MacIsaac's "Ice-Cold Kisses," and inside stuff by The Gentleman at the Keyhole. And as if that were all!

HIS WEEK

September 14, 1929

Cover—John Holmgren

Page 7—Arthur Somers Roche
THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN: In such a dilemma could you have done as well?

Page 10—John T. Flynn
WHATEVER GOES UP: What a wonderful time the wreckers are having!

Page 12—Roark Bradford
THE INDIAN SUMMER OF BUGABOO JONES: Too many bad men make an elegant story of good times on the Mississippi.

Page 14—Denver Lindley
THE HOLD-OUT: A short short story complete on one page.

Page 15—Uncle Henry
THE LONESOME EAGLE: The old gentleman is concerned about Colonel Lindbergh.

Page 16—B. L. Jacot
I'M NOT SCARED OF THE GENERAL: But the General's daughter didn't know that.

Page 18—Betty Thornley
TWEED IS BOSS: Rough stuff for ladies.

Page 19—Ring Lardner
BAD NEWS FOR PITCHERS: The offensive side of baseball.

Page 20—Grantland Rice
CAME THE BRAWN: Proving that muscles don't have to bulge.

Page 21—George Creel
A NEGLECTED GIANT: George Rogers Clark; dogged fighting; privation; endurance; victory; very thrilling.

Page 25—George R. Preedy
THE PRINCE'S DARLING: Another chapter of colorful romance.

Page 28—Kathleen Norris
APRIL ESCAPADE: Continuing the diverting story of Mary Kate.

Page 30—Albert Richard Wetjen
NOTHING BUT A GHOST: The story of a dastardly enterprise.

Page 35—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Bridgework.

Page 38—Rube Goldberg
THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. L. G. BUTTS, A. K. We always learn something.

Page 47—Jack Binns
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR: Trouble ahead.

Page 62—Colliergraphs

Page 65—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
WHO'S MAD AT WHOM? And who but Hoover and Borah?

Page 70—Editorial

Any Week

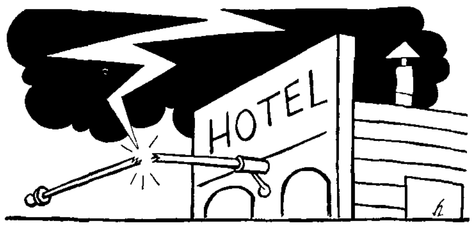
WE ARE knee-deep in letters, all because some newspaper's radio editor wrote that Collier's Radio Hour had been abandoned. Nonsense! The hour will be back on the air starting September 15th. Better and brighter than ever? Well, why not?

—

THAT recent issue of Collier's in which we published "Twice in the Same Place," an article on the whys, wherefores and caprices of lightning, arrived in gratifying numbers in Johnson City, Tennessee, almost simultaneously with Walter Davenport, the author, and a terrific electric storm. Mr. Davenport and the storm reached the new Hotel John Sevier neck and neck, the former taking to his room and the latter to the flagpole. The flagpole was ruined.

"This," telephoned an editor of the Johnson City Chronicle, "is a comfortable coincidence. Do you mind if we publish a part of your article on lightning to show why only the flagpole was damaged?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Davenport, "but you might add that I concede victory to the lightning now and have no intention of keeping up the argument."



SOMEHOW, a mayor can never tell when his home town is going to bust wide open right beneath his nose. For example, we've received a sturdily indignant telegram—113 words prepaid—from the mayor of Dallas, Texas, vigorously denying Owen P. White's accusation that his city was wet. Not only, says he, was the article "unwarranted and uncalled for" but the citizenry of Dallas is "100 per cent for law enforcement in every respect."

Wouldn't you think the citizens of Dallas would behave themselves after that? But no! We pick up Dallas' own reliable newspapers for the next few days following the mayor's telegram and are shocked to read of raids upon speakeasies and such, right, as we say, under His Honor's nose. One hundred and seven pints of gin here and 225 bottles of beer there. To say nothing of 500 pints of beer yonder. And more, according to the authorities, to come.

Of course there is very little we can do about it except sympathize with His Honor and suspect that those citizens of Dallas who deceived him so outrageously simply don't deserve so good a mayor.

—

NOW why should ladies living in Los Angeles and Hollywood, where they scarcely think of going from one room to another without first consulting a beauty specialist, write so many naïve letters to Dr. Ruth Wadsworth, author of "About Face," a cosmetic piece we published recently? We aren't surprised that Dr. Wadsworth was besought for further advice by girls in Oklahoma, Texas, Alaska and the less sophisticated areas.

But it certainly beats us to see how many appeals come from the Beauty Belt.

—

If we only had more space! The things we could tell you!

Volume 84, Number 11. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Get Your First Book FREE–

from the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

NOTICE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you did not get your first book free, and wish to take advantage of this offer, you may do so by extending your subscription for an additional year from its present date of expiration.

A GREAT many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining this organization, but have "put it off" through busyness or oversight. This special offer is made, frankly, at this time, in order to overcome this procrastination, and make it clearly an advantage to you to delay no longer. We suggest simply, that you get full information at once, about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and decide once for all whether you want to join.

In this connection, here is a pertinent fact that may be important to you. Of the 100,000 people who now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind.* They were simply given the facts as to what it does for book-readers. After reading these facts, they subscribed.

And what sort of people are they? Cabinet members, senators, judges, governors; leaders of industry and finance; the outstanding figures in thousands of communities, large and small. Our list of members, indeed, reads like a "who's who," in every profession, in every walk of life. These are judicious people, in other words, not of the kind to be easily influenced or to follow fads. They know what they want.

This being the case — if you have ever thought of joining this organization — it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible*, and then (if you want to) join before this special "first-book-free" offer expires. So, if you are interested *mail the coupon, now*, before you forget to do so.

Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an international Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function the individuals in this foreign group perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The committee consists of:

FOR ENGLAND:
H. G. Wells
and
Arnold Bennett

FOR FRANCE:
André Maurois

FOR GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:
Thomas Mann
and
Arthur Schnitzler

FOR SCANDINAVIA:
Sigrid Undset

Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman

Heywood Broun

Dorothy Canfield

Christopher Morley

William Allen White

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 479
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name..

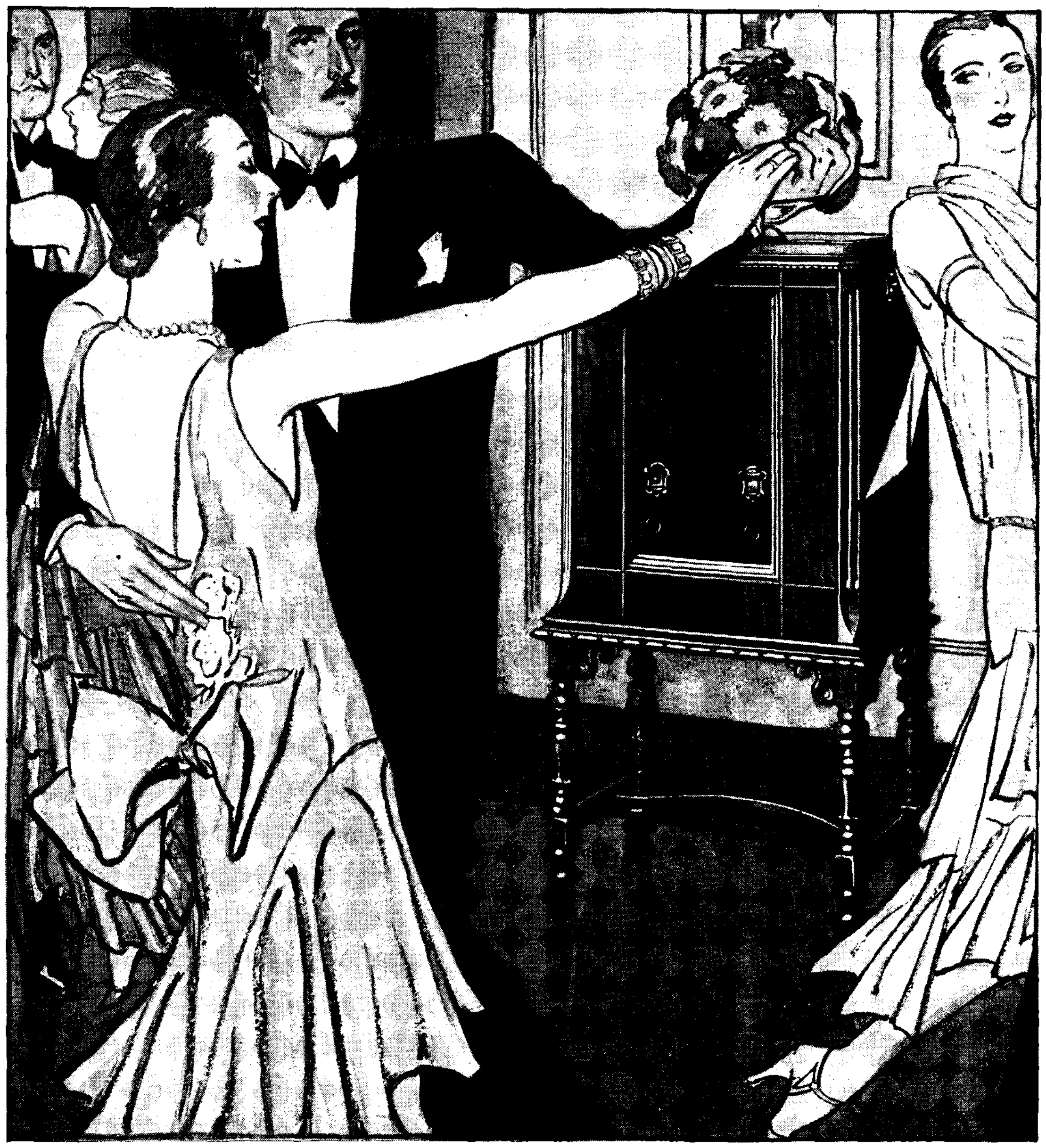
Address..

City........................State..................

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

A new-*and still finer*
RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE

the incomparable in advanced radio
at the unprecedented price of $225.*



RCA RADIOLA 66—A new, improved RCA Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic reproducer. Built with master craftsmanship throughout. The finest Super-Heterodyne ever offered at this price. $225*

RCA RADIOLA 67 (Combination)—Super-Heterodyne with electric phonograph and Electro-Dynamic reproducer.	$690*
RCA RADIOLA 64—Super-Heterodyne de luxe with Electro-Dynamic reproducer.	$550*
RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne, table model.	$147*
RCA RADIOLA 47(Combination)—Screen-Grid radio, electric phonograph and Electro-Dynamic reproducer.	$275*
RCA RADIOLA 46—Screen-Grid radio, Electro-Dynamic speaker.	$179*
RCA RADIOLA 44—Screen-Grid, table model.	$110*
RCA RADIOLA 33—The famous "all-electric" console type receiver	$54*
RCA RADIOLA 22—Screen-Grid for battery operation, with enclosed loudspeaker.	$135*
RCA RADIOLA 21—Screen-Grid, table type, for battery operation.	$69.50*
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 106—Electro-Dynamic.	$65
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103—Magnetic type.	$30
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100B—To match Radiola 33.	$17.50

*Radiotron equipment not included in above prices. All Radiolas excepting Nos. 21 and 22 operate from house current.

RCA engineers have achieved in the new "66" Radiola Super-Heterodyne the finest cabinet radio set ever offered in this price class.

To improve the Super-Heterodyne is to gild the lily, but here is a receiver of still finer performance, with amazingly sharp selectivity and sensitivity—and even richer tone quality—the characteristics that have made it the unquestioned leader in radio design.

Coupled with it in the beautiful cabinet is an improved type of the famous RCA Electro-Dynamic speaker—the marvelous instrument that has revolutionized the art of realistic reproduction of music and the voice.

High-quality Radiolas are now priced so low that no one need deny himself the satisfaction of owning a real Radiola carrying the RCA guarantee of fine workmanship.

RCA Radiola Dealers are now displaying new Super-Heterodynes, new high-powered Screen-Grid receivers, new battery-operated sets, and new radio-phonograph combinations—the finest offering of RCA radio instruments ever announced to the public.

◆ ◆ ◆

RADIOLA DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · ATLANTA · DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO

Buy with confidence *where you see this sign*

RCA RADIOLA

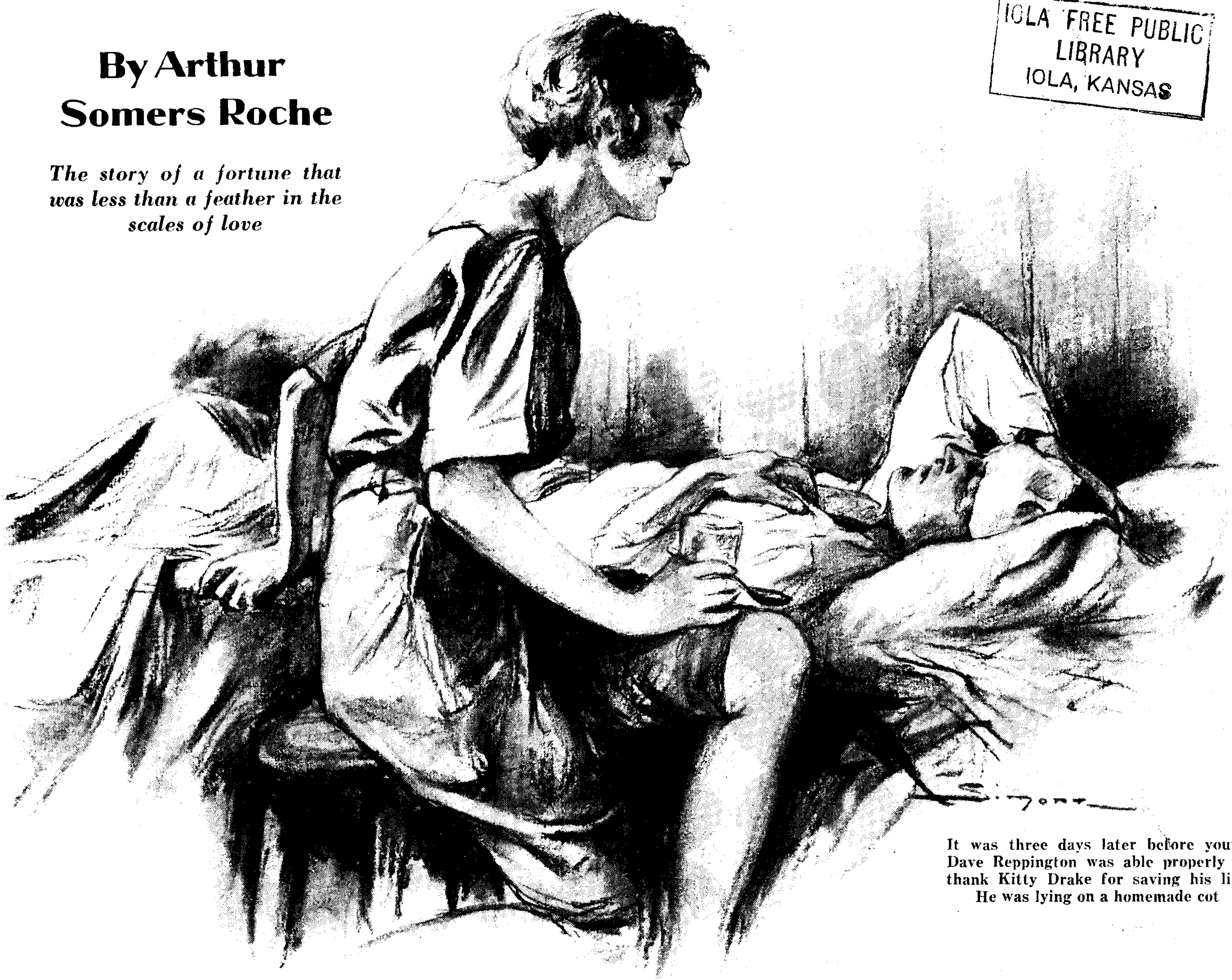
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Collier's The National Weekly for September 14, 1929

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

By Arthur Somers Roche

The story of a fortune that was less than a feather in the scales of love



It was three days later before young Dave Reppington was able properly to thank Kitty Drake for saving his life. He was lying on a homemade cot

The making of a Gentleman

IT TAKES, a snob once wrote, three generations to make a gentleman. He didn't know what he was talking about. It only takes a moment. As witness the case of Davis Reppington.

He began by being as sweetly amiable a youngster as any doting uncle could wish for. He gave away his first rattle to the butler's baby brought in to play with him. Within an hour he had three new rattles, and perhaps the result of his infantile generosity impressed itself upon his baby brain. No one ever doubted Dave's generosity, but—it never cost him anything. Uncle Bill Reppington stood behind him, and behind Uncle Bill were the millions of Reppington and Company. The sweet amiability of babyhood didn't last very long.

A doubtful character, young Reppington, by the time he was twenty-two. Not vicious, but . . . too good-looking, too popular with men and women both; too clever, because with his cleverness was contempt for effort. . . . Upon a decent enough foundation had been erected an edifice of insolent willfulness, disguised by charming manners.

Doting Uncle Bill, looking upon the youth, knew that something was wrong, but never thought to blame himself. A self-made man of great wealth, he had wished to do well by his nephew, and he had done the worst. He had gratified every whim. If nurses complained that the child was unmanageable, Uncle Bill fired the nurses. If prep school expelled him, Uncle Bill damned the faculty. Occasionally he tried to scold, but he usually ended by giving the boy too large a check. Too much indulgence, too little discipline. . . . For instance, Uncle Bill sent for Dave on the latter's graduation—heaven only knew how the lad had scraped through—from college.

"Dave," he said, "there's a job ready for you. Are you ready for the job?"

Young Reppington grinned at his father's brother.

"AW, HAVE a heart, Uncle Bill," he pleaded. "June is the month for tarpon on the west coast of Florida. They'll be biting. . . ."

"There's a lot of young fellers right here in New York, nibbling at the bait of good jobs. One of them might step right into the place I've been holding for you."

Young Reppington's grin became an ingratiating smile. It was a smile that had made faculty councils overlook college escapades, that had made judges say ten dollars when they had intended to say ten days, and that had done him no harm with the hearts of girls.

"One of my pals has gone in for insurance, Uncle Bill. He tells me that if I use caution in the selection of my bootlegger, and have my brakes relined every six months, I have a life expectation of fifty or sixty years. Uncle Bill, that's an awful long time."

"It is," agreed his uncle, "especially if the last few years are filled with worry about a nephew."

"Exactly," said Dave. "And I want to relieve that worry of yours. Fifty or sixty years ahead of me, Uncle Bill, and all of them crowded with work. Now, what's a couple of months out of sixty—maybe eighty—years? Down on the Keys, letting the good old sun beat down on me, storing up health and vigor so that I can put pep into Reppington and Company—"

His uncle sighed. He always gave in to his nephew.

"Wish I could spare the time to go with you," he said. He reached for his check book. "Tell me, Dave, do them tarpon bite better when the tide's just ebbing or just before flood?"

So Davis Reppington, accompanied by three other cronies, set off for the Keys. Work? Not if he knew it. He'd skimmed through his college exams, received his degree by the skin of his teeth, and was through with worry for the rest of his life. Sooner or later good old Uncle Bill would cash in, and would leave at least half his estate to his nephew. The other half would go to a distant cousin, whom he called niece, Flora Kendall. From all accounts she was a good-looking girl, but Dave, by the exercise of great caution, had avoided meeting her on her occasional visits to New York. Uncle Bill had strong ideas on cousinly and avuncular obligations, and Dave had never cared to bother taking around a girl he'd never met.

HALF of—ten or fifteen millions. Not a bad outlook for a young man. Of course, he hoped Uncle Bill would live forever, but, when Nature demanded her savage due. . . .

Of course, when he got back from this tarpon expedition, Uncle Bill would be hard to handle. But Dave had handled college professors, governesses, tutors. . . . He could handle Uncle Bill. He might make a pretense of working, but—no more.

Not that he wanted to hurt Uncle Bill's feelings, but—the old boy, never having been anywhere, never having seen anyone—he didn't even belong to a decent club—simply couldn't understand that being a gentleman was quite a career in itself. To do the proper things, to know the proper people, to go to the proper places. . . . These matters constituted a career in themselves. Why, anyone that mattered would assure you that it was more important to make the right club at college than to win honors in higher mathematics. Uncle Bill had a hard time understanding these things.

Even young Dave hadn't understood them at first. Having plenty of money, he supposed that everything would be open to him, wherever he went. Prep school opened his eyes. He learned to tone down his loud voice, to tone down his loud clothing, to tone down his more vulgar impulses. And now, leaving Uncle Bill's office with an ample check in his pocket, he felt a bit condescending toward the old man. For Uncle Bill, after all, was a pretty crude old lad, while he, Dave Reppington, was a gentleman.

The best tailors, the best prep school, the best fraternities, the best companions; all these had joined together and made of a youth, whom he blushingly recognized had been as crude as Uncle Bill, a perfect pattern of gentility.

THE tarpon fishing was superb. The great silver fishes, leaping in the moonlight, fighting for life with a desperation that enhanced the joy of slaying them; the superb cook on the houseboat; the explorations up creeks into the jungle; the lazy swims; the brilliant sunshine. And then the sudden, tropical storm that lent excitement to a life perhaps too placid.

There was plenty of warning. The barometer had gone way down, and their skipper told them that it was unsafe to venture from harbor. But his passengers were young and fearless, and had decided that they had seen enough of the gulf. They wished to round Key West and try the bone-fishing on the East Coast. So, reluctantly, protestingly, the skipper set forth.

In the middle of the night, driven too close to shore, the houseboat grounded on a reef. Half an hour later, their small boats swamped, crew and passengers were swimming for their lives; battling a tremendous surf, aiming for a jungle which, if they reached it, would only trap them, starve them, kill them.

ONE reached the shore alive, and that was young Dave. A wave, scornful of the puny strength of this clumsily thrashing animal that had less facility in the water than a minnow, tossed him high upon a coquina-shell beach, and there the sun and insects found him in the morning.

Through the tan he had so proudly acquired, the blistering rays burned; myriad mosquitoes settled down for a feast. It was an unconscious, delirious, half-dying man whom a girl stumbled upon late in the afternoon.

It was three days later before young Davis Reppington was able properly to thank Kitty Drake for saving his life.

He was lying on a homemade cot upon the roughly constructed porch of a cabin that was placed in the middle of a clearing in the jungle. Before him was a flower garden, riotous with color. Mocking birds sang in the palms. Neatly laid-out vegetable gardens were fenced off from the depredations of chickens.

All these he took in at a glance, and also the breakfast set before him. But the girl—it took more than a glance to comprehend her. She was dressed in khaki shirt and short trousers, and upon her stockingless feet were brown sneakers. Her bobbed hair had a homemade cut, and her hands, though scrupulously tended, lacked that finish of the nails which Dave expected from girls.

But the greatest modistes, the most accomplished hairdressers, and the best manicures, if given any girl of Dave's acquaintance and permitted to study her, work over her, could not have turned out anything half as lovely as Kitty Drake.

Lovely of figure, graceful of motion, merry of blue eye—forehead, nose, mouth, throat—she was perfection. Dave grinned at her.

"All we need is a fishing lyric with Kern's music, a dance step or two, and I'll think I'm looking at a new star in the Follies."

"I've read about them," she said. "I'd like to see one."

He stared at her. That she might not have known anything about the disarmament conventions, or was ignorant of the farm-relief measures, would have meant nothing to him. But never to have seen a Ziegfeld Follies. . . .

"I've never been to a theater," she added simply.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Where have you been *all your life?*"

"Here," she replied. "With Daddy."

He had seen Daddy, dimly at first, almost clearly last night. A lean, grim-visaged, bearded man, with brooding eyes and a hawk's nose.

"All your life?" gasped Dave.

She nodded.

"But the way you speak—"

"Daddy was a great scholar until—" She stopped abruptly.

"Until what?" he asked.

"Until he came here—with mother," she answered.

"Your mother's here?"

In an opening in the jungle at the far side of the clearing something gleamed whitely.

"She's there," the girl said.

Faintly Dave discerned the outlines of a cross.

"My name is Davis Reppington," he said.

"Mine is Kitty Drake," she told him.

TWENTY minutes later she knew all about the cruise, its tragic ending, and he realized that only he had escaped, and had been saved by the girl who now replenished his coffee cup. She had carried him herself—shyly she admitted that she was very strong—to a canoe and conveyed him to her home. There her father and she had nursed him, and—

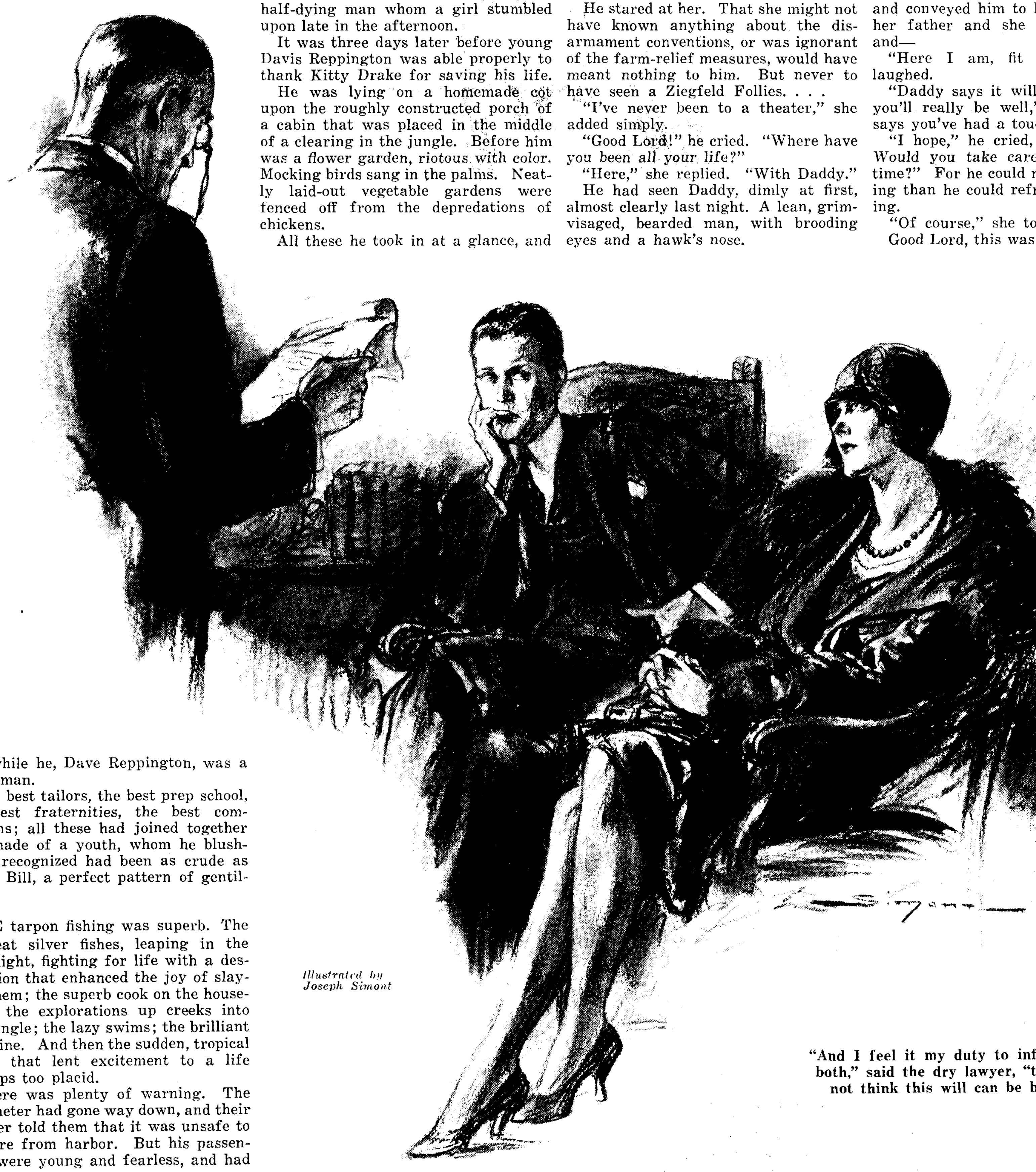
"Here I am, fit and sound," he laughed.

"Daddy says it will be weeks before you'll really be well," she said. "He says you've had a touch of sun."

"I hope," he cried, "that it's years. Would you take care of me all that time?" For he could no more help flirting than he could refrain from breathing.

"Of course," she told him.

Good Lord, this was something to tell



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"And I feel it my duty to inform you both," said the dry lawyer, "that I do not think this will can be broken"

the crowd when he went North. One read of forest flowers that had never seen the world, but one never hoped to encounter one.

And so it began. And ran its course one hectic week. Dave had been fancifully in love with a score of girls, but Kitty had never known a young man, much less cared for one. Unreservedly she opened her heart and Davis Reppington crept into it.

"You're well enough to go," said Drake one evening.

Kitty's kisses were hot on the young man's lips. Half an hour ago he had held her in his arms, vowed eternal devotion, marriage. . . . Now he looked into the grim threatening eyes of her father.

"I killed a man because he wronged her mother," said Drake.

DAVE gasped. "Why, Mr. Drake, you'd not think—"

"Her mother wasn't wronged the way it sounds," said Drake. "But she was married—her husband broke her heart and I—I killed him. You haven't asked many questions, Mr. Reppington, and I thank you for that. And I don't think, feeling under some slight obligation to us, you'll tell the police where I am, where I've hidden for twenty years, where I must hide until I die."

Speechless, Dave nodded.

"I took Kitty's mother away with me," went on Drake. "I was a murderer, but she—she didn't look on me as that. She—thought I was her rescuer. She loved me. But—Kitty is our child. And we were never married, Mr. Reppington. Her father is what the law calls a murderer; her mother is what people might call—we *couldn't* get married. The police looking for me. . . . She loved me, that's all. Now—you've asked Kitty to marry you." The grim eyes blazed.

"You're Davis Reppington, nephew of William Reppington. I went over to Fort Myer the second day you were here. I heard all about the wreck."

"Did you wire my uncle that I was safe?" asked Dave.

"I didn't know your name then," replied Drake. "And if I had—it's a long time ago, but I don't invite attention. No, I knew you would let your uncle know when you left here—which is tomorrow."

"Why?" asked Dave.

"Because Kitty's fallen in love with you. Now—if I weren't a hunted man, you'd still not marry the daughter of a Florida cracker. For that's all I am. And if she weren't—the child of unmarried parents, you'd still not marry her. But I being what I am, and Kitty being what she is—it's certain you'd not marry her. And no man, Mr. Reppington, is going to offer my girl less than marriage."

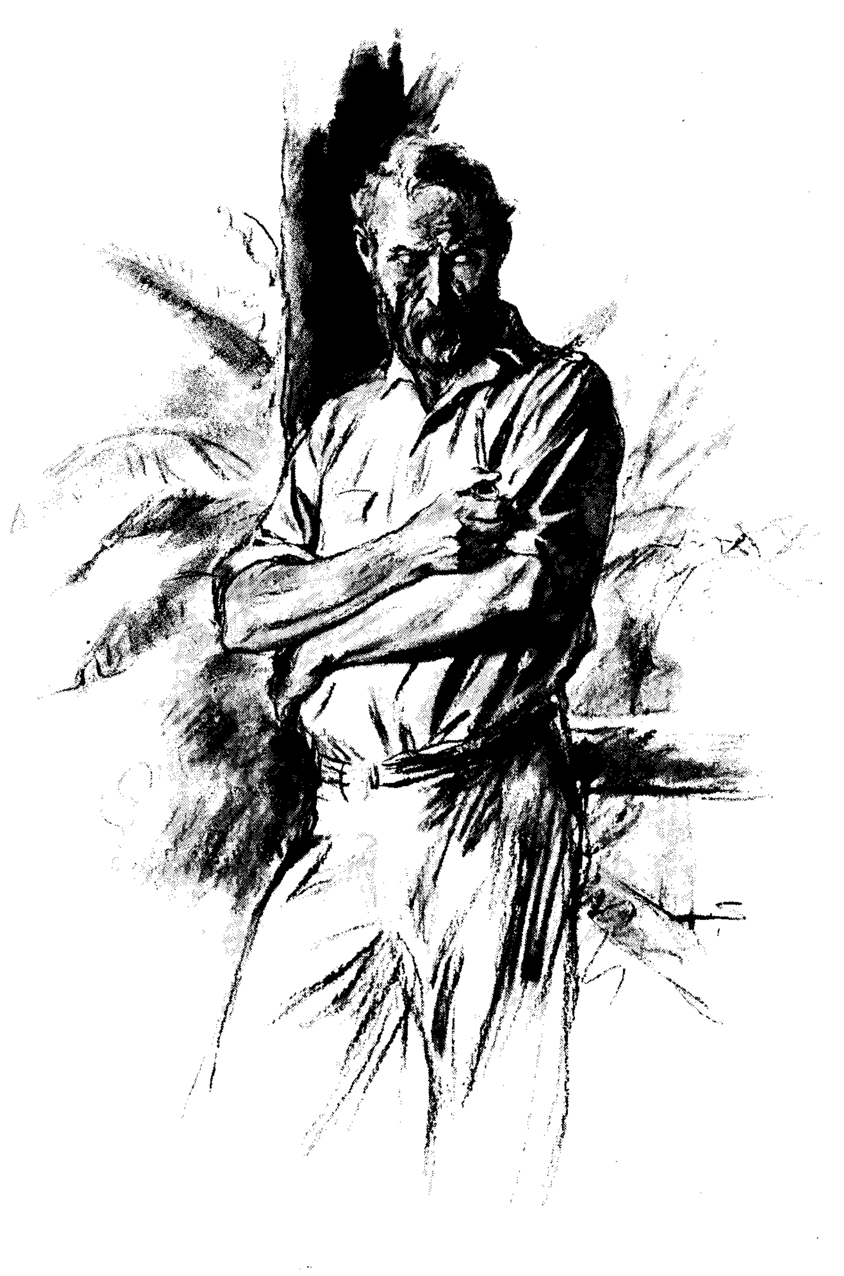
"I love her," said Dave.

"She's not fitted for the life you lead. What does she know of society? She speaks decent English, she's been taught smatterings by me. But—in no possible way is she fitted to step into your life. And you couldn't and wouldn't step out of your life to live in a Florida jungle. Cinderellas, Reppington, have had opportunity to study their sisters. Kitty has had no opportunities. Say good-by to her, Mr. Reppington, but—say nothing more."

And now the grim eyes held the promise of another murder. Davis Reppington said good-by to Kitty and—that was all.

Her blue eyes lost their mocking mirth as she waited for him to make some statement about his return, about their love. But she waited in vain.

From Fort Myer he wired his uncle that he was safe. And on the train going north he received a telegram to the effect that his uncle had died. Worry over the supposed death of his nephew had brought on a heart attack.



"Say good-by to her, Mr. Reppington, but—say nothing more." And now the grim eyes held the promise of another murder

The will was ready on the day of the funeral, a funeral which was attended by Flora Kendall. A solemn lawyer presented Dave to the girl, and he recognized that she was as good-looking as report had said. Then, in the pause that followed the reading of the testament, he studied her, feeling that she, too, although she avoided his eyes, was studying him.

For Uncle Bill had left his estate to his nephew and his distant cousin, but on condition that they marry each other within a year of his death. If either refused, the estate went wholly to the other.

"And I feel it my duty to inform you both," said the dry lawyer, "that I do not think this will can be broken."

That was all he said. He packed his little brief case, and left the young couple in the drawing-room of old Bill Reppington's home.

Dave broke the silence first. A nice-looking girl, if one's mind wasn't filled with images of Kitty Drake.

"Never expected that I'd have a proxy propose for me," he said.

The girl smiled thinly. Good-looking, but, Dave amended, a hard little thing.

"I'm going to inherit," she said shortly.

"That means you're going to marry me?" he asked.

"I'm certainly not going to refuse you and half the estate," she replied.

So prosaically was it settled. There was no embrace, no kiss, no pretense of affection. Dave would have made some secret arrangement, but the girl would have none of it. She was hard, but she was honest.

"Your uncle wanted a certain thing—our marriage," she said. "For us to make an arrangement to pretend that one of us refused, and then divide the estate, would be to violate his wishes. I won't do it, and I'll never divorce you, either."

They settled upon a date six months after Uncle Bill's death. Flora lived in a suburb of New Haven. There, in her home, they'd be married. So it was agreed.

AS THE wedding date grew nearer, more vivid did the picture of Kitty, forever imprinted upon his heart, seem to Dave. But she was—well, impossible.

Every so often, however, he remembered that he had asked Kitty to marry him. She had accepted him. Then her father had spoken to him, and he had crept, like something evil and furtive, out of her life. Oh, well, he would tell himself, she was just an ignorant girl, with probably too much sense ever to have taken him seriously. But he knew he lied, for the lips that she had given him had never been given to another man.

The afternoon before the wedding came. Dave's coupé was brought around to his apartment. The doorman telephoned him that it was ready. In a couple of hours he'd reach New Haven, put up there for the night, motor out to Flora's in the morning, and then he and she would ride back to New York. They had rooms on the Olympic which sailed at midnight. Together, they would be undisputed master and mistress of something approaching twenty millions of dollars.

Dave accepted the good wishes of his valet, gave the man instructions as to the disposition of certain trunks on the steamer, and left his apartment. He drove to the bank, acquired a letter of credit and a few hundred dollars in cash. Then he drove out the Concourse and so onto the Boston Post Road.

He tired of the congestion of the traffic. Moreover, the coupé was a new car; he was shipping it with him on the Olympic tomorrow. He wondered just what it would do on a stretch of open road. So he detoured back of Rye, found a sparsely populated road, and opened up the throttle. He was doing eighty miles and the car was just warming up, when a motor cop overhauled him.

"To your wedding, eh?" sneered the policeman. "Now, if you said you was running away from your wife, I'd maybe have sympathy for you. As it is, I'll let you tell it to the judge."

"Can't I put up bail with you?" inquired Dave.

"I'll not be bribed," said the cop.

It was six o'clock, and New Haven was ninety minutes away, when Dave, having been lectured by a judge who only refrained from the imposition of a jail sentence because he had read about the Reppington will in the newspapers and believed Dave's tale of a wedding on the morrow, set forth again for New Haven.

THE road was now slippery with ice, and Dave was proceeding slowly when he was hailed by a pedestrian. The man pointed to his car, which had skidded into a fence.

"Can you give me a lift to the nearest garage?" he asked.

This was no hold-up man, so Dave stopped.

"Where you going?" the man inquired.

"New Haven," Dave answered.

"Couldn't let me ride along with you?"

Dave stared at the man.

"Thought you wanted to get to a garage."

The man shrugged.

"What's the use? That old rat-trap was about through, anyway. I can't afford to have it repaired. I'm broke. On my way to New Haven to look for a job. Hear they need printers up there."

Dave noted the man's threadbare clothing. Also he noted that his guest was shivering.

"Put on this coat," he said.

He handed the man his fur overcoat, and cried down his protests.

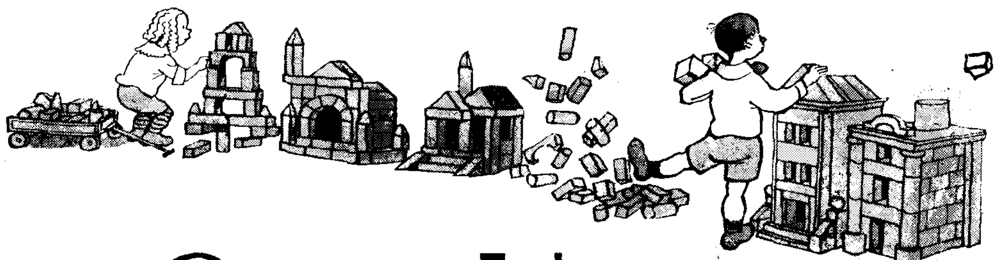
"Gee, I needed this," said the grateful passenger as they started off. "Would have hocked the bus for a coat but I couldn't get a dime for the thing. Just a bundle of junk. Much obliged."

"Hard up as all that?" asked Dave.

"Worse. Rich young guys like you don't know what it is to be hard up. Not a friend in the world, no money—aw, hell, ain't I riding in an imported car and wearing a thousand-dollar coat?"

He chuckled, and that, except for a scream that cut short his mirth, was the last sound he made in this world. For the glare ice of December made the rear wheels skid. There was a crash, a turning over, and Dave, pitched through the windshield, saw his imported car burst into flames. He struggled to his feet, staggered toward the car, saw the body of his passenger caught in the machine, saw the flames mount higher. . . .

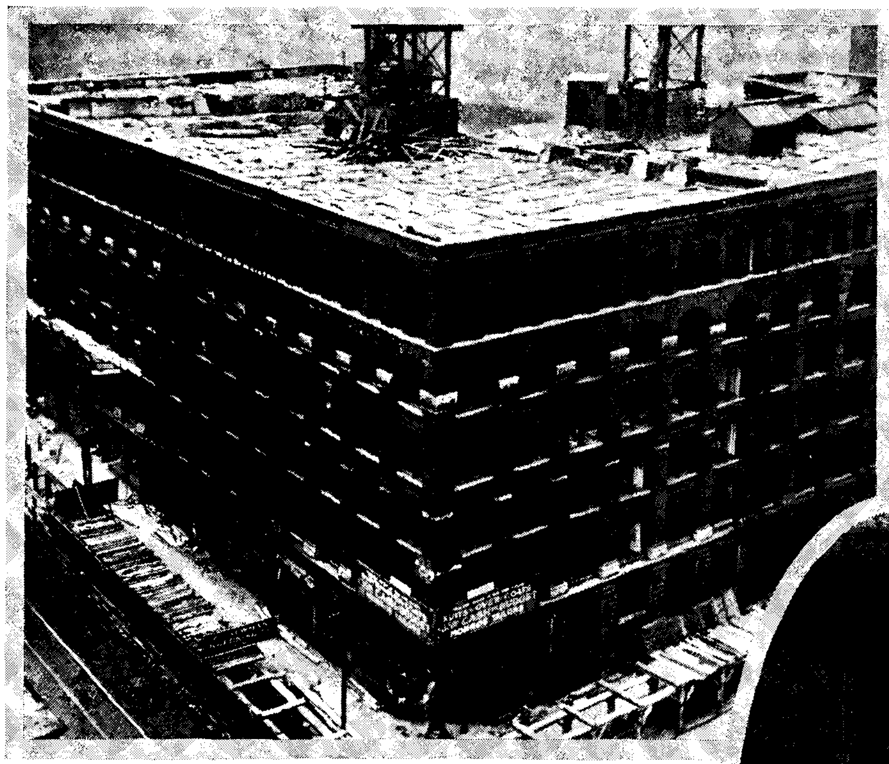
He collapsed, shaken, bruised, unable to aid. No help came. This part of the Post Road, on this dark winter night, was temporarily deserted. The flames died (*Continued on page 41*)



Whatever Goes Up

By John T. Flynn

How many new dwellings does America need annually to provide for 260,000 new families? Logic answers 260,000, but we built 430,000 last year and the current figure probably will be greater. The statistic-loving prophets are baffled, thank goodness, but Mr. Flynn isn't



Wide World

Commerce bows to art. The new Chicago Civic Opera's forty-two stories replace this business block

International Newsreel

An informal luncheon in the old Vanderbilt mansion, New York

THIS is the golden age of the house wrecker.

President Hoover, when he was Secretary of Commerce, said that of all the buildings which stood in this country at the turn of the century at least half have been torn down.

The process of destruction is going on now with increased intensity. And many architects believe that in another fifteen years the remaining half, with a few notable exceptions, will have been razed to the ground.

The business of wrecking buildings has become a highly organized, highly profitable and exceedingly active one. While I write this, in a big city like New York at least 10,000 men will be occupied pulling the city apart. And it is not a job for a rough laborer with a crowbar, an axe and a rope. It is a highly expert job for the engineer. A number of great contracting firms have gone out of the business of putting up buildings and have taken to the business of tearing them down.

We are taking America down, bit by bit. But better still, we are putting it up again and on another pattern. Thus all the houses, all the office buildings, all the factories, all the hotels—or nearly all—which stood when Theodore Roosevelt became President, by about the year 1945 will have been swept away before the ceaseless, resolute tide of changing tastes and changing needs. And we will have instead a brand-new America.

We are demolishing the cities of yesterday and putting up the cities of tomorrow. After that we will proceed, I dare say, to take them down to make way for something still newer and better.

In this country we have more prophets than Israel of old in the days of her glory. These gentlemen do not, however, get their gift of prophecy from on high. They derive their information about the future not from the entrails of birds or the auguries in the stars but from figures, reports, surveys, questionnaires. They will tell you how big the wheat crop will be, what the stock market will do and how much goods our factories will turn out in the coming season. Among other things they will tell you how much money we will spend on building this coming year. Now in the practice of this profession our business prophets told us at the end of 1924 that the shortage in building caused by the war had been made up, that in 1924 we had done too much building and that therefore in 1925 "construction work would taper off."

They were more confident of this in 1926; still more certain in 1927 and absolutely dead sure at the beginning of 1928. Well, never was a prophet more sadly confounded in his own or any other man's country. For in each of these years the American people went ahead building more than in the preceding year just as if they had never heard of the prophets. Each year has topped the preceding one. And last year was the most amazing of all.

Lillian's Hotel Passes

I know you are not interested in building statistics. I refer to this merely to emphasize a point. You see it was a very simple thing for the prophets to arrive at their conclusion. Every twelve months our population grows about 1,300,000. That means we must provide enough houses, offices, movie theaters and hotels to take care of them. In 1924 we were running away ahead of that and so it was plain to the forecasters that we must come to a halt.

What they overlooked was a certain human factor—or rather an American human factor in all this. They failed to see that the men and women who tire of last year's automobile because they have seen the beautiful models of this year, will also tire of the houses of yesteryear when they see the products of this year. When better houses are built, America will want them.

The old Queen Anne cottage we moved into so proudly the year Bryan flashed upon the country doesn't look so good now. The hotel we opened in our town just about the time the boys came back from the Spanish-American war, with a grand speech by the mayor and a parade by the Boosters' Club, seems a little seedy and run down at the heel today if, by chance, it is still standing or hasn't been turned into a warehouse.

Every day, up to a year ago, I used to pass on Seventh Avenue, New York, a hotel once famous in the life of that well-known thoroughfare. It was called the Hotel Navarre. It was built in 1892, just thirty-seven years ago. It was a handsome structure after the fashion of its day, with plenty of fancy ornament all over its façade. Around 1900, it was the rendezvous of the smartest society of Broadway. Lillian Russell lived there in all the grandeur of her Broadway queendom. For some years I noticed it grow a little darker, humbler, cheaper. Then one day last winter I passed and the wreckers were swarming all over it. It was coming down.

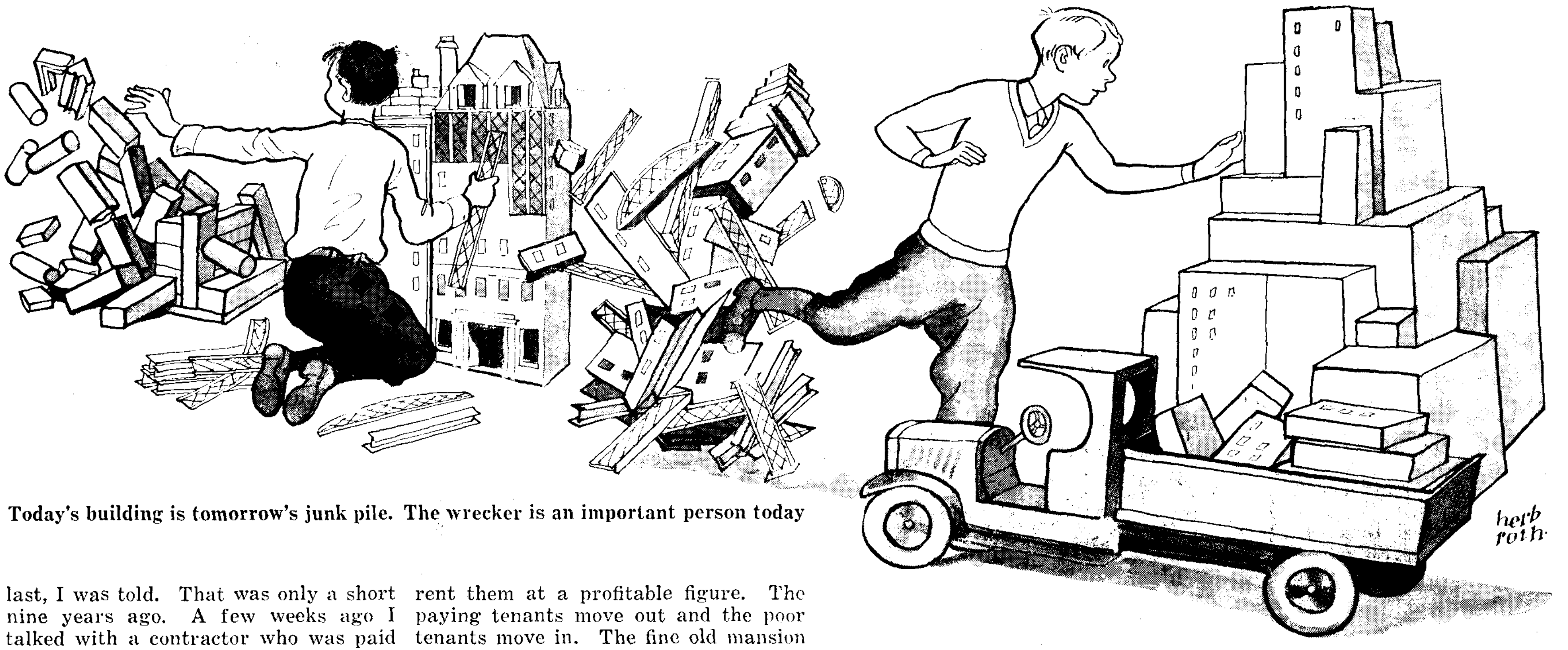
Thirty-seven years is a decrepit old age for a hotel today. Once upon a time when a building was put up as a hotel it stayed that way for generations. The old Swan House in Richmond entertained Thomas Jefferson in his time and sixty years later proudly sheltered another Jefferson—Joseph, the actor. In my youth I slept one night in an old hostelry in Washington which in its youth had received Andrew Jackson on the night before his inauguration. A hotel only began to acquire a kind of character and distinction from its age after thirty or forty years. In Europe one is still shown hotels which were hotels when Napoleon was looking around for cheap rooms. But this is not so today in America.

One got a shock at the announcement that the Waldorf-Astoria is to be demolished to make room for a forty-five-story building. When this article is printed the wreckers probably will be at work. That huge red pile, with its colorful memories, seems almost to be a part of our social history. The old song, At the Waldorf Hyphen Astoria, seems to be as old as Old Black Joe or Kentucky Home. Nevertheless the Waldorf-Astoria is not so old. It was opened in 1893. Only a very few years ago it was regarded as the queen of the New York hostelries. And now a company buys it to destroy it.

Just a little while ago the country read of a gala performance of the opera Romeo and Juliet at the Auditorium in Chicago. It was almost forty years ago that another gala performance of Romeo and Juliet was given in that same building—December 9, 1889. The difference between the two was that one marked the opening of that famous theater, the other its closing.

At that first performance the players sang to an audience of mutton chops, ornate mustaches, leg-of-mutton sleeves, stays, flowing trains and pompadours. But the mutton chops and the high coiffures, the corsets and the trains have gone. Tastes in such things have changed. And tastes in theaters have changed too. And so the famous old Auditorium, which has housed the Chicago Grand Opera Company, is turned over to the wrecker.

But it is not only the old buildings which are doomed. Let me see! I think it was the year President Harding was elected I stood on Seventh Avenue and looked admiringly on a new twelve-story building put up to house a great publishing concern and which seemed to me to be a handsome structure. It cost between two and three million dollars. The projectors put that building up to



Today's building is tomorrow's junk pile. The wrecker is an important person today

last, I was told. That was only a short nine years ago. A few weeks ago I talked with a contractor who was paid $125,000 and was working night and day to rip it apart and cast it off the lot. The very solidity of that building—its fine construction—was such that it had to be literally chopped away so that the material when razed, save the steel work, was worth nothing. The site was needed to erect a forty-two-story loft building.

Each year in this country we add about 260,000 families to our population. We ought to build 260,000 dwellings to take care of them. In fact, we built last year about 430,000 dwelling places. Every year since 1923 we have put up from 400,000 to 450,000 dwellings. And this does not count the thousands of accommodations being provided in new hotels for the small families which are gravitating into apartment hotels.

Had Chicago built just enough houses to keep up with the growth of her population she would have erected in 1927 some 12,000 living units. Instead, she put up 31,000. Milwaukee could have taken care of her new population with 2,200 living units. But she built 3,700. St. Louis, though she added but 1,900 families to her population, really provided new buildings for 4,200 families.

They Must Be Modern

New York added about 12,000 new families to her already swollen numbers. But that imperial city provided 79,000 new apartments and half as many houses. All this does not take into consideration the tremendous building that has been going on in the suburbs of these cities.

In 1926 the population of New York was fifteen per cent greater than in 1920, but building had grown 300 per cent. Chicago's population had increased twenty-six per cent but her building had increased 106 per cent. In some places the figures are startling. In Knoxville, Tenn., the population doubled. But building increased tenfold.

Just contemplate the following figures. They apply to a large group of over one hundred cities and represent cost of new buildings.

In 1914 these cities spent $748,209,763.

In 1926 they spent $3,336,000,000.

Building costs had a little more than doubled in those years. But the amount spent in 1926 was more than four times what was spent in 1914. And remember that our population was increasing faster in 1914 than in 1926.

What has been happening is perfectly plain. The old houses won't do. People won't pay for them—won't buy them or rent them at a profitable figure. The paying tenants move out and the poor tenants move in. The fine old mansion becomes a boarding house. The moderately priced homes of twenty years ago fall into disrepair and take on the appearance of slum homes. Many are abandoned altogether. In New York City there are practically 100,000 unoccupied apartments. That is twice as many as two years ago.

What is the reason for all this? Perhaps there is no one reason. Perhaps it is as much due to the general progress which the whole nation has made in culture and taste as anything. Certainly our immense advance in mechanical inventions has had something to do with it. But if I were asked to assign the most potent influence I would say it is the automobile.

Jerry-Built Houses

The automobile has literally set the whole nation in motion. Suddenly our population has been pulled up by the roots, as it were. The touring season is here. And with it there are about 12,000,000 motorists ranging the roads. People who under the old order never moved out of their own counties, now find themselves in all sorts of strange places. They see the kinds of houses people build in other places. They see the things other townspeople have done with their towns. The influence of one home-builder who rears a lovely house and of one progressive community which makes a handsome street is thus multiplied a thousandfold, for traveling motorists from everywhere see these fine things and admire and envy and emulate.

Back in those drab decades at the end of the last century nearly all of our houses were jerry-built. I knew an old architect who used to say that it took four months of intensive education to produce a house architect. First month—hatchet and hammer. Second month—sawing. Third month—chisel and plane. Fourth month—pencil and T-square. After that he was a finished architect.

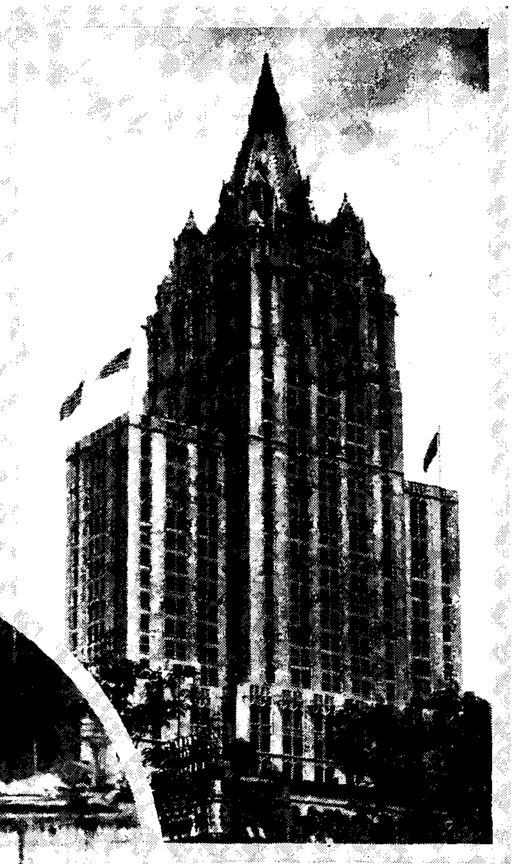
The whole nation was defaced by the houses which these men put up. But today the touring motorist finds himself one day moving by the lovely little old Colonial houses of Connecticut. Another day he passes some of the fine old brick houses of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Another day he is reviewing the stately mansions of Virginia. He sees upon another trip the picturesque and colorful homes of California, and everywhere he sees with hungry eyes the fine houses of every type which prosperous home-builders are creating with the aid of our newer cultivated generation of architects. As a result people want the newer and finer modern houses and the older ones are coming down.

The automobile has had another effect. It has given a tremendous push to suburban development. It is no longer inconvenient to live six, seven, ten, even twenty and thirty miles from the center of the big town. And that same automobile which has made the suburban village so easy to reach has also made the streets of the big cities almost impassable. And this in turn has started a new movement of factories away from the cities.

Many years ago Doubleday, Page, publishers, fled from New York to a lonely little village on Long Island and built around their business buildings homes for officials and workers. Henry Ford says this must continue to be the rule. He has moved some of his plants to newly created little industrial towns. He actually declares that the big city is doomed, though this seems an extreme view.

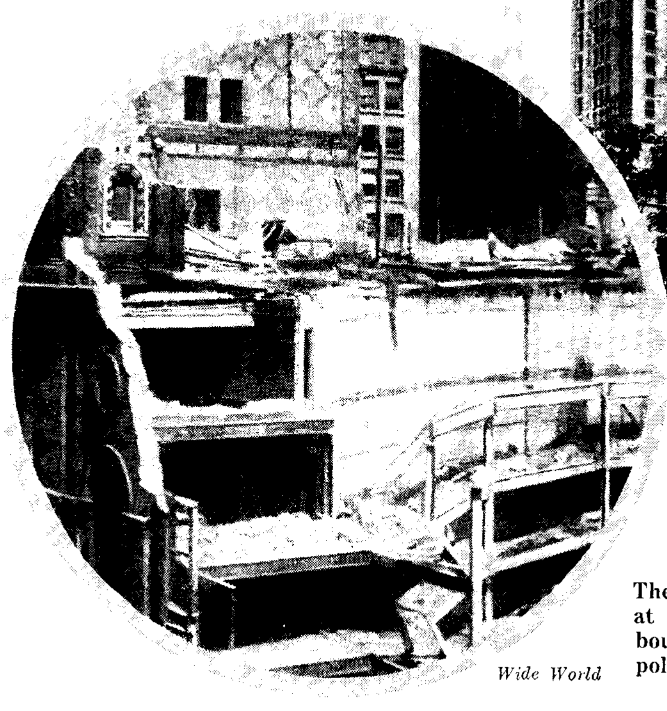
At the same time the chain idea has taken root. Now one may live in a little village and have the benefit of the stores which can sell as cheaply as and even more cheaply than the great department stores in the big towns. Not only that, but the movies bring to the little suburban center the same fine pictures that are shown in the large white-way theaters and now, through the talkies, accompanied by the same splendid symphony orchestra. And when the call of the big town stirs in the blood the automobile will whisk us there in a few minutes.

The figures (*Continued on page 63*)



C. P. Cushing

The New York Life Insurance Company's building stands on the site of the old Madison Square Garden, Tex Rickard's sports shrine

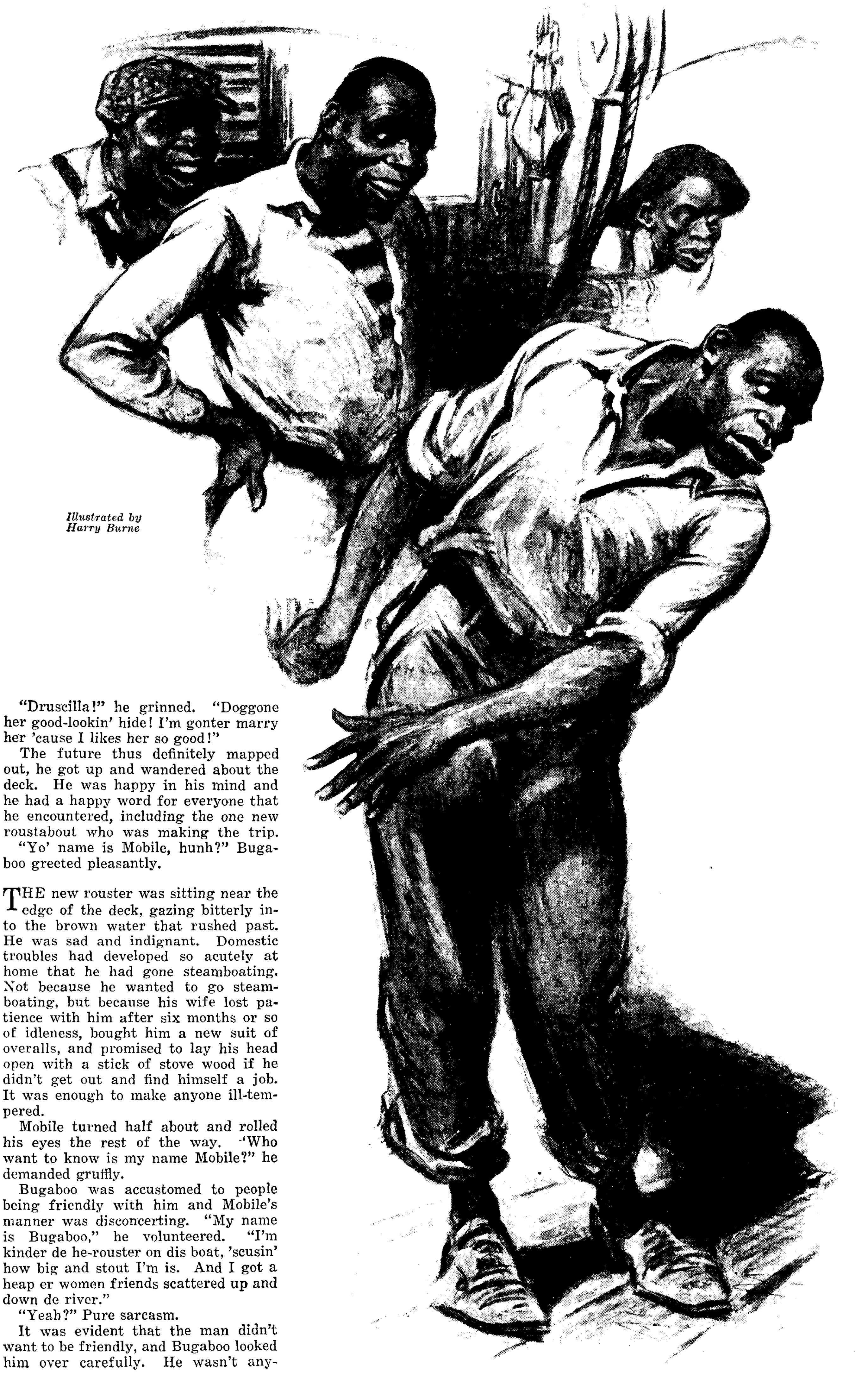


Wide World

The haven of gallery gods at the old Garden boxing bouts, six-day races and political conventions is no more

The Indian Summer

A razor-totin' bad man is a dangerous rival. An' a gal who likes a razor-totin' bad man is a dangerous gal to love



Illustrated by Harry Burne

DANIEL J. CUPID, blind and capricious, dipped an arrow point into a bowl of poisoned honey, placed it carefully on his bowstring, whirled about seven times, and let it fly.

"I swear," grumbled Bugaboo Jones to himself, "I b'lieve I'll quit steamboatin' and git married up to some woman or yuther."

Bugaboo was riding the John D. Grace where he held down a job of rousting, and the Grace was just thirty minutes away from New Orleans on its Vicksburg run. For a year or more the big man had hustled freight up and down the gangplank in more or less contentment. Not that he relished the heavy work; he didn't. What he relished was the way the old boat came snorting into a town, attracting people for miles around, and then, about the time that he, personally, had all the good-looking womenfolks giggling and joking with him, to pull out and go right on to the next town!

I ain't gonter never git married!
And I ain't gonter settle down!
I'm gonter live jest like a rounder,
And go f'm town to town!

How the women had laughed and carried on at that song! How they wished that the big, happy, song-singing roustabout wasn't going to pull out with that boat!

"Yes, suh," repeated Bugaboo, "I'm gonter quit bein' a rounder, and I'm gonter git married up to some good-lookin' woman or yuther."

That point definitely decided, he lay back in the sunshine, his body shaking with the even vibration of the deck, and delved into the future. So far as he was concerned, mentally, he had definitely quit steamboating, so he gave his mind free play to wander away from the river, in search of things a boy with a wife could do. He could get him a job railroading maybe. Or in a levee camp. Some folks drove steel in a rock pit, too. Or maybe, farming.

Instinctively a song came to his lips:

I'll chop yo' cotton and
Hoe yo' cawn, and
Haul yo' ashes
Ev'y mawnin',
Woman, woman, don't you grieve
about me!

It was a strange song for Bugaboo and it set him thinking along specific lines. If a boy was going to get married, of course he would have to get married to some specific woman. He mentally ran down the list of available ones. Vibell, up at Vicksburg, was a town woman and town work was too steady, with old Mister Law ever ready to put a jobless boy in jail. Natchez was middling country, and Big Emma was all O. K., but probably not a lick better for a wife than Corry, at Baton Rouge. Clo-teel at Reserve was pure country, but cane country, and sugar cane is hard working. Cotton is so much easier. Which, of course, pointed directly to Druscilla, at Church Point.

"Druscilla!" he grinned. "Doggone her good-lookin' hide! I'm gonter marry her 'cause I likes her so good!"

The future thus definitely mapped out, he got up and wandered about the deck. He was happy in his mind and he had a happy word for everyone that he encountered, including the one new roustabout who was making the trip.

"Yo' name is Mobile, hunh?" Bugaboo greeted pleasantly.

THE new rouster was sitting near the edge of the deck, gazing bitterly into the brown water that rushed past. He was sad and indignant. Domestic troubles had developed so acutely at home that he had gone steamboating. Not because he wanted to go steamboating, but because his wife lost patience with him after six months or so of idleness, bought him a new suit of overalls, and promised to lay his head open with a stick of stove wood if he didn't get out and find himself a job. It was enough to make anyone ill-tempered.

Mobile turned half about and rolled his eyes the rest of the way. "Who want to know is my name Mobile?" he demanded gruffly.

Bugaboo was accustomed to people being friendly with him and Mobile's manner was disconcerting. "My name is Bugaboo," he volunteered. "I'm kinder de he-rouster on dis boat, 'scusin' how big and stout I'm is. And I got a heap er women friends scattered up and down de river."

"Yeah?" Pure sarcasm.

It was evident that the man didn't want to be friendly, and Bugaboo looked him over carefully. He wasn't any-

# of Bugaboo Jones

By Roark Bradford

thing spectacular to look at. He was medium in size, rather a neutral brown in complexion and not too smart in his face.

"And yo' name is Mobile, hunh?" Bugaboo repeated, this time as though disappointed with what he had seen.

Mobile turned and looked full at Bugaboo. "Big Boy," he said, trying to make his voice sound as dangerous as Bugaboo's huge arms looked, "de people calls me Mobile, but dat ain't all about me."

"Naw?"

"Naw. I'm de man which laid bad Stacker Lee cold on de marble! I'm de man which burnt big John Henry down wid his hammer! I'm de man which put gamblin' John Hardy broke with his own dice! I'm de man which made Poor Selma leave her home! I'm de man—" It all was figurative, of course, but it was impressive.

"Bad nigger, hunh?" Bugaboo suggested.

"Plum bad," confirmed Mobile.

Bugaboo chuckled silently. "You kind er smell bad," he stated, and he wandered off. When a man's heart is stinging with love, bad talk from a bad man fails to drown out the imaginary chatter-chatter of a sweet woman, especially when the sweet woman was that good-looking, burr-headed, crow-colored Druscilla who was as full of sass as a jay bird and who was so captivated by Bugaboo's smart talk and stout ways that she brought pies for him to eat every time he landed. So far as Bugaboo was concerned, Mobile was nothing.

BUT the other rousters had overheard the bad talk, and the presence of a bad man on a steamboat, where the only interests are work, women and pay day, was something to make talk about. The word was spread and magnified. Where details were absent, the imagination supplied them. "Dey tell me he is so bad he gits skeered er hisse'f, sometimes," said one. "I hyared somebody say de sheriff over whar he comed f'm is offerin' cash money for somebody to bring him back," hazarded another. And Mobile's reputation grew.

At first the talk startled Mobile. Then it pleased him. And finally he sauntered to his bundle of clothes by the side of the boiler, took out his shaving razor and slipped it into his pocket. Then he began conducting himself as a bad man should. When people looked at him and whispered, he glowered at them disgustedly. When he walked he lifted his left foot higher than the right to give his walk individuality, or he walked stiff with one knee so folks would think somebody had shot him through it with a pistol.

By the time the boat reached Reserve, the first landing after leaving New Orleans, the roustabouts were addressing him as "Mister Mobile" instead of planning tricks on him as was the custom with new men. And before the first line of freight toters went around, the word was conveyed to the people on shore that the old Grace was carrying a sure-enough bad man, a man with a price on his head and old Satan in his heart.

THE presence of such a desperate character was a treat for the Reserve Negroes, and they centered their interest upon Mobile's every move. His stiff knee, his high stepping, his grimacing glances, and finally after toting many sacks of sugar aboard, his weary song:

I was bawn in Mobile, Alabama,
But I lived in Tenn-o-see!
And hit ain't never yit was no woman
Made a fat-mouf out er me!

It was pure devil in that song! Even Clo-teel, a particular friend of Bugaboo's, giggled and remarked that "He sho' is a bad'n, ain't he?"

Bugaboo, however, didn't pay him any mind. When a man's heart is poisoned with love, men are just men, good or bad. Even the fact that Clo-teel was not making jokes with him and had turned her attention on Mobile, meant nothing to him. He had no jokes for her. He only had a love-weary song for a woman up the river:

Druscilla, don't you grieve 'bout a dime!
Druscilla, don't you grieve 'bout a dime!
I will give you mo' money den de ole
Grace kin haul,
Druscilla, don't you grieve 'bout a dime!

It was after dark when the boat left Reserve, and Bugaboo slept and dreamed of Druscilla. When they landed at Church Point the next afternoon, there Druscilla stood, along with a dozen or more other men and women who had quit the fields to watch the landing.

"Hello, sweet stuff," Bugaboo greeted. "What did you brought me to eat, baby?"

Druscilla laughed and fell into step with him while he toted freight up the plank to the shed. "What did you brought me?" she countered. "Nothin', I bet!" And she began unwrapping a paper from a large pie.

"I brang you me, didn't I?" Bugaboo declared.

"I can't use you," she giggled. "You too big and bad lookin' for a little ole gal like me."

"He might be big," volunteered the rouster just behind them, "but he ain't bad. Yonder de bad man on dis boat." He pointed out Mobile. "He plum a bad nigger, dat Mobile. De sheriff is offerin' cash money for somebody to bring him back. Dat's how bad he is."

"Yeah?" Druscilla dropped back a step to hear the news, and she heard it—elaborately.

Bugaboo walked on with his load, easy in his mind that Druscilla would join him as quickly as she heard the latest gossip. A woman is like that; she wants to hear all the chatter-chatter.

Druscilla, however, did not join him. The first thing Bugaboo knew she was walking by the side of Mobile, laughing and giggling and passing remarks with him, just as though Bugaboo weren't there at all!

Bugaboo couldn't believe his own eyes. In less than five minutes the very woman who had joked with him and brought him pies—the very woman whom he had picked out to marry—was treating him like a stranger! He stopped and blinked, trying to make sure that it was a fact. But even as he blinked, he saw Druscilla unwrap that pie and hand it to Mobile!

"You Druscilla!" he protested. "Don't do dat! Don't give him dat pie!"

But it was in vain. Mobile cut his eye toward Bugaboo with a vicious glint and clamped his jaws down upon the pie.

"Hit's my pie, ain't hit?" Druscilla challenged. "And hit's my friend which I gived hit to, ain't he?"

It was unbelievable. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before. But it was a fact. "Aw, Druscilla, you doin' me evil—"

"Yeah?" Druscilla's giggle was high-pitched and excited. "I ain't done you nigh as evil as dis bad ole Mobile scoun'd'el is done done me. He done pyore changed my mind!"

Bugaboo walked a complete round before he could think of anything to say. He was sad in his heart and his mind was getting dangerous. "You likes bad mens, hunh?" he asked. Somewhere in his head was the idea that he, himself, might turn into a bad man if Druscilla liked them.

"Naw, I don't like bad mens," Druscilla laughed. "But when a bad man come along, I jest go crazy in my mind."

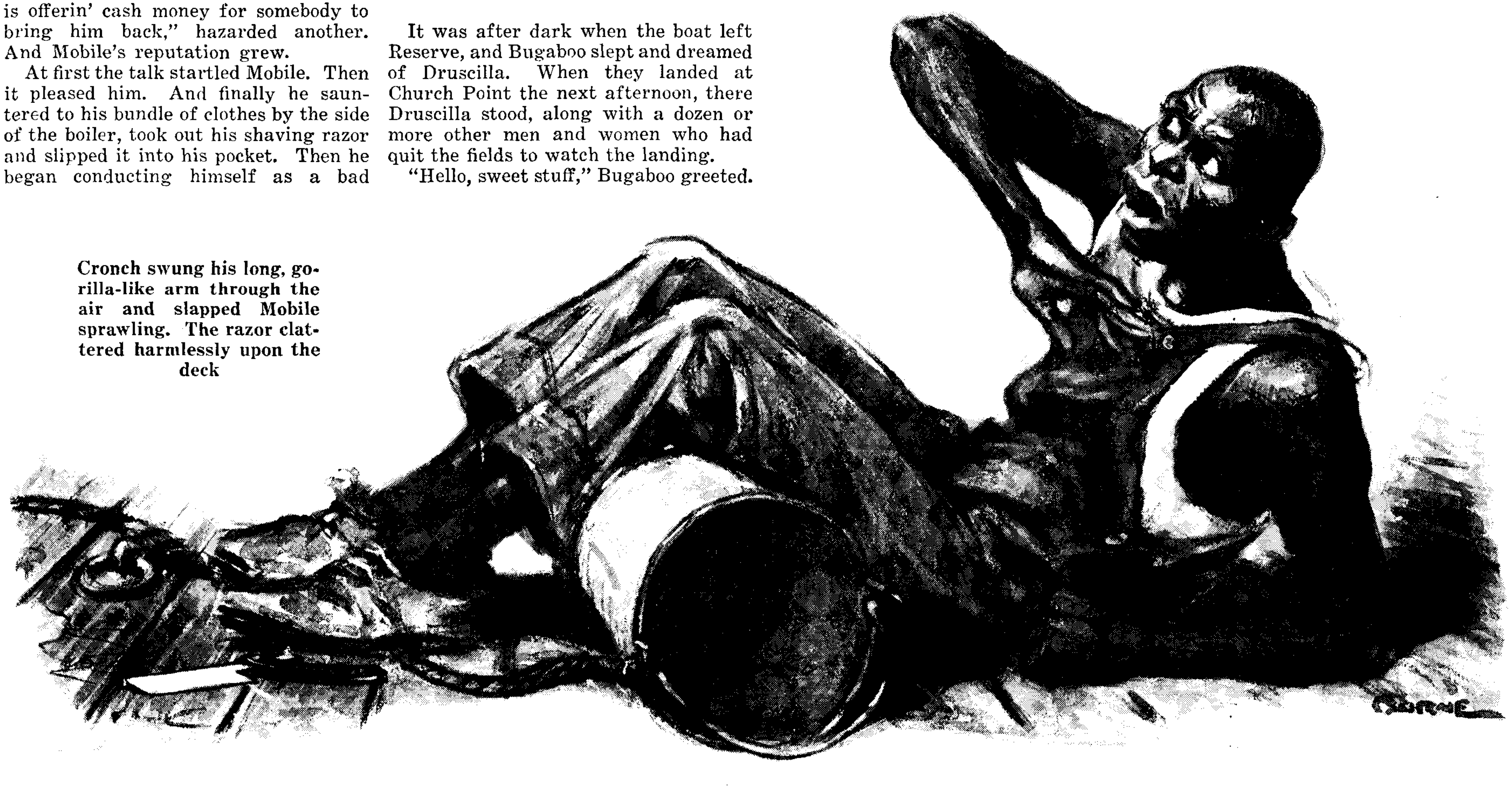
"I'm kinder bad, myownse'f," Bugaboo offered, meekly.

"You?" Druscilla's laugh was slightly hysterical. "You wouldn't hurt a fly! Let alone somebody!" And Mobile confirmed the statement by glowering viciously at Bugaboo.

FOR fully half an hour after the boat pulled out, Bugaboo worried about Druscilla. Then, weary from worry, he went to sleep. Maybe, if something could be done about it, his mind would figure out a way; there was no use worrying himself about it.

At Natchez, history repeated itself. Big Emma promptly turned her admiration upon Mobile as quickly as she heard about him, and ignored Bugaboo as though he weren't there. At Vicksburg the news of Mobile's presence on the boat arrived before the boat did, and Vibell was down in her Sunday best and her gayest mood. But not for Bugaboo.

The thing became so obvious that Bugaboo reached a conclusion. He concluded that a woman liked a bad man; a man with a (*Continued on page 35*)

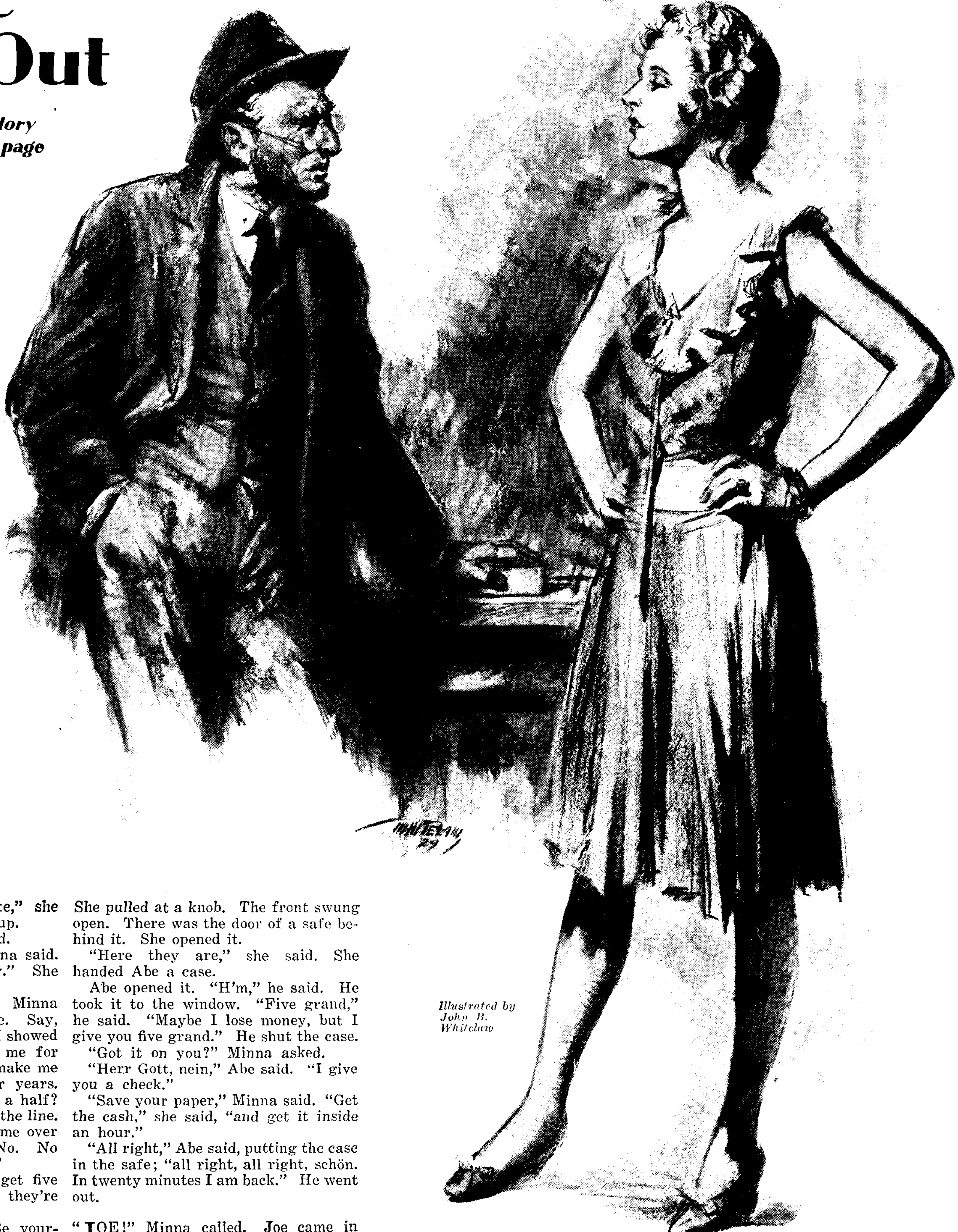


Cronch swung his long, gorilla-like arm through the air and slapped Mobile sprawling. The razor clattered harmlessly upon the deck

The Hold-Out

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Denver Lindley



Illustrated by John B. Whitelaw

"I give you a check." "Save your paper," Minna said. "Get the cash, and get it inside an hour"

"WE GOTTA get money, ain't we?" Joe said.

"Sure, we gotta," said Minna.

"Well, why don't I break in and lift your diamonds, then you make the insurance gang come across?"

"That's out," Minna said.

"It worked before, didn't it?" Joe said. "You got it."

"Sure, *I* got it," Minna said. "And I sweated for it. And this time they'd get me. They're wise to that racket, Big Boy."

"Well, what'll we do?" Joe said.

"Yeah, what'll we do?" Minna said.

"I could maybe stick up a filling station in Jersey," Joe said.

"Wouldn't that be nice?" Minna said. "Wait a minute," she said, "I got a flash." She got up.

"What's the lay?" Joe asked.

"Aw, rest your brains," Minna said. "You been strainin' 'em lately." She called a number.

"Abe?" she said. "This is Minna Barnheld. . . . Sure, the same. Say, Abe, you know them diamonds I showed you? Well, what'll you give me for 'em? . . . Four grand? Don't make me laugh. Say, I've had 'em for years. You know that. . . . Four and a half? 'At's better. Come right on up the line. Come on, Abe. Listen, Abe, come over and give 'em a squint. . . . No. No chance. You come over here."

She turned to Joe. "We'll get five grand," she said. "He knows they're not hot."

"Say, listen," Joe said. "Be yourself. You can toddle right up Fifth Avenue and get more'n that. Where's the percentage this way?"

"Treat yourself to a rest," Minna said. "Who runs these works?"

"You do," Joe said.

"Sure I do," Minna said. "Get out," she said.

PRETTY soon Abe came in. He was panting. "Where's the ice?" he asked.

"Say," Minna said, "talk pretty, can't you? This ain't hot stuff."

"All right," Abe said. "Where is it?"

Minna went to a table by the couch. She pulled at a knob. The front swung open. There was the door of a safe behind it. She opened it.

"Here they are," she said. She handed Abe a case.

Abe opened it. "H'm," he said. He took it to the window. "Five grand," he said. "Maybe I lose money, but I give you five grand." He shut the case.

"Got it on you?" Minna asked.

"Herr Gott, nein," Abe said. "I give you a check."

"Save your paper," Minna said. "Get the cash," she said, "and get it inside an hour."

"All right," Abe said, putting the case in the safe; "all right, all right, schön. In twenty minutes I am back." He went out.

"JOE!" Minna called. Joe came in out of the next room.

"Got your rod?" Minna asked.

"Sure," he said. He slapped his pocket.

"Get this straight," Minna said. "You wait in the washroom downstairs. I'll knock on the pipe when Abe starts down. You step out and take the ice off him quick and quiet, see?"

"Sure," Joe said, "I see."

"It's surefire," Minna said. "The police won't listen to Abe," she said. "Most of his stuff is hot."

Abe came down the stairs slowly. He had the case under his arm. He was shaking. There was a pounding sound in the wall.

At the foot of the stairs a door opened. Abe squealed and raised his hands. The case fell to the floor. Joe picked it up and put it in his pocket. He frisked Abe. Abe's wallet was empty. There was nothing else on him.

"Git!" Joe said. "And git fast." Abe did.

Joe went upstairs. "Here's the ice," he said.

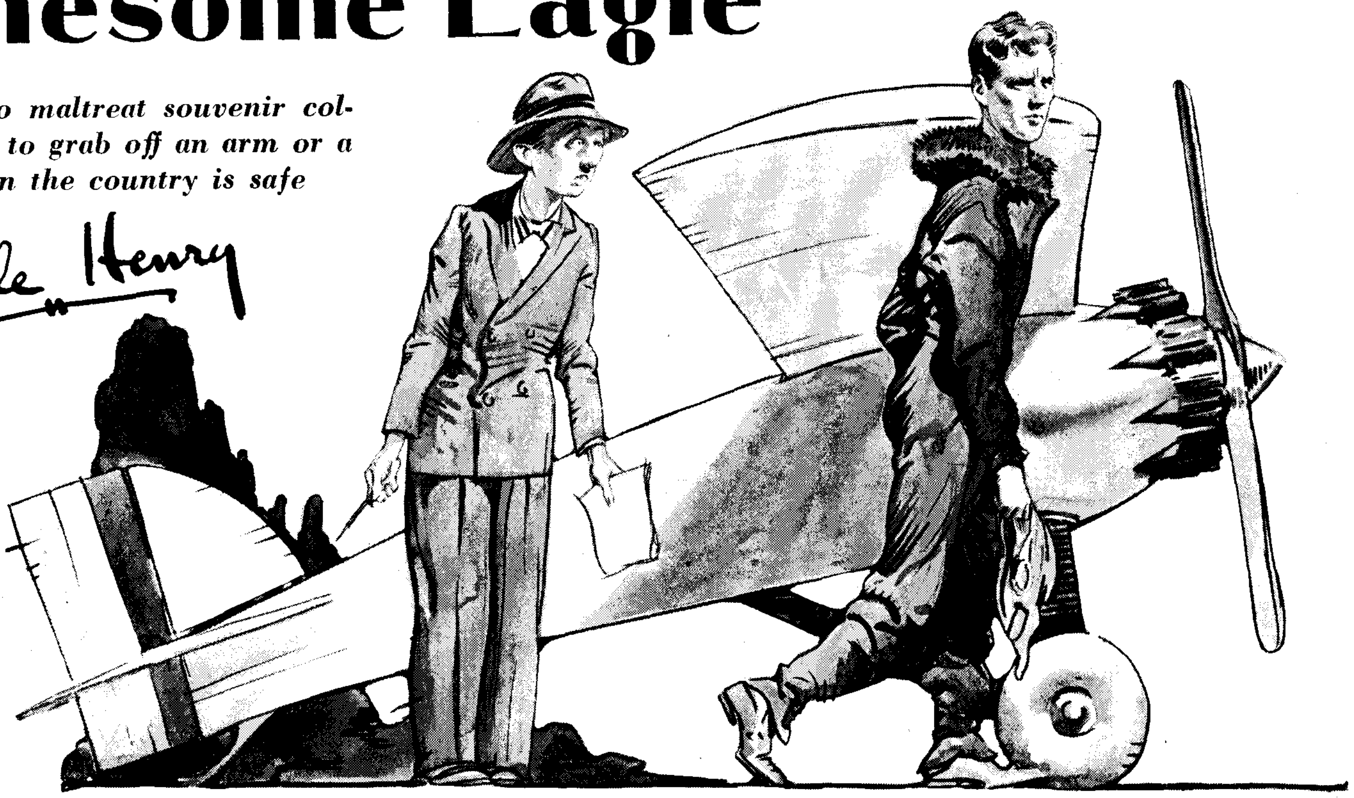
Minna opened the case. Her face went hard. "Two-timin' on me, eh?" she said. She grabbed for Joe's gun. The case fell open on the floor. It was empty.

ABE staggered into his shop. "Louie," he said, "get the big bottle in the closet. . . . Have one with me, Louie," he said. "They stuck me up before I got outside. Crooked as a shoe lace, that girl. Lucky I got the diamonds first trip. That was a smart idea, Louie," he said. "Have another."

The Lonesome Eagle

If Lindy is allowed to maltreat souvenir collectors who are tryin' to grab off an arm or a leg, then nobody in the country is safe

Uncle Henry


Lindy showed every sign of an intense desire to punch the reporter's nose, and stalked away without a word

"TOO bad," said Uncle Henry, clucking regretfully. "I wouldn't have thought it of Charlie Lindbergh." "Wouldn't have thought what?" demanded Mr. Stubbs, bristling belligerently.

"That he'd ever sink so low as to heap shame an' insult on a lady. There she was, doin' nothin' at all but runnin' along by the side of his plane as he
landed, jumpin' in an' out between t
propeller blades, stickin' her h
through the wings an' tryin' to
into the cockpit, eager to be
of the crowd to ask him for a
his hair, a front tooth, the ta
shirt or any other little
souvenir.

"An' what did
ploughed rig
puddle,
her
tha

gr
end
alry
Kansa
Lindy's
our wom
but in the
one hundre
manded.

"An' there's
matter that's eq
may talk about
motion pictures, bu can
Industry is souveni There
isn't a home in the Un cates that
with things for which men
have risked life an' im-
n' don't know what to do
is allowed to maltreat
tryin' to grab off an
nobody in the country

was the equally
which he high-
me paper. The
g journalist
was landin'
know when
Morrow,
d, what
her he
why
nent
ough
is own.
sure, but
cer was givin'
personal curios-
He was simply up-
red traditions of a free
mausoleum of our liberties,
argin' his duty to the countless
ns of Americans who have no place
r their noses except in other people's
private affairs.

"An' what was Lindy's attitude to these perfectly proper questions? Did he return civil answers, an' show appreciation of the nation's interest by tellin' all about the first kiss? Or stand on his head, holdin' Mrs. Lindbergh in his arms, so that the photographer could get an original snapshot? I'll say he didn't. Accordin' to onlookers, he showed every sign of an intense desire to punch the reporter's nose, an' stalked away without a word.

"An' didn't you see the snooty way in which Lindbergh treated the press as a whole? Comin' out an' openly rebukin' the newspapers jes' because they printed reports that he was dead or lost every time he flew off by himself for a day so as to have a chance to wash an' change his underwear without havin' the entire Fourth Estate as an audience. Why, the fellow must think he's a Gene Tunney.

The only safe place for a hero is in a divin' suit somewhere in the heart of a Nicaraguan swamp

"Of course, 'Lonzo, all these things may seem comparatively trivial but they'll do to start off with. It won't be long now, as we warm to our work, when the air will fill with rumors that Colonel Lindbergh once served a jail term for beatin' a woman, that he slacked durin' the war, that he's a secret drinker, drainin' his own crank case when nothin' else is at hand, an' that he never made the Atlantic flight at all, but hired a Hollywood double.

"All of which is natural an' normal. Do you realize that it's two years since Lindy flew to Paris, durin' all of which time we've loved an' admired him without a break? The thing was so bewilderin'ly strange that I began to fear that the American eagle had the roup, an' that a once virile people, famed for their skill in bitin' in the clinches, an' givin' public idols the knee durin' an embrace, were slowly sickenin'.

"But it was only a temporary indisposition, thank the Lord. The spirit of '76 is again hittin' on every cylinder, the demand for raspberries an' poison ivy was never brisker, an' by the time we get through with Lindy, he'll know that the only safe place for a hero is in a divin' suit, somewhere in the heart of a Nicaraguan swamp or else at a point about eighteen thousand feet above the snow-capped Andes.

"Jes' between you an' me, an' not to be repeated in Europe, we don't want greatness in our fellow man. Of course, we carry on like mad at first when anybody does a big thing, a nation sittin' in his lap by day, an' suckin' his breath as he sleeps by night, but all the while our self-esteem is slowly festerin', an' our acid content is increasin' by leaps an' bounds.

Soothin' Superiority

"Superiority inevitably breeds a sense of inferiority in a certain type of mind, an' sooner or later the old ego breaks out in a violent rash. Nothin' restores 'em to health an' happiness but turnin' on their idol, an' shoutin', 'You big lemon,' as they kick him heartily an' repeatedly in the seat of the pants.

"Look over the history of the republic an' you'll notice that we never elect our great men to the Presidency. George Washington got in before the national character had fully formed, but by the end of his first term they were advertisin' in the papers for new names to call him. Abe Lincoln deceived people into thinkin' he was only a rail splitter, an' Woodrow Wilson was an accident that we haven't gotten over yet.

"Mr. Coolidge stands as the perfect example of the type we really love an' admire. All of us, after lookin' an' listenin' for a while, had the feelin' that we were much more brilliant, much more capable of fillin' the Presidency, an' out of that grateful sense of superiority, so soothin' to a sensitive vanity, we developed an affection for Cal that came mighty close to passion.

Only Well-Worn Tracks

"There's jes' one drawback to the good time we're goin' to have with Lindbergh. We never gave him a present of any kind. Jes' turnin' on a public idol, an' draggin' him down from his perch, doesn't give half as much pleasure as when you can demand the restoration of some mark of love an' esteem.

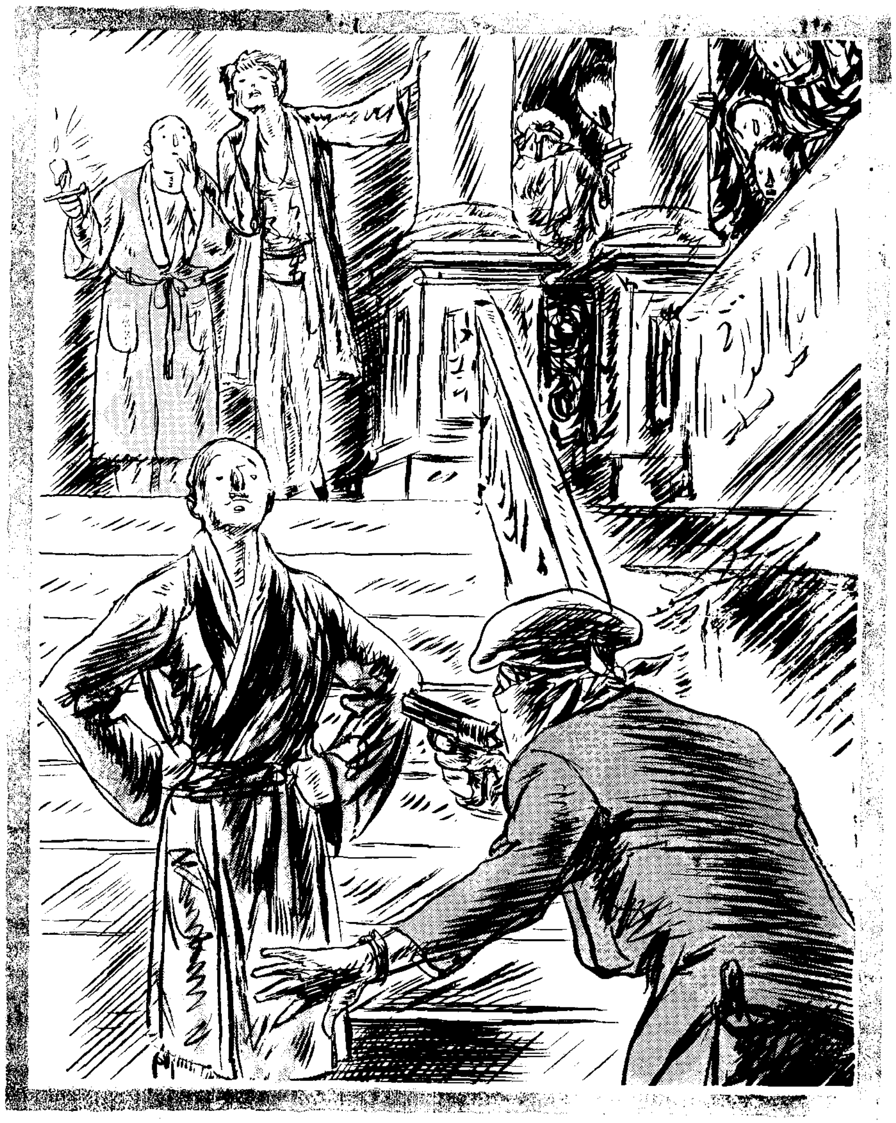
"Don't you remember that house we gave Admiral Dewey an' what a perfectly gorgeous time we had bawlin' at him to give it back? What makes it so intensely joyous is that the poor wretches are absolutely unable to oblige, much as they'd like to. Dewey spent years tryin' to find out who gave him the house, but in every case it developed that those who were doin' all the yellin' hadn't given as much as a thin dime.

"If you ask me, I'll say that Mr. Hoover has made a rather careful study of the American people. You don't see him blazin' any new trails through forests of original thought. No, sir! Read his messages an' speeches, an' you'll notice that Herbert never takes a forward step until he's found some spacious an' well-marked footprint that will accommodate his own generous number elevens."

"I like Hoover," said Mr. Stubbs, "an' I think that the American people are behind him."

"Let's hope they keep that way," Uncle Henry declared. "Heaven help a President that the people catch up with."

I'm not



To the man with the automatic, Aubrey was a new experience

By B. L. Jacot

If Elaine had guessed the truth, she would have fainted. If Aubrey had guessed it, he would have died!

AUBREY EFFINGHAME, brooding bitterly over the sunken lawn from the terrace, started as he heard the French windows click open behind him. He thought it might have been the General. For three days nothing, it seemed, but the bellowing of this distinguished old soldier had reached his ears—and Aubrey was a modest man. All he asked of the world was that it should be happy, friendly, full of good will. It was George Malt at the windows.

"Well?" For a moment this man of affairs eyed the inoffensive friend of his school days expectantly, but Aubrey, it was clear, had no tidings to bear. "I've been looking for you all over the show—not had a dash at it, what?"

Aubrey shook his head. Forty-eight hours ago he had told George Malt all about Elaine. "I went fishing with the General."

"With—with the General?"

THIS incredulity piqued Aubrey. "Why not? I'm not scared of the man. I happened to catch sight of him with his rod and stuff, so I asked him if he would mind. You told me to—"

"One moment!" One of the brighter and less industrious members of the younger bar, George Malt was never at a loss for good advice to tender to anyone, whether on the subject of suitable diet for a teething infant, what to do about that frozen pipe, how to oil the lawn mower, or how to get fifteen per cent discount when buying a new car. If he lacked anything it certainly was not confidence. But this from the man who had confided his troubles to him took him by surprise. "Do you mean to tell me," he insisted with a touch of envy in his voice, "you had the nerve to ask the old boy about his fishing after potting his ball four times last night at billiards—to say nothing of leaving him those double balks?"

A hint of reproach came to cloud the gentle, scholarly features of this billiard prodigy. "I have already explained," he reminded, "that I thought it was the thing to do. You told me to ingratiate myself, so—"

"Quite right! Just leave the details to me and we'll have you fixed in no time. You showed the right spirit. A pretty touch, but not on the program. Let me see, what was my recommendation for this afternoon?"

"Elaine. . . ." Even the mention of her name gave Aubrey a strangled feeling round the watch pocket. For some twenty-five years Love had looked on Aubrey and tucked the arrow back into the quiver. And then had come this girl. Like a kick from a mule, she had entered his life, this triple essence of feminine fragrance. And it left Aubrey wondering how anything so slim, so boyishly friendly, so exquisite could be the offspring of a bull-necked, red-faced, bellowing buccaneer like the General.

George Malt reflected. "Yes. This afternoon you were to put the matter delicately but firmly to her. State a case. That was what I said. Well?—and what have you been doing since this fishing?"

Efficiency always awed him. Those men of iron who leaped from their pillows with the dawn each day to grip the world by the throat, filled Aubrey with a secret sorrow. It seemed so unnecessary.

"I rowed the General over to the island in the lake," he explained. "He—he was quite friendly."

"Good!"

"Then, after awhile, he seemed so intent on his fishing I rowed back, and rather thought I—I might—"

"Put in the good work with the girl!" George Malt laid a brotherly hand on his shoulder. He was fond of this little man, always a ready touch for a fiver. And apart from having followed him form by form at Wincheton and lived on the same staircase at Oxford, Elaine was his cousin. George Malt considered he had a vested interest in the affair. "And now is the time!"

"You mean?"

"Elaine is down by the summer arbor."

"Oh."

"Alone," added George Malt. "I'll see you later."

LOUNGING in a deck chair in the arbor beyond the yews, Aubrey found his hostess—the daughter of the house. Callingford Park, the Shropshire residence of Lieut.-General Sir Malcolm Gore-Belcher, Bart., K. C. S. I., D. S. O., was an extensive affair of many acres. Aubrey felt thankful for it. What he needed, he felt, was seclusion. Elaine seemed pleased to see him. Setting his teeth, he wasted no time.

"Elaine," he began hoarsely, "I've only known you just over a month, but—"

With a smile that made the General's lawns swim about him, she called a halt. "George," she said, "was telling me."

"George Malt?"

She nodded. From the cover of her long lashes she was watching him, and it gave Aubrey a feeling that all was not well. "He has a wonderful way of managing things. I remember him once explaining to the men who were building the new garages here just how a brick should be laid."

Aubrey cleared his throat. "And—?"

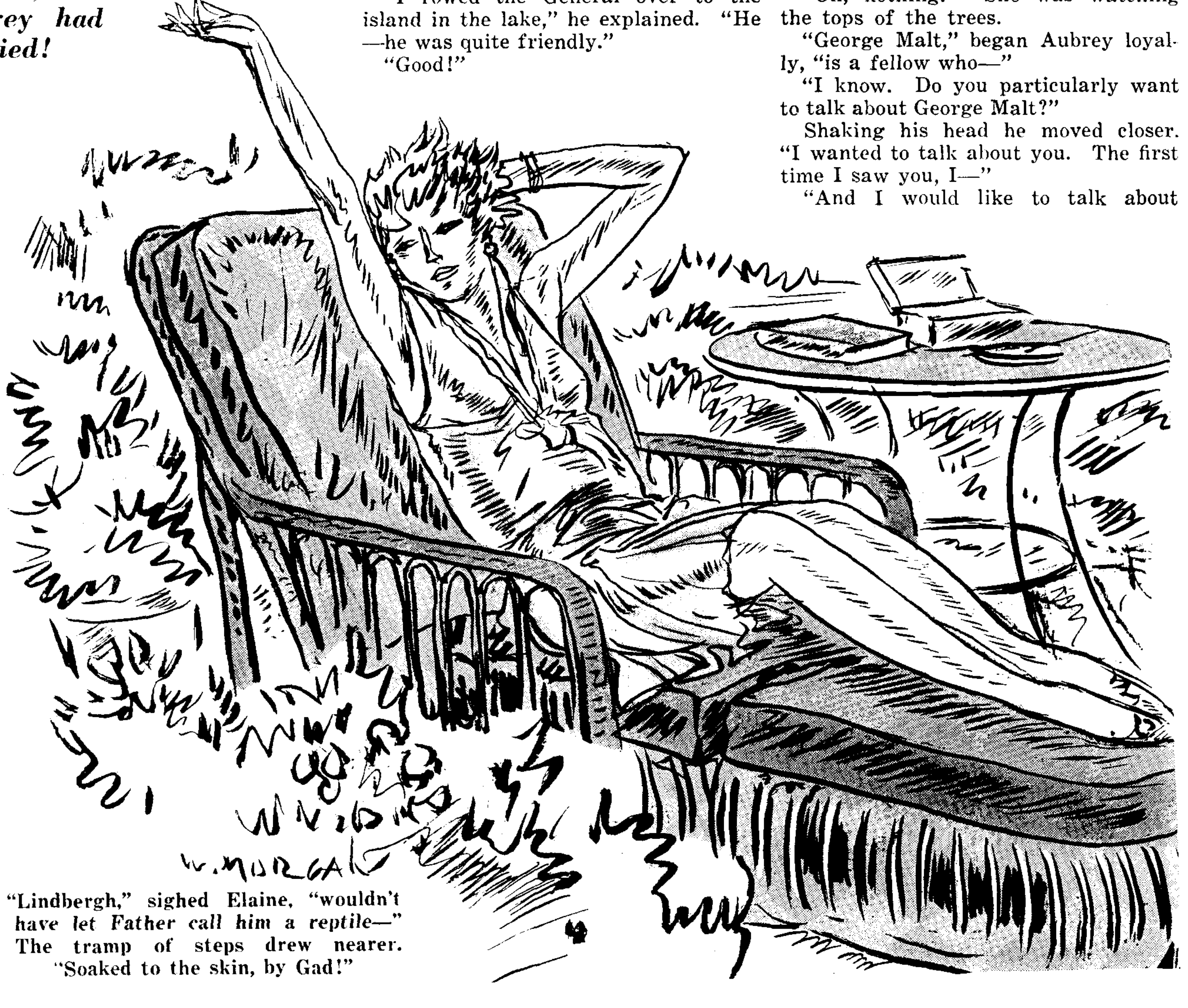
"Oh, nothing." She was watching the tops of the trees.

"George Malt," began Aubrey loyally, "is a fellow who—"

"I know. Do you particularly want to talk about George Malt?"

Shaking his head he moved closer. "I wanted to talk about you. The first time I saw you, I—"

"And I would like to talk about



"Lindbergh," sighed Elaine, "wouldn't have let Father call him a reptile—" The tramp of steps drew nearer. "Soaked to the skin, by Gad!"

scared of the General

you—Aubrey." She indicated a chair. "Haven't you another name? What did they call you at school?"

For a moment he hesitated, but honesty got the decision. "Flat-fish," he said.

"We'll make it Aubrey. . . ." A dreamy romantic look drifted into her eye. "I suppose you're rather—fond of me?"

To Aubrey it seemed an understatement. "Fond of you? Fond? For the last month I've done nothing but—"

She stopped him with a wave of her slim hand. "Done nothing but consult George Malt." A sigh escaped her. "I have been thinking a good deal about you, too. You are a young man with more money than is good for you, and nothing to do. You have never had to square up against the world. I'll admit you're clever—that you know all about Aristotle and algebra and things. But . . . I admire men who do things."

For a moment she rested on that. This mild-mannered, gentle-voiced British citizen from the first had attracted her sentimental interest. She was fond of him. But she had American ideas as to employment and the idle rich. In his earlier days, before a liver like a razor strop and that bellicose temperament made him impossible to live with, the General—a military attaché in Washington—had induced Elaine's mother to marry him. Most of her life Elaine had spent in Washington, D. C.

"YOU mean—" inquired Aubrey, awed, "a job of work? I ought to get a job?"

"It would do you good. Shall I tell you something?"

He eyed her with suspicion. It had a sisterly trend.

"I'm rather fond of you, Aubrey, and I think you're an awful dear—"

Distantly he heard the wings of the bluebird. "Elaine! I—"

"Keep it for a moment. I can think of no man I would sooner trust to take the dog out for a walk—a dog, I mean, that I happened to be very fond of. But you have no spirit. What you want, if you don't mind my mentioning it, is sand, grit, initiative—the Will to Assert Oneself. Have I offended you?"

HE SHOOK his head. Only too well he knew it was true. Early he had realized that Play-up-the-School had no message for him. It was not that he avoided a fight when it was inevitable, but there always seemed to him to be something so unnecessary about the ill-feeling in football. George Malt, for instance, took pleasure in arguing with undertipped taxi-men. The mere idea of it made Aubrey shiver.

The girl at his side thrust with her fingers at the short thatch of spun gold rippling over her head. "When you came down here to stay, I liked you—quite a lot. But with Father—"

"The General?"

"He's rude and bad-tempered to everyone. I hate it! But he shouts loudest at people who daren't answer him back. And when I hear him raving at you . . . time after time. . . ."

"You would have liked me to be rude to him?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. It looks so spiritless just to stand there and say: 'I'm sorry, sir.'" Aubrey rose to his feet. Here was something tangible. "I'm not scared of the General." he said, and it was true. "All this yelling and unpleasantness seems so—"

But the girl was not listening. "The man I shall marry some day will be someone who can face anything, and do the Big Things. When I think of Lindbergh . . ." A sigh escaped her lips. "Just a bottle of soda water and two ham sandwiches! And as he was climbing into his machine he had to borrow a bit of string for his brac—I mean, a bit of string. . . ."

A noise as of shouting from the direction of the house recalled the General to Aubrey's mind. "If you think I am afraid of that man," he declared, "I'll show you."

From the yews to the west the distant rumble became definitely human in character. Aubrey started as he recognized the voice that had cleared Bengal of tigers.

"Lindbergh," sighed Elaine, "wouldn't have let Father call him a jelly-bellied reptile—even if he had dropped one of his precious crystal goblets and smashed it."

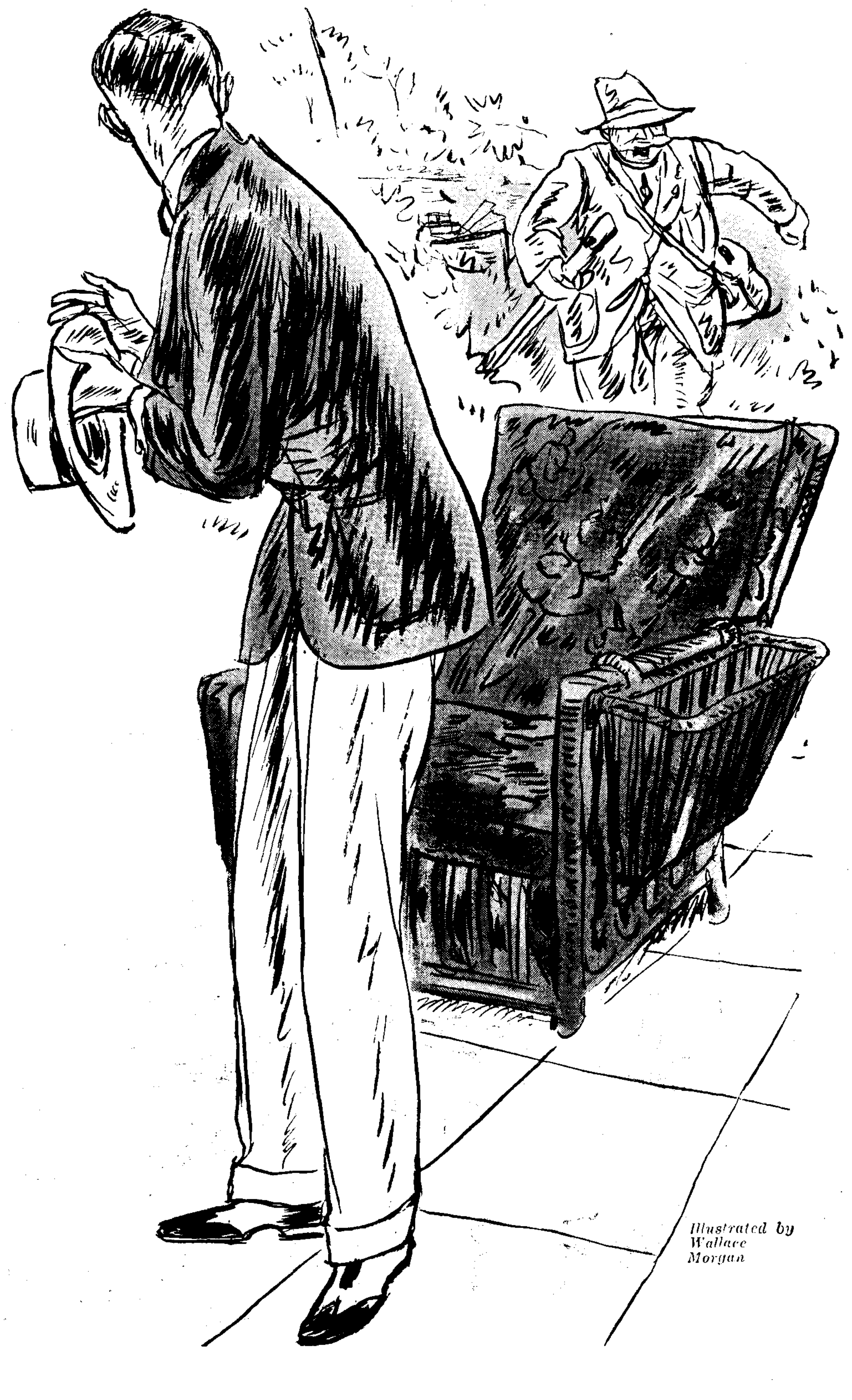
"Very well, then," decided Aubrey, "in the future—"

The bellowing from the left drowned him. "Why the devil do you think I am asking where that young fool is, if I don't want him? I'll wring his scrawny neck for him. Rows me over to that island and"—the voice of Aubrey's late fishing companion rose to a squeak—"maroons me on the rotten place! Where is he?"

Aubrey, holding Elaine's eyes, fingered his neckwear.

"He was," came the voice of George Malt, "by the arbor, talking to Elaine. If—"

"And takes my book of flies with him! What does he think I fish with? Asterisked worms?"



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

In the side pocket of his coat Aubrey felt a bulge. Like a man who sees Death walking abroad, he pulled out a book of flies and eyed it with horror. Eyes, blue as cornflowers, that through him saw Lindbergh, were resting on him expectantly. Perspiring freely, Aubrey held his ground.

The tramp of steps over the gravel drew rapidly nearer. "Soaked to the bloomin' skin, by Gad! Let me get within reach of him! I'll teach him whether I enjoy wading back home up to the armpits, to look for him, after shouting myself hoarse for three quarters of an hour. I'll . . ."

The rest was lost to Aubrey. The rhododendrons to the north had swallowed him up. From the hole through which he had disappeared, Elaine, tight-lipped, turned her eyes to examine the book of flies now resting in her lap.

THAT evening Aubrey kept to his room. He was aware that he had been put to the test and found wanting, but the General, he could not help thinking, was a little tough for a man who was just trying out first steps in spirited backchat. Elaine, he told himself, now thought of him, if at all, in terms of mud. What would Lindbergh have done about that fly book? Aubrey did not know. But one thing he did know, he decided, as he ate his solitary dinner on a tray in his bedroom, and that was from now on he was going to seek the General—not avoid him—and show spirit, show initiative, show enterprise and assertiveness.

That social asset, George Malt, paid him a visit while he was still thinking of these things. "Wise," he admitted. "Very wise. I should, in fact, have advised it myself. But the old boy's all right now."

The knowledge that he was at one with the master mind brought comfort to Aubrey. "Then he's not still looking for me?"

George Malt laughed. "Lord, no! They're all the same, these tough old nuts with livers. Ready to skin you one minute, and forgotten all about it in the next. As a matter of fact—" he paused. "I've been giving the old boy a hand with his plate and stuff up in the picture gallery. It's worth I don't know how much, and he's got nowhere to keep it until the bank sends for it."

Aubrey knew about the General's collection of gold and silver plate—this and fine glass were his hobby. With his twin subjects of Paul Lamerie Heirlooms I Have Inherited and Tigers I Have Shot (At) without extending himself he could clear any club in the West End inside of seven and a half minutes.

"THE plate they had at that exhibition at Burlington House?"

George Malt inclined his head. "There is a fortune lying about in crates up in the picture gallery, and the General's up on his horse about burglars. Chance of a lifetime for anyone abreast of the news. As I was telling the General, the stuff's been advertised all over the world with this exhibition, it's been seen, and now everybody knows it's down here. Asking for trouble. The General," added George Malt, "sees my point. Care to come along and give a hand, piling the crates and so on?"

For a moment Aubrey reflected, then shook his head.

"Wise," admitted George Malt. "Very wise. A shade too soon."

"And—Elaine? I suppose you haven't—"

(Continued on page 54)

Tweed is Boss

By Betty Thornley

What? Wool dresses, jerseys and tweeds for town wear? Believe it or not, these informal materials have been transformed to meet the 1929-30 formal modes. And the surprise color is green

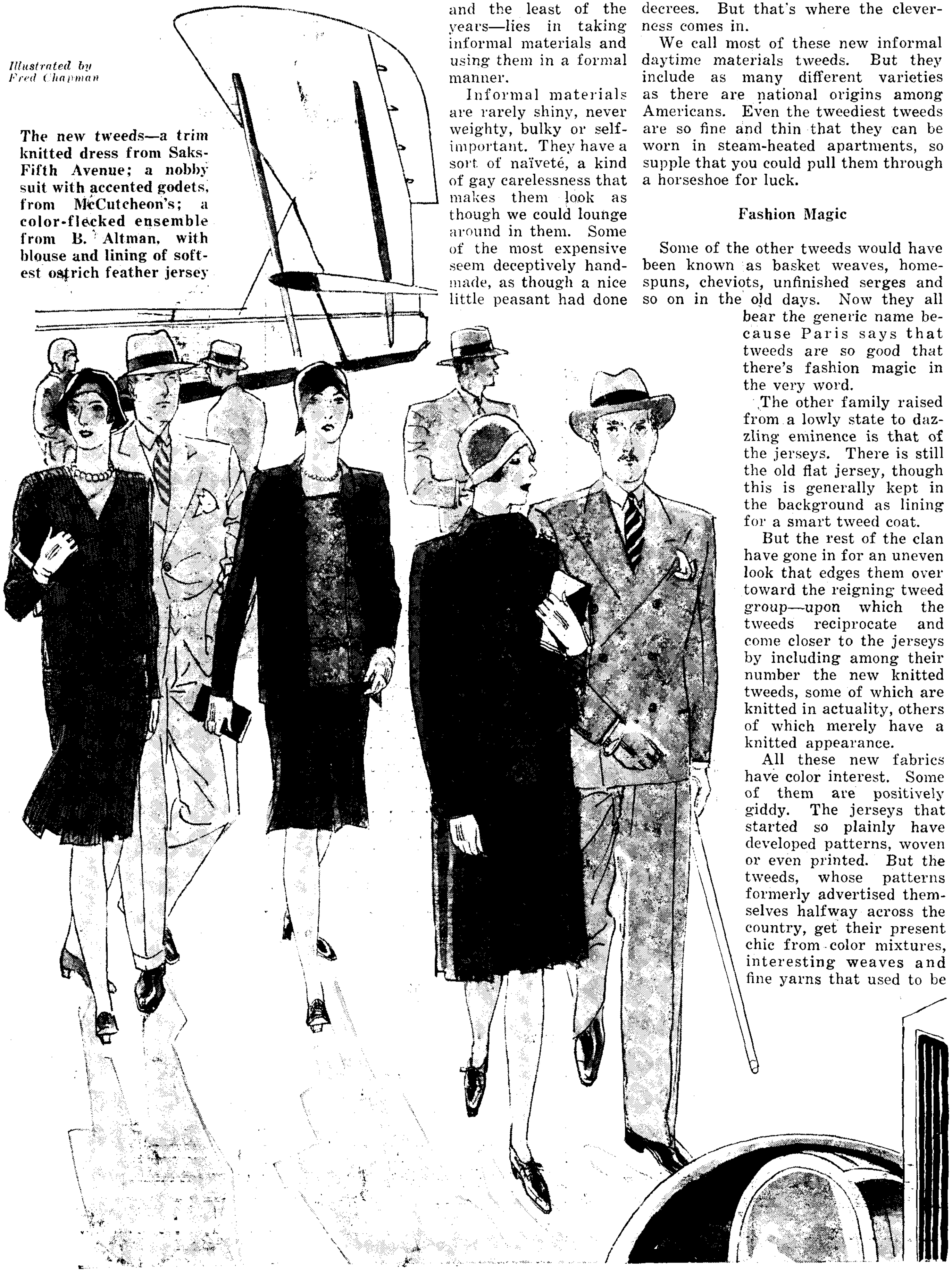
WE'VE known ever since the war that elaborate materials elaborately made up add years to our age—even a sixteen-year-old can look passée, given sufficient velvet and enough stitches. For a while, we thought we could be young with our skirts above our knees, and our silhouettes were straight—but flapper fashions on the non-flapper led to disillusionment all around.

At last, realizing our woeful state, the fabric manufacturers, who are men and clever ones, got together with the dressmakers—of whom some of the astutest can't wear the things they sell—and we think they've solved our problem.

The recipe for combining youth and elegance in the 1929-30 manner, for making the most of the figures we have and the least of the years—lies in taking informal materials and using them in a formal manner.

Informal materials are rarely shiny, never weighty, bulky or self-important. They have a sort of naïveté, a kind of gay carelessness that makes them look as though we could lounge around in them. Some of the most expensive seem deceptively handmade, as though a nice little peasant had done them with good old knubbly yarn on the ancestral loom. If she really had, of course, they'd have been stiff and heavy, unfit for the cutting and twisting and fitting and draping that Paris decrees. But that's where the cleverness comes in.

We call most of these new informal daytime materials tweeds. But they include as many different varieties as there are national origins among Americans. Even the tweediest tweeds are so fine and thin that they can be worn in steam-heated apartments, so supple that you could pull them through a horseshoe for luck.



Illustrated by Fred Chapman

The new tweeds—a trim knitted dress from Saks-Fifth Avenue; a nobby suit with accented godets, from McCutcheon's; a color-flecked ensemble from B. Altman, with blouse and lining of softest ostrich feather jersey

Fashion Magic

Some of the other tweeds would have been known as basket weaves, homespuns, cheviots, unfinished serges and so on in the old days. Now they all bear the generic name because Paris says that tweeds are so good that there's fashion magic in the very word.

The other family raised from a lowly state to dazzling eminence is that of the jerseys. There is still the old flat jersey, though this is generally kept in the background as lining for a smart tweed coat.

But the rest of the clan have gone in for an uneven look that edges them over toward the reigning tweed group—upon which the tweeds reciprocate and come closer to the jerseys by including among their number the new knitted tweeds, some of which are knitted in actuality, others of which merely have a knitted appearance.

All these new fabrics have color interest. Some of them are positively giddy. The jerseys that started so plainly have developed patterns, woven or even printed. But the tweeds, whose patterns formerly advertised themselves halfway across the country, get their present chic from color mixtures, interesting weaves and fine yarns that used to be reserved for the dressed-up formal fabrics we've discarded.

Sometimes there will be three, four or five different colors in a single tweed, though—just to be contradictory—nothing is smarter than plain black tweed for a coat, relieved by a colorful dress.

Speaking of dresses reminds us that the wool dress used to be the Orphant Annie of the mode. It was warm but stodgy, useful but best kept out of sight. It did very well for dear Aunt Sophia who wore high shoes when she went to the Browning Club, but the rest of us preferred fur over silk. Today, however, the wool dress is among the leaders, because it's trained down till it doesn't weigh any more than its equivalent in silk.

But nobody makes the mistake of taking these informal materials and treating them to a couple of cuts and two seams, as would have been the case a few years ago. A straight little dress, a straight little coat may still do for the country, but town demands a bit more subtlety if we're to have the reputation of knowing anything about clothes. Men like us young and they always will.

But we know now that they'd rather have us girlish than boyish. Also they've finally told us that they like curves, and that a spice of mystery goes as well in real life as it does over the news-counter. So all the skirts are longer, all the coats have a sense of rhythm and line, all the dresses show that the grand-operatic peasant who wove the material danced off in the chorus, leaving the rest of the job to a man or a woman who knew that the way to make the most of the human form divine was to show a little less of it and suggest the rest.

As for color—and what woman doesn't decide this question first of all?—the leading thing is black. Not all black, because it isn't a good follow-up for the suntan vogue, but black with a colorful accent. We'll certainly wear bright or light dresses under black coats. We'll probably wear bright or light blouses. Possibly we'll have hats to match these jolly bits of the rainbow, rather than keep to the time-hallowed custom of matching hat and coat.

Consult That Sunburn

If we don't want black at all, we'll find that the surprise color this season is green—hunter's green and lighter greens. Green is grand with a tawny skin, but we must be sure not to follow the mob as to shade. Some greens with some skins are Paris greens with a vengeance.

Browns, of course, will be very good. Chocolate brown is perhaps the smartest, but reddish browns with a hint of yellow appeal to those of us who like to mix a bit of gayety with our chic. Blues are not only staple—they're very big this year.

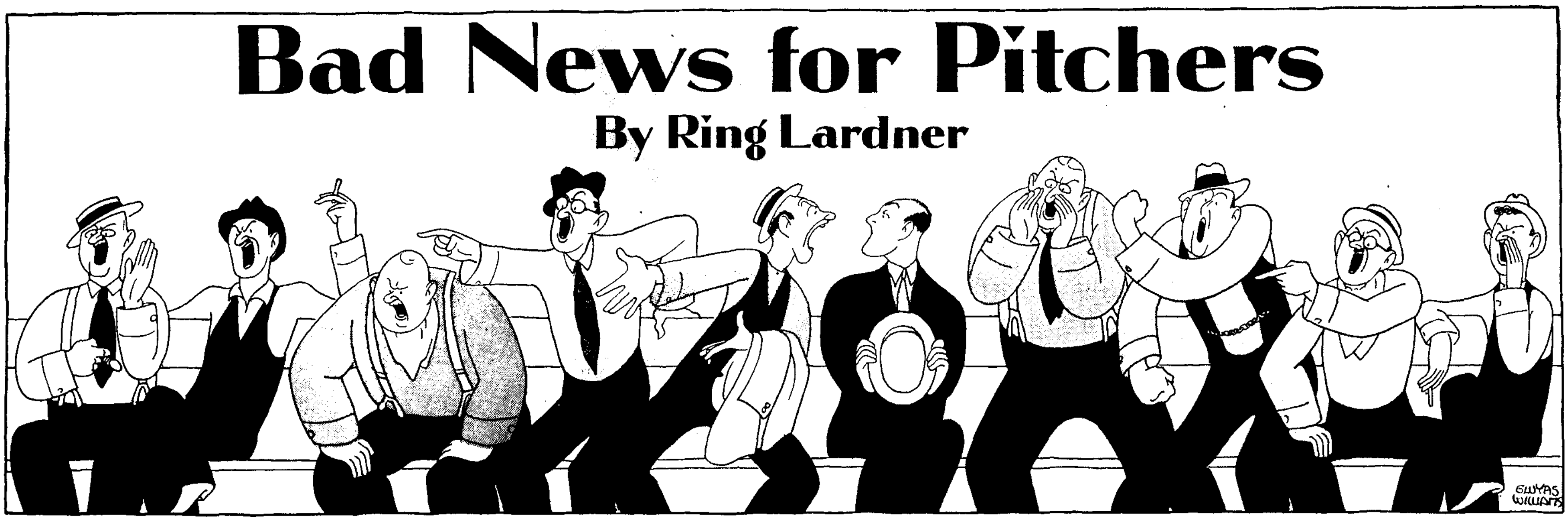
But here again, consult the tone of your sunburn before you plunge, or you're apt to go down for the third time with all the life guards looking the other way.

Reds are still with us, wine reds at present with promise later on of a return engagement for the livelier yellow-reds, combined with black to keep them from looking too much like the Firemen's Ball.

Taking it by and large, we're in for an eventful season, a season of great variety and a chance for everyone to look her best, no matter what her age, size, or previous condition of pulchritude.

Bad News for Pitchers

By Ring Lardner



I know that the place to judge balls and strikes is in the back row of the right field seats because I have sat there and listened to my neighbors

Readers of Ring Lardner have often wondered why he didn't play baseball for a living. Here he tells why. This is only the second time he has ever written on our great National Pastime which in itself ought to interest you

I AM sure no one will be silly enough to deny that playing baseball on defense is less fun than batting, running bases and attempting to score runs. A preference for the offensive end of the game is born in us, so that the normal boy, breaking in at the age of five or six years, will invariably shout, "First batter for One Old Cat!" (or "Two Old Cat," depending on the available number of grimalkins), instead of "Fielder," or "Pigtail," as we used to call it in Niles, Mich. If he is slow of speech and another boy says it ahead of him, he will want to be catcher because the catcher succeeds to a batsmanship as soon as a batsman passes out.

But the fact that your "innings" afford the greater amount of pleasure is no sign that you, boy or man, know how to use same to anywheres near the best advantage. In this lesson I will attempt to point out a few practical methods of improving the ball player's offensive game, and make my suggestions such that they will be valuable, to the big-league star as well as the veriest novice.

In a regular, legal contest (nine on a side) it is usually safest not to go to bat excepting when it is your turn. The umpires, scorers and opposing clubs have been on the lookout for "ringers" since 1918, when John McGraw had a set of masks resembling very closely the faces of his weak hitters and surreptitiously put these masks on Benny Kauff and Heinie Zimmerman and thus got by with the trick of having these two men do all the batting.

Clever as this scheme was, it occasionally worked to the discomfort of the Giants. For example, Kauff would make a two-base hit and Zimmerman draw a base on balls. With the lesser hitters coming up, it was necessary for both Benny and Heinie to leave their bases, rush in to the bench, don masks and go to bat again.

"Bill, I've overcome my weakness on curve balls. If this sucker gives me one, I'll wham it!"

The umpire would note their absence from second and first base and declare two out, though once an umpire thought they both must have scored while he was not looking and directed the official scorer to credit New York with two runs.

At times when Kauff got on base and Zimmerman drove him in, giving him a chance to put on his false face and, in turn, drive Zimmerman in, the plan worked like a charm. One day, for example, the Giants scored fourteen runs in an inning and everybody thought the whole team was hitting. In reality, it was just Kauff and Zimmerman disguised as Rariden, Schupp and the rest. The masks were made by Tony Sarg, who often expressed his gratitude to McGraw for not asking for a mask of the Great Zim himself.

"That would have been what you call ze leemit," said Mr. Sarg, almost choking.

Keep Them Guessing

On leaving the bench to go toward the plate, the prospective batsman should pick up two or three bats besides his own, and swing them as he stands awaiting his turn. The pitcher is thus prevented from knowing in advance which one he intends to use, and therefore has no time to plan a defense.

Jack Pfiester of the old Chicago Cubs, one of the most remarkable hitters who ever took foot baths in the water bucket, used to have a trick that was quite elaborate and laborious, though not for him. When it was his time at bat he used to have all the bats brought to the plate and laid out, and not until the pitcher was winding up would he hastily select the one he wanted. Thus the pitcher had no idea what kind of bat to pitch to, and as Jack also had a scheme of changing bats between every two deliveries, the pitcher was still mystified after he had struck him out.

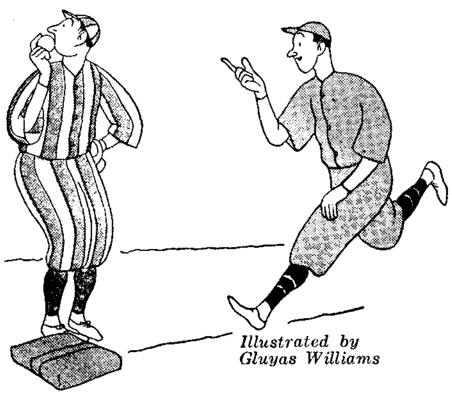
Rogers Hornsby, a born strategist, got many a base hit in the old days through a bold piece of chicanery. He kept a make-up box on the bench and would disguise himself sometimes as a Cuban, sometimes as an Albino, sometimes as a Jap. He would then approach the umpire and say:

"Me heap big busher, just breaking in. Me batting for Hornsby."

"What is your name?" the umpire would ask him.

"Yo Yo Tsen."

The announcer would megaphone, "Yo Yo Tsen, batting for Hornsby," completely hoodwinking the opposing battery. The pitcher would ease up and in an instant the ball would be sailing over the right-field bulkhead while the pseudo-foreigner circled the bases, removing his make-up as he ran.



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"Jack, who's the fella in the third box with your wife in his lap?"

The player who brandishes three or four bats should throw away all but one of them when he steps into the batter's box, and if he is a hitter of the Wilcy Moore or Dazzy Vance type, it is a good plan not to retain even one as there is much more likelihood of drawing a base on balls if you have nothing to swing with.

A scheme I originated years ago and which has been successfully tried a couple of times is as follows: We will say that the batsman is lamentably weak on curve balls and the opponents know it. When he goes up to the plate he whispers to the umpire (but in a whisper that is easily audible to the catcher), "Bill, I have entirely overcome my weakness on curve balls. If this sucker gives me one, I'll wham it! But if he gives me a fast one, I'm sunk!"

The catcher does not let on that he has overheard the remark, and he signs the pitcher to throw a fast one. The mendacious batsman hits it a mile and the catcher feels ridiculous. It is a trick that can be worked only once a season against the same club unless the latter has two catchers who don't speak to each other.

As everybody is aware, a left-handed batter has a great advantage over a right-hander after the ball has been hit. The left-handed batter is a yard nearer first base to begin with, and in addition to that, his swing gives him an impetus toward his destination.

The right-handed batter, particularly one hitting to left field, leaves the batter's box from a standing start and loses many a decision at first base that a left-hander would win. The right-handed batter who uses his head will overcome this handicap by running to third base instead of first; I don't mean always, but occasionally. He will save a yard of the distance and swing himself into his stride; besides that, he won't be declared out at third base unless they tag him, and if he is safe, he is in much better position to score than if he had three more bases to run.

I tried this invention personally, in a game between the artists and writers for the benefit of the Bayside Fire Department or something. It happened that Bugs Baer was on third base when I whammed one back at the pitcher, who took it on the eighth bounce. I met Bugs halfway between third and home and if we hadn't got to talking, it would have worked fine because the pitcher threw the ball to first which he thought I would be sucker enough to run to. As it was, the first baseman came over to where we were and tagged us both and they scored it a triple play, claiming I was out on two fronts.

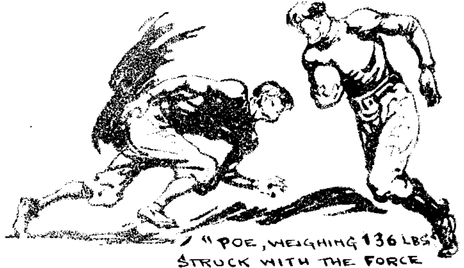
How to Treat Third Basemen

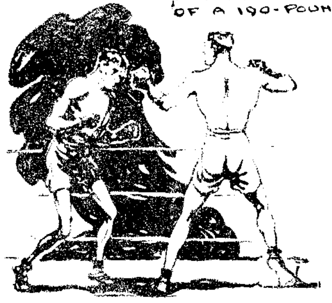
Base-running, that is, base-stealing, has become something of a lost art since they put powders in the ball. Nobody hits singles any more, so you're just as well off on first base as second. But if you are on second and there is one out, it is a good thing to steal third once in awhile so you will be in position to score on a balk.

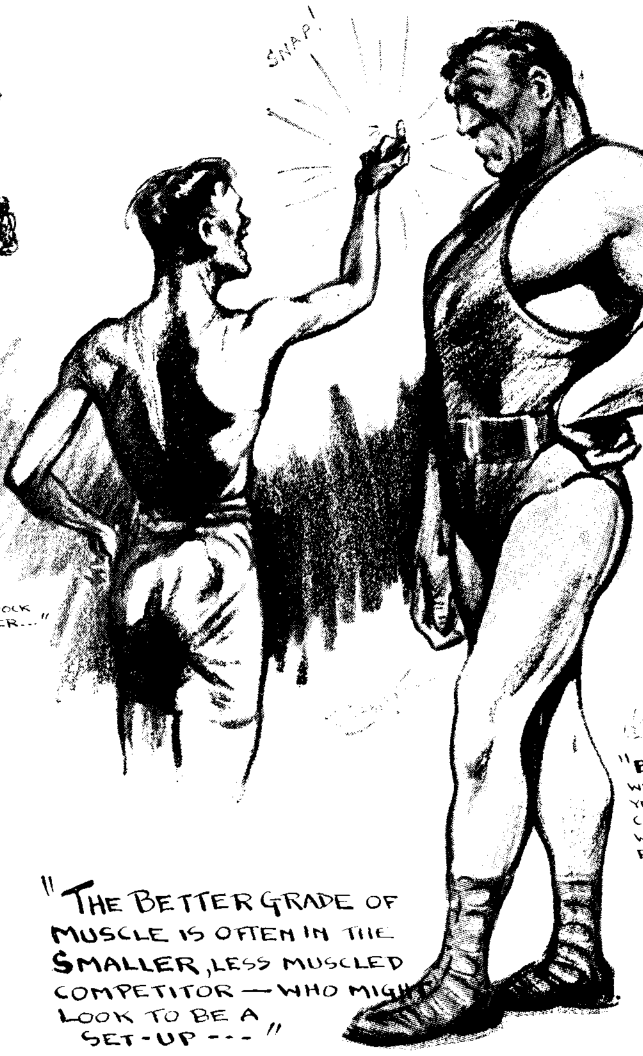
Stealing third has always been easier than stealing second, because hardly any third basemen have their minds on the game. Those who have, can be distracted by a few words from the approaching runner, such as "Jack, who's the fella in the third box from the bench with your wife in his lap?" or "What's Lindbergh doing in the press stand?"

This brings us to the subject of umpiring, a

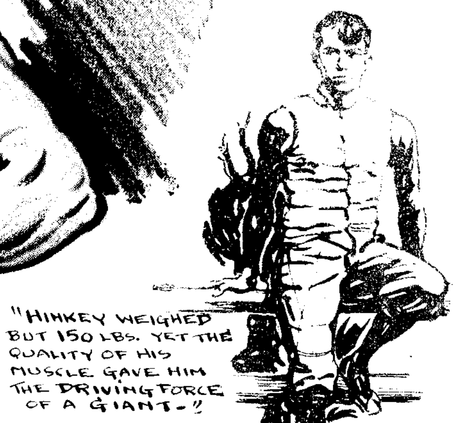
(*Continued on page 52*)


"POE, WEIGHING 136 LBS STRUCK WITH THE FORCE OF A 190-POUNDER---"


"LOUGHRAN'S BROAD SHOULDERS AND DEEP CHEST MADE BRADDOCK LOOK LIKE A CONVALESCING INVALID--- YET BRADDOCK WAS THE KILLING PUNCHER---"



"THE BETTER GRADE OF MUSCLE IS OFTEN IN THE SMALLER, LESS MUSCLED COMPETITOR — WHO MIG LOOK TO BE A SET-UP ---"


"HINKEY WEIGHED BUT 150 LBS. YET THE QUALITY OF HIS MUSCLE GAVE HIM THE DRIVING FORCE OF A GIANT-"

"BILL JOHNSTON WEIGHED 118 POUNDS---- YET HIS FORE HAND CAME THROUGH WITH TERRIFIC FORCE-"

By
Grantland Rice

An overworked muscle wears out just as a rubber band loses its elasticity from too much stretching. In both, quality is far more important than bulk

Came the Brawn

LOOKING back a number of years, I can still recall the unsurpressed delight of a football coach when a certain gymnasium star appeared upon the field to try for the team. The new arrival was about six feet tall and he weighed 190 pounds. He was also quick in action with both hands and feet.

But his most attractive feature, from the viewpoint of the football coach, was the mass of muscle that covered his arms, shoulders, body and legs. These muscles fairly bulged. They stood out in lumps from long and continued gymnasium work. He looked strong enough to handle half a team without taking an extra breath.

The deep joy of the football coach was extremely brief. In the first workout he saw a lean, lanky, unmuscled tackle weighing 170 pounds toss the big-muscled party about as if he had been a sack of oats. The thing that puzzled the coach was that when it came to direct contact in the way of haul and push and tug, the lighter, less-muscled player was much the stronger physically.

The coach at first thought the bigger man had a shade of saffron, until he saw that he was giving all he had, willing to dive in under any play, but that muscular force was lacking where muscular force had appeared to be his dominant quality.

You got much the same impression when James J. Braddock stepped out to meet Tommy Loughran a few weeks ago. Braddock was known as the puncher—Loughran as the punchless star, depending on speed and skill. Braddock had proved his case by stopping such opponents as Tuffy Griffiths, Pete Latzo and Jimmy Slattery with a wallop to the chin. Loughran, with all his speed and skill, had not jarred anyone for a year. Yet when the two stepped into the ring it was Loughran who looked to be the walloper.

Loughran's broad shoulders and deep chest made Braddock look like a convalescing invalid. The muscular development of his upper arms and forearms gave Braddock's thinner, less-developed arms a futile appearance. Knowing nothing of their past records you would have picked Loughran as the killing puncher with the kick of a mule and Braddock as the faster man depending upon his speed and skill.

As it happened, Braddock could not hit Loughran with a double handful of shot, so his punch went to seed. And while Loughran landed almost at will there was too little steam back of his busy gloves to knock Braddock down.

Why should Loughran, with his magnificent muscular development, be a light puncher?

The Expert's Story

The answer is that muscular bulk may mean little. Loughran lacks the "contractile power" in his muscles that a Dempsey or a Braddock carries along. A certain eminent physical training authority describes this muscular quality as a matter of speed and length of muscular contraction and expansion.

Some muscles are like rubber that is extremely elastic. Others are like rubber with much less snap or elasticity. And the better grade of muscle is often in the smaller, less-muscled competitor who might look to be a set-up against some opponent he could throw through a window.

According to physiological experts, "the muscle is a machine for utilizing the energy contained in its own chemical compounds." It isn't always the mass of these chemical compounds that counts, but their quality. A big muscular development may mean great strength or it may mean little. A mass of bulging muscles may have little contractile power, just as a big, thick piece of rubber may have much less snap than a thinner rubber band.

A good many years ago Princeton had two great ends, Poe and Palmer. Neither weighed 140 pounds. They were little fellows and the belief was that both had been picked for speed and skill. This was largely true. But 180- and 190-pound backs used to complain that Poe, especially, hit them harder when he tackled than did other stars fifty pounds heavier.

Hinkey weighed around 150, but the quality of the muscle in his legs gave him the driving force of a giant.

I once asked Bob Zuppke of Illinois whom he thought was the best football player he had ever seen. His answer was "Joe Sternaman." Sternaman weighed 140 pounds when he played at Illinois.

"Sternaman," said Zuppke, "can hit a line harder than most big fullbacks. He is one of the strongest men I have ever seen. I remember that once he got into a rough-and-tumble scrap with the heavyweight wrestling champion at Illinois. This man weighed 210 pounds and was fast and game. He outweighed Joe by seventy pounds. But Sternaman nearly killed him, handling the big wrestler as if he had been a straw man. Joe could throw fellows around that outweighed him fifty pounds and with muscles lumped from their necks to their ankles."

What is the "chemical compound" that makes up a muscle? For one thing, every muscle is supplied with blood vessels, lymphatics and one or more nerves. But the quality of a muscle seems to depend on a certain property, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica; that is, "the liberation of some of the energy contained in the chemical compounds of the cells in such a way as to give mechanical work."

Which may, or may not, be another way of saying that some muscles contract and expand farther and more quickly than others. It is for the same reason that some men with smaller, thinner arms can throw a baseball at much greater speed than others with far more brawn and bulk. The first carry elastic muscles that the others lack.

Babe Ruth happens to be equipped with both quantity and quality. Jack Dempsey as champion was the same. Dempsey was heavily muscled but the chemical quality was superior or the living material of those muscles extremely elastic.

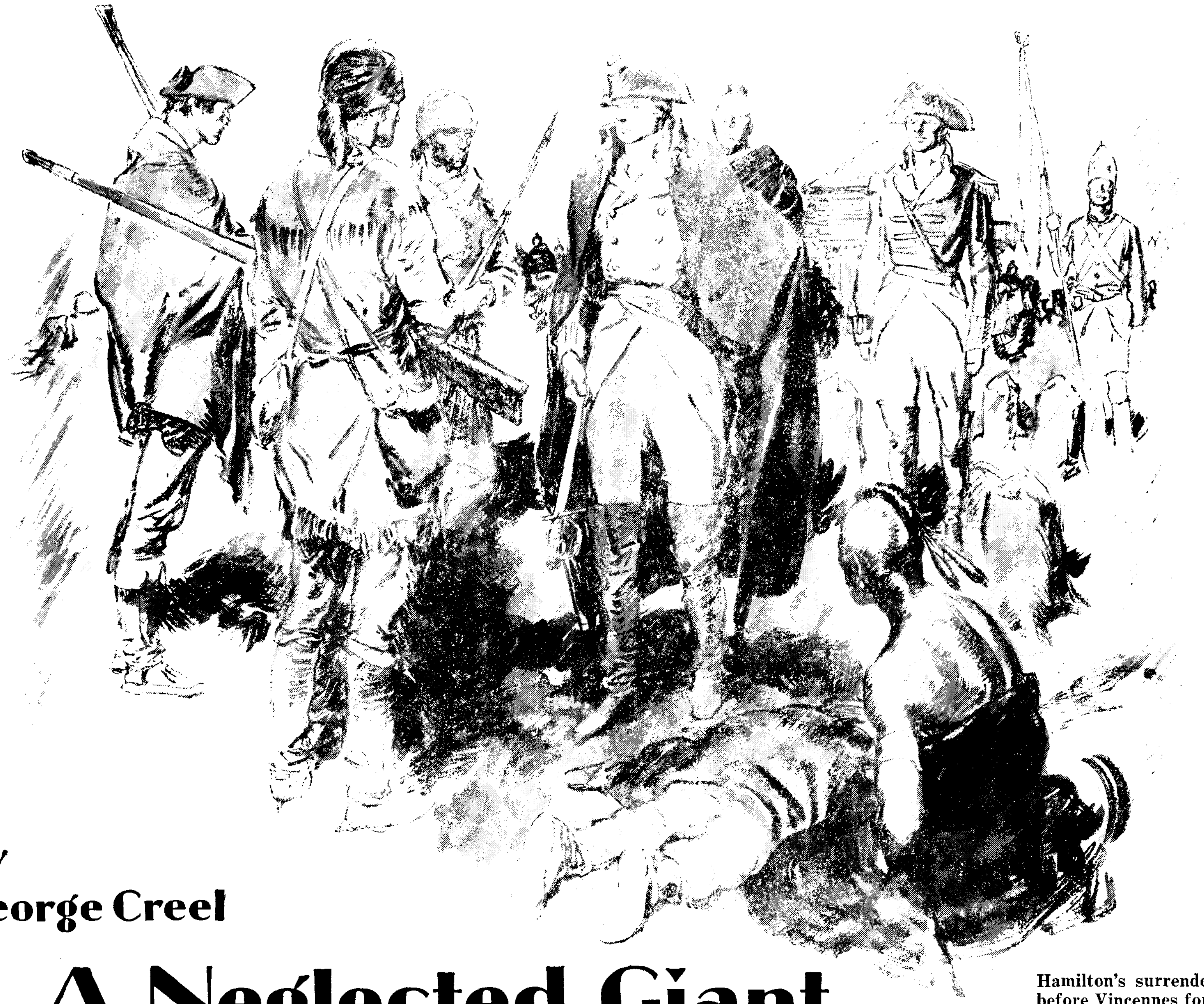
Speed Without Power

Kid Gleason, now on the board of strategy of the Athletics, is a little fellow, but he used to toss the big huskies around as one chucks a medicine ball. The Kid was stronger than most men thirty or forty pounds heavier than himself.

This muscle quality can extend in several directions. For example, one man's leg muscles may be built for speed, and yet contain no great driving power. Take the two cases of Bowman of Syracuse and Miller of Harvard. Bowman weighed 180 pounds and could run the 100 in 9 4-5 seconds. Miller weighed 200 pounds and could also crack ten seconds.

Cyril Walker weighed 114 pounds when in 1914 he won the Open golf championship and he hit the ball through that tournament as far as Hagen, who weighed 180. Bill Johnston weighed 118 pounds when he won the national tennis championship of the United States in 1919 and his forehand drives always came through with terrific force.

Putting on real strength means something more than merely building up big muscles. It means also the exercise or the sport that will add something of suppleness and a more elastic quality, something that will also improve the chemical compound. Overwork or overstrain can wear out a muscle just as a rubber band is shorn of its elastic qualities by too much stretching.



By

George Creel

A Neglected Giant

Hamilton's surrender to Clark before Vincennes forever ended British rule in the West

This is the story of the Man America Forgot—George Rogers Clark—a tale both glorious and shameful, its high courage a bugle call to pride; its shabby dishonor a sick humiliation

THE story has its start on a certain day in 1777 when George Rogers Clark, a bronzed giant of twenty-five, just come from the forests of Kentucky, faced Patrick Henry across a desk and set forth a daring idea that had to do with his country's welfare. With burning words and crude maps, the young frontiersman made the gaunt Virginia governor thrill to the mighty empire that stretched between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi—a vast domain to be forever lost to America unless bold action were taken quickly.

Colonel Henry Hamilton, "The Hair Buyer," headquartered in Detroit, held the land in an ever-tightening grip, his British grenadiers backed by ten thousand Indians. Delawares, Chippewas, Sacs, Foxes, Hurons, Shawnees, Mingoes, Miamis, Ottawas and Pottawattomies received their scalping knives direct from England, and south of the Ohio were the Creeks and Cherokees, also in King George's pay.

Only the Kentucky settlements lay between, and any day might see them swept away, for already Daniel Boone reported that Hamilton was gathering his forces, red men and white, for a campaign of extermination. With Pittsburgh taken, Kentucky crushed, and the northern Indians joined with those of the south, George Washington and the struggling colonies would be caught in a British vise.

"We must strike first!" urged Clark, his huge hands clenched. "Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the Illinois towns, can be taken by a surprise march. Then on to Vincennes, and after that Detroit. Surely, sir, Congress can be induced to act?"

"Congress!" A world of bitter contempt curled Patrick Henry's tone. "A pack of rascals and incompetents!"

"Then *you!* Fit me out and I guarantee success. It is the one chance. To wait is to invite disaster."

"What can I do?" The weary, harassed governor threw out his hands despairingly. "I have stripped Virginia to the bone for General Washington. We have no more men, money or supplies."

"Give me leave to recruit," came the instant answer. "I can find some volunteers here, and the rest will come to me in Kentucky."

Kaskaskia is Captured

And so it was! Thomas Jefferson and George Mason, called into consultation, thrilled to Clark's vision no less than Henry. A forlorn hope, to be sure, but all had known the boy from his birth—knew, too, that he had shown brains and bravery in the Indian wars—and he was given his authorization together with $6,000 in sadly depreciated paper currency.

Virginia and Kentucky, however, even though combed thoroughly, yielded only 170 men. But the young leader sounded his fife and drum with all the confidence of a Hannibal.

It was on June 24, 1778, that the little company pushed off from an island just above the Falls of the Ohio, and the night of July 4th saw them before Kaskaskia. Six days had they been marching overland, the last two without food. But their spring was so fierce and sudden that fort and town were captured without the loss of a life.

An actor and a diplomat as well as a soldier, this young George Rogers Clark! By fair words and dramatic effects he won the friendship of the Creole population, gained the peaceful surrender of Cahokia and Vincennes, and then turned boldly to meet the menace of the Indian tribes. From far and near the savages flocked, urged to bloodshed by their compact with the British, yet awed by the conviction that the handful of Americans must be the vanguard of a great army.

Five weeks Clark faced the milling, crowding host—with less than 200 men at his back, a thousand miles from his base of supplies—but in the end twelve nations signed peace treaties, cowed by the Big Knife's majestic mien.

"Hair Buyer" Hamilton, up in Detroit, raged like a madman when news of Clark's victories came to him, cursing the Creole militia for cowards and traitors, and straightway sent forth a call to the Indians of the Great Lakes. Guns, knives, bright cloth and gewgaws were distributed with lavish hand, many barrels of whisky tapped, and at the last came the great war dance.

Hamilton's Greatest Chance

Vincennes, reached December 17th, was easily recaptured, and for one tremendous moment the fate of Clark, and that of America, too, hung in the balance.

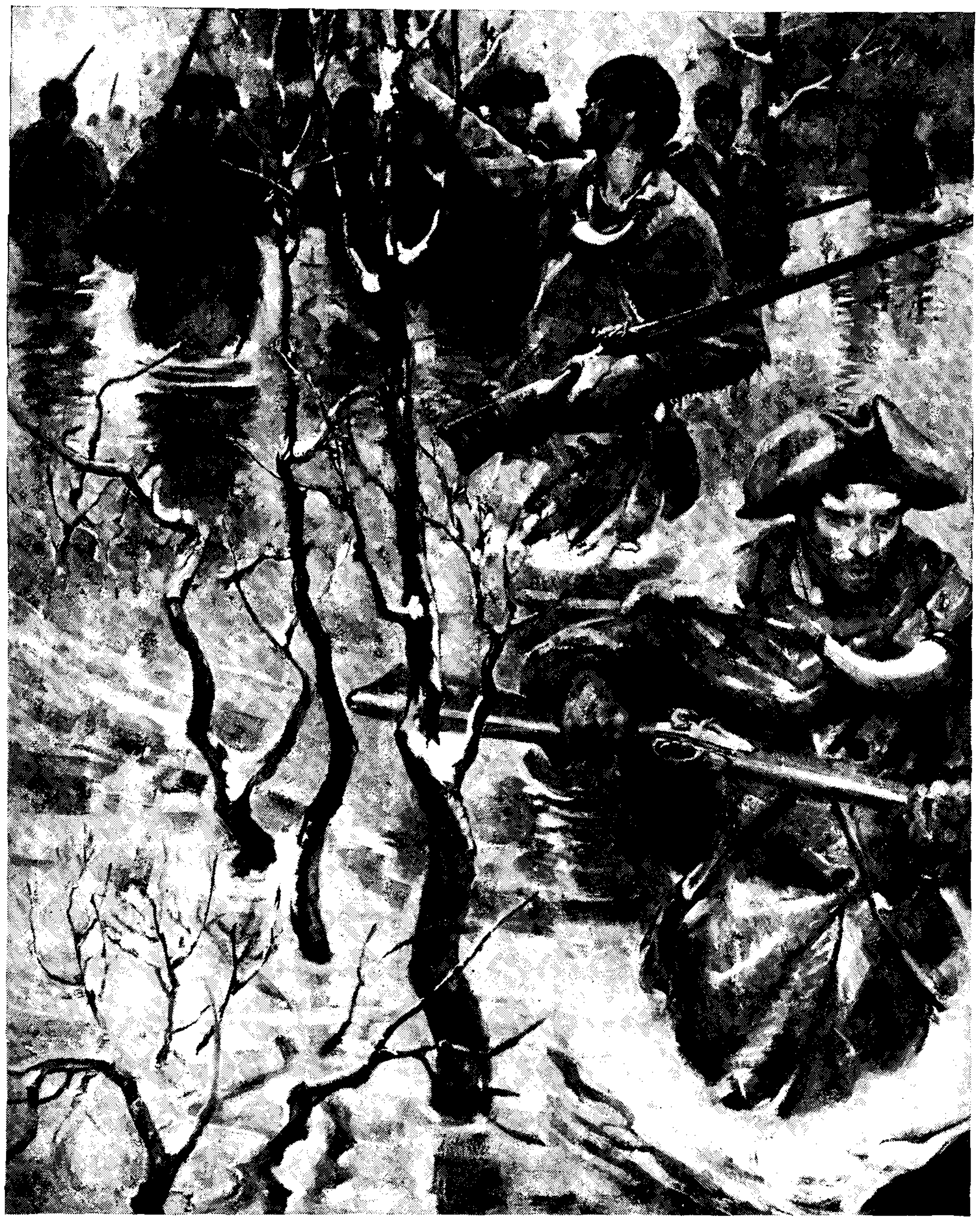
Victory was Hamilton's for the taking, but instead of leaping at the chance, the fool sat down to wait for spring and "warm weather."

Not so with George Rogers Clark. Before the dripping couriers had finished with their tidings, he had resolved to attack Vincennes!

Out of the foray might possibly come a miracle that would save the West to America, and if it failed, how were they worse off? To wait for Hamilton's spring advance was to make disaster inevitable. As the young captain wrote to Patrick Henry, "I know the case is desperate, but, sir, we must either quit the country or attack Mr. Hamilton." And then, with the superb confidence that was his chief characteristic, he added, "Great things have been effected by a few men well conducted. Perhaps we may be fortunate."

No doubt, however, darkened the tone

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops



They plunged into that shoreless, freezing sea with joyous whoops

of his public speech. First firing the enthusiasm of his own men—born fighters and frontier-forged—he turned to the Creoles with the easy unconcern of one who proposed a pleasant stroll. Many had urged him, he said, to send back to Kentucky and Virginia for reinforcements, but never should it be said that he, George Rogers Clark, had shamed gallant allies by cheating them out of their rightful share of glory.

Out of his love and loyalty, he meant to give every Kaskaskian and Cahokian the privilege of volunteering.

So adroit were his appeals, so pleasing his picture of a short, joyous campaign, that sixty young Creoles enlisted with a shout, putting themselves by the side of the seventy Americans that remained.

There must have been magic in the man—a definite gift of firing others with his own indomitable resolve—for the hardships and sufferings of the march were plain to be seen. The winter rains had flooded the Illinois prairies—from horizon to horizon the land lay under ice and water. Yet the 130 men plunged into this freezing, shoreless sea with joyous whoops. Now they waded knee-deep and now the flood came to the waist; sometimes vines caught at their feet, throwing them for falls that left the poor, shivering wretches without a dry stitch.

Tents could not be carried, as a matter of course, and only here and there did high knolls permit a fire; by day they gnawed jerked meat as they marched, and at night they slept on floating logs or dozed miserably in tree tops, tormented by the cold. Yet no man died or whimpered, and not one fell behind iron-limbed Clark's swift pace.

Battling Swollen Rivers

The end of the sixth day found them 174 miles on their way but with food supplies exhausted, for no game had been seen.

As though sent by some kindly, directing providence, a floundering buffalo herd now crossed the expedition's path, and not only were the hungry soldiers permitted to eat their fill for the first time, but enough meat was packed to last out the journey.

Another day brought them to the Indian country, and now even the strongest hearts began to fail, for the two Little Wabash Rivers, ordinarily three miles apart, were now one broad stream by reason of high water.

A tree was felled and hollowed out, and with this pirogue to find a path and carry the sickly, Clark led them forward, shouting as though it were a game. Three days they fought the swollen rivers, but the night of February 16th saw them camped on high ground, the volatile Frenchmen as elated as they had been depressed.

Unfortunately, the 17th witnessed a return of depression. The swollen Embarras could not be crossed, and all day the unhappy company waded waist-deep through an inland sea, vainly searching for its junction with the Wabash. Worst of all the buffalo meat was found to be spoiled, and hunger added to their wretchedness. Not until two o'clock of the 18th were they able to locate the channel of the Wabash. But even then their plight remained desperate. Ten miles up the river, on the opposite bank, lay Vincennes. But how were they to get across?

Again the volunteers gave way to hopelessness, openly saying that it were best to turn back, and again Clark rallied them with shrewd appeals to pride and common sense. Were his "heroes" to turn craven in plain sight of success? Turn back indeed! Kaskaskia was thirteen days away and they were without food. Could they not see that the capture of Vincennes was their one and only hope! As for hunger, let them tighten their belts and think of the rich British stores.

Vincennes at Last

The morning of the 20th saw fortune's first smile, for five Frenchmen were captured as they rowed upstream. Not only was a good canoe secured, but from the *voyageurs* Clark learned that his presence was not suspected by Hamilton, and that the townspeople were still friendly to the American cause, hoping eagerly for a quick release from British occupation.

Nor was that the end of luck. Later in the day a drifting boat was dragged out of the current, and that night the hunters returned with a deer.

With two canoes on hand, Clark felt the problem of transportation solved, and at dawn on the 21st began the slow business of ferrying his men across the Wabash channel. It was late afternoon before the last boat load landed, but with unabated energy the tireless giant pushed on, for he knew that his race was against starvation as well as discovery. The water ran deep, however, with much underbrush beneath the surface, and after three terrible miles, Clark gave up his effort to reach the town, and bedded down for the night on a blessed hill.

The next high land, according to the captured Frenchmen, was three miles farther on—a hill called the Sugar Camp—and at daybreak on the 22d, the young leader set forth on a voyage of exploration. Letting himself down over the side of the canoe, he found the water neck-high in many places, tall though he was, and slowly the conviction grew that he would have to employ boats a second time. But this meant the loss of a full day, for the two canoes could only bear a few at a time, and at the thought his jaws clamped hard.

Wade they must! Better to drown than starve! Death hovered close throughout the whole of that ghastly passage, but the darting canoes picked up "the weak and faintish," and strong swimmers helped the sinking. Not a man but fell prostrate when the Sugar Camp was reached, and as they lay in a stupor of exhaustion, the bitter cold came down and froze their clothes to boards.

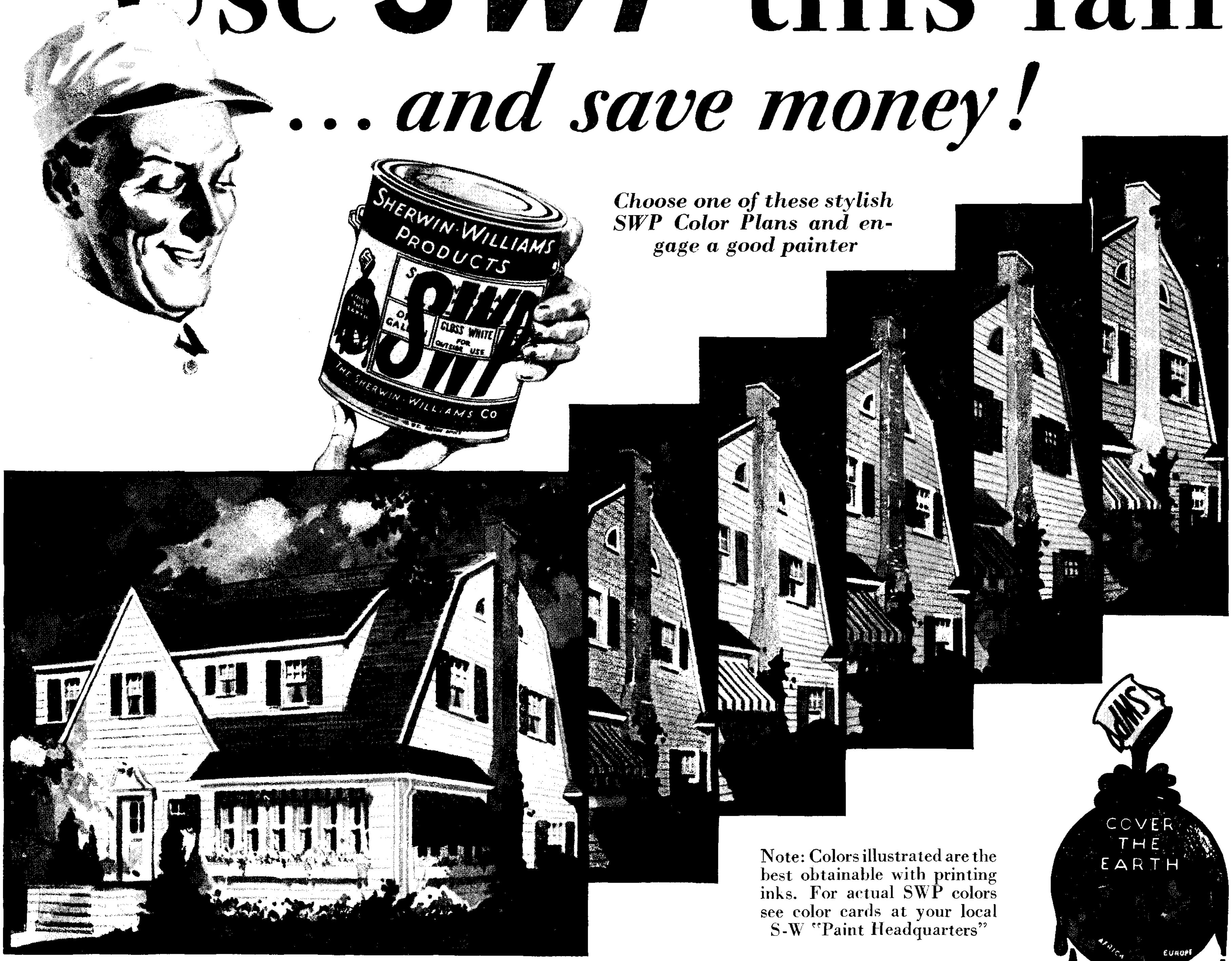
Facing another three-mile wade on the morning of the 23d, even Clark felt despair clutch at his throat. For eighteen days his men had marched through freezing waters, shelterless and unblanketed; for six days they had been without food, save for the one small deer, and the early sun showed pinched, blue faces and eyes glazed with suffering. Would their strength hold out?

"Behind yonder forest," he said, pointing to a wooded eminence across the plain, "lies Vincennes and victory."

Without another word he left the dry land, and the shivering skeletons weakly but indomitably staggered after. Deeper and deeper they sank—skim ice had to be broken as they stumbled forward—but always the leaders, under Clark's instructions, called back that the water was getting shallower. Logs were pushed into the hands of the drowning, others clung to bushes and the tops of trees, and the (*Continued on page 44*)

Use *SWP* this fall

... *and save money!*



Choose one of these stylish SWP Color Plans and engage a good painter

Note: Colors illustrated are the best obtainable with printing inks. For actual SWP colors see color cards at your local S-W "Paint Headquarters"

COVER THE EARTH

© 1929, S-W Co.

Trade-mark Registered

If your house is seedy-looking, with badly *weather-scarred* areas, by all means PAINT THIS FALL. This is sound professional advice.

Another hard winter will do costly damage to the already weakened paint film. In the spring your painting expense will be much greater.

Now the wood is literally "kiln-dried" as a result of the past summer's sun. You will get a better job and SAVE MONEY.

To have a smart, modernly dressed house, *at lowest cost*, use fine old SWP House Paint—the paint that beautifies and protects more outdoor wood surface than any other make in the world.

Choose one of the attractive new SWP COLOR PLANS, from The Sherwin-Williams Decorative Studios, and have the work done *by a good professional painter*. Beautiful SWP colors are scientifically *weather-proofed*. They remain bright and attractive much longer than *cheaper* paint colors. They will keep your house looking smart and well-groomed several years longer—*and save you money every year.*

The SWP COLOR PLANS illustrated are the best that modern printing can do. To see these and other smart, new SWP Color Plans—in *actual* SWP colors; to get more *facts* about the amazing economy of fine old SWP as compared to "cheaper" paints, *see your nearest* Sherwin-Williams dealer, "Paint Headquarters."

If you do not quickly locate him, write us for the address. We will also send a free copy of our newest SWP Color Booklet. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., 601 Canal Road, N. W., CLEVELAND, OHIO. Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS LACQUERS

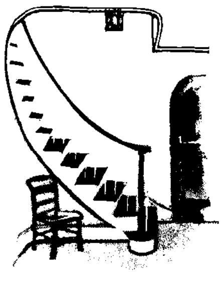
FRIDAY *and* SATURDAY *SUGGESTIONS* *at your local* SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT HEADQUARTERS

S-W Porch and Deck Paint

A special Sherwin-Williams formula for outdoor or indoor floors. Combines weather resistance with a tough film, made especially *to be walked on*. Four practical colors.

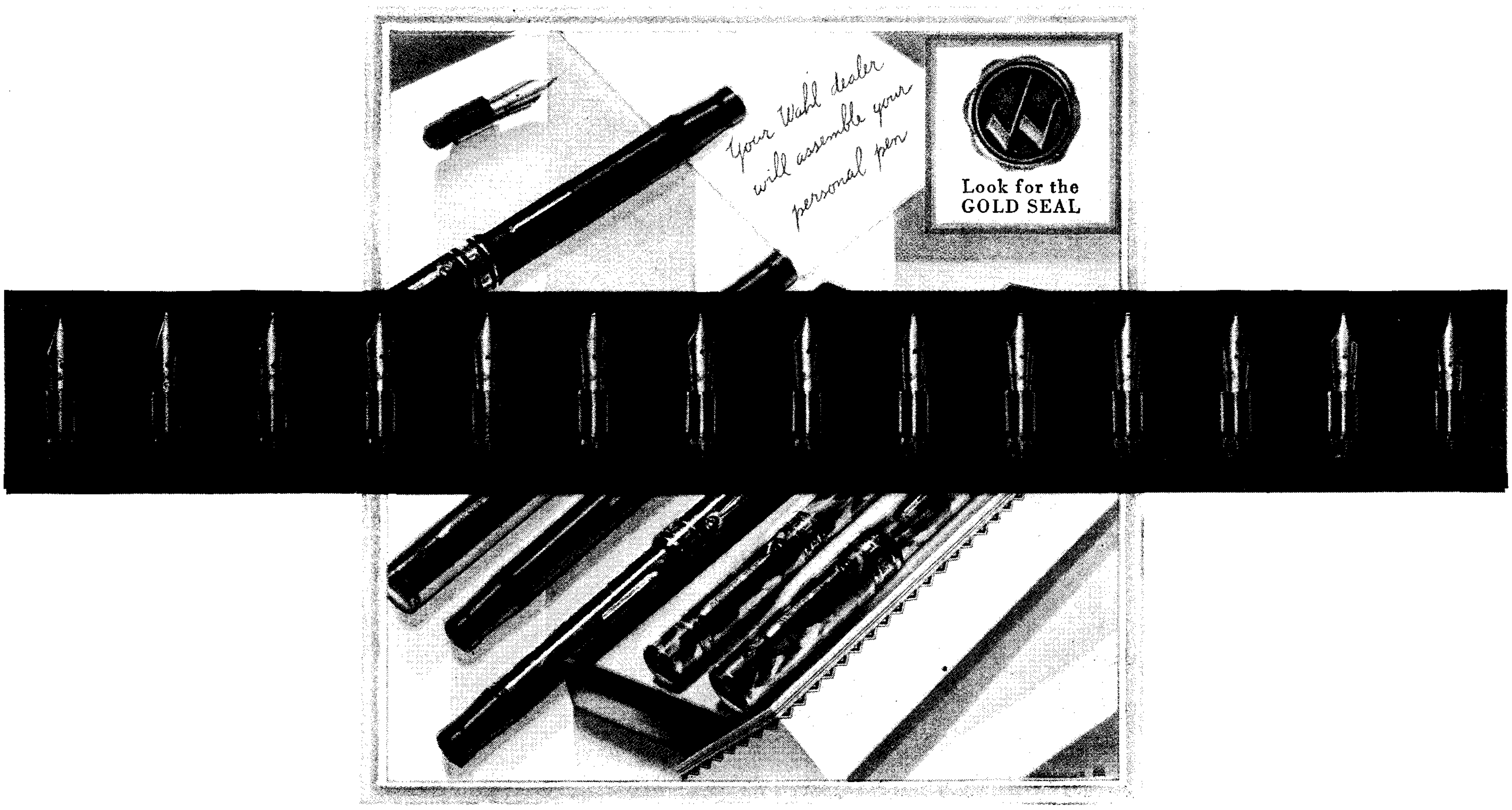
Sherwin-Williams Flat-Tone

"The Liquid Wall Paper." A special wall finish for stylish colorful or "texture" effects. Easily applied. Smart colors. Many variations. Holds dirt lightly. Washes like enamel.

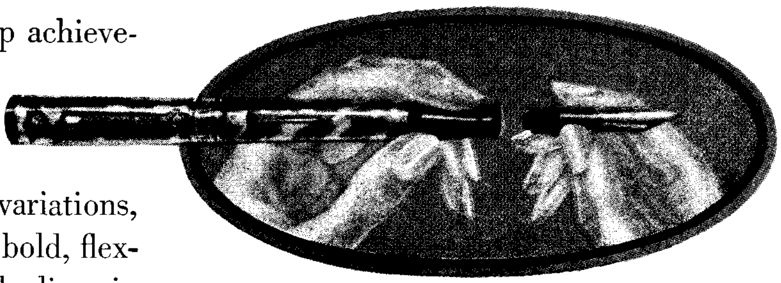


WAHL-EVERSHARP
Personal-Point
FOUNTAIN PENS

A point for any hand ··· Fitted instantly to any holder



The point that exactly suits your writing stroke
and the holder that exactly suits your taste -- permanently assembled by the dealer
in an instant ··· YOUR PERSONAL PEN. *Now, for the first time, a perfected,*
personalized writing instrument made possible by a new
Wahl-Eversharp invention ··· *the* INTERCHANGEABLE NIB



This latest Wahl-Eversharp achievement is truly a writing instrument built to your order.

A point selected from 14 variations, cobweb light to broad and bold, flexible to rigid, with all the shadings in between. Just the response that suits your writing pressure. Just the ink flow that suits your critical demands.

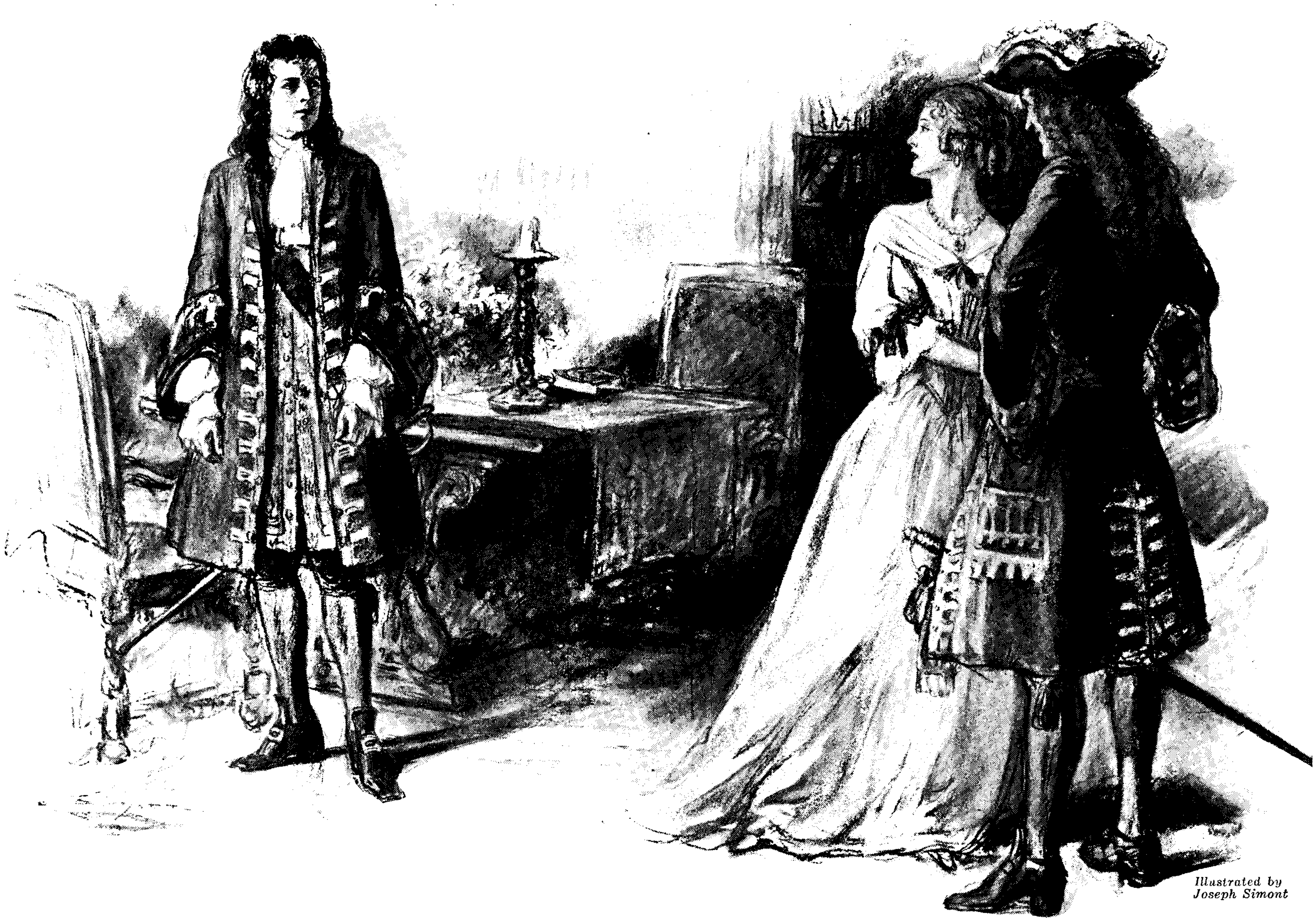
A holder chosen from such an array as few except Wahl-Eversharp can equal. New, bright colors or something more conservative. Precious metals. Many sizes. A gratifying range of styles.

And *any point* fits *any holder*—that covers everything you could want in a pen.

It makes the choice of fountain pens far easier than it has ever been—and assures your satisfaction with the result. After you make your two selections, the dealer instantly, permanently combines your personal point and personal holder right before you—and there you have your personal pen.

Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pens are identified by the Gold Seal of quality, and are unconditionally guaranteed defect-free for life. Try them today.

Five to Ten Dollars



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Casimir laughed. "You're bewitched, my girl. You know all about this faithful lover, eh? Do you know of his pleasure house on the Bächnitz road—?"

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

The Story Thus Far:

MADELON VON NEITSCHÜTZ, the beautiful daughter of Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz, is beloved by two men: the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, and the brilliant and ambitious Delphicus de Haverbeck, a major-general in the Elector's army.

The girl's family is poor Its four members—father and daughter and two profligate sons, Casimir and Clement—live very simply at the ancestral home, the Château Arnsdorf, near Dresden. In order to rehabilitate its fortunes, Madelon, who secretly despises the Elector, agrees to marry him. But her father's bitter enemy—the scheming Count Stürm, Minister of State of Saxony, opposes the match vigorously, and plots to prevent it. He asks De Haverbeck to help him; but the young man will have nothing to do with his machinations.

Stürm, hoping to get De Haverbeck in his power, looks up his record. He finds that the General has a mistress, Angelique (Carlotta Drezel), who has borne him a son, with whom she lives near Dresden. After which, he visits one Fani von Ilten, the corrupt proprietress of a disreputable gambling house, with whom Madelon's two brothers are hopelessly involved financially. There he finds Madame de Rosny, for years Madelon's governess and Madelon's father's mistress. To his delight, Fani von Ilten produces two letters, written by Madelon to Casimir, which prove conclusively that the Elector's beautiful bride-to-be is merely using him to save her family from ruin.

Stürm buys the letters, takes them to Moritzburg, where the Elector is hunting, and shows them to the young man. Shocked and angered, the Elector orders the Count to complete all arrangements for his marriage, by proxy, to another woman—the Margravine of Anspach. After which, his voice trembling with rage: "I'll go to Arnsdorf," he says. *"They must be punished!"*

Continuing the brilliant romance of a lovely and gifted lady whose mind was made for ambition and the splendid glitter of courts, but whose heart was made for love

III

MAJOR-GENERAL DE HAVERBECK, after parading and reviewing the troops, returned to the military depot of the Life Guards in the Neustadt and took from his pocket the last number of the Gazette. His indifferent glance was arrested by the mention of a trial for witchcraft, which had been in some way concerning the public mind, and a notice that the accused woman had died under torture in the Königsberg. De Haverbeck had always had a peculiar detestation of the dark outline, the somber bulk of the huge state prison; he reflected with distaste on a woman dying there in the inner, dark torture chamber. He impatiently turned over the news-letter.

As he did so he saw an announcement of the approaching marriage of Johann Georg IV, Elector of Saxony, Arch-marshal of the Empire, with Her Highness Erdmuth Louise of Saxe-Eisenach, widow of the late Margrave of Anspach. It stated that His Highness' proxy, the Duke of Croy, had already left Dresden to marry and bring home the bride. De Haverbeck folded the Gazette into the pocket of his uniform and went directly to the Residenzschloss, where he learned that His Highness was leaving that evening for Arnsdorf.

He was baffled. Why should the Elector go to the house of the Neitschützes and expose himself to the reproaches, the seduction, the despair of Magdalena Sibylla?

De Haverbeck knew that he missed the key to the situation—some important, vital fact that would make all clear. Convinced that he was wasting time and always detesting inaction, he decided to demand an audience with the Elector under the excuse of desiring an answer to his memorial on the army, which had been sent him some months ago on the death of the former Prince. He waited, therefore, until the departure of the Marquis de Ritienac, the French Resident, who had been closeted with the Elector, then sent in his name with a petition to be received.

He met with an instant refusal.

This rebuff made De Haverbeck more determined. He took up his place near the Elector's closet-door, and waited.

"If I can see him, it will tell me much—for he is but a willful and uncontrolled boy."

A graceful clock in silver-porcelain that stood on an ormolu cabinet between the blue velvet curtains of the tall windows had marked off half-an-hour more of the day before the Elector appeared, flushed and disheveled, his cravat carelessly knotted, his thick fair hair ruffled, his eyes oddly swollen, as if he lacked sleep or had been weeping. He recognized De Haverbeck instantly and with flaming annoyance, and paused with a harsh demand as to his business.

DE HAVERBECK, coolly studying him, stated this with extreme respect, taking as many words as possible that he might have the longer for his careful consideration of the Elector.

Johann Georg answered with rude hostility:

"What is all this to me? I have not read your memorial, General de Haverbeck. I have received no such complaint from other of my officers."

"Yet the facts are very well known, Sir," replied the young General.

"Let Stürm attend to this," cried the Elector, quickly, heavily.

De Haverbeck replied:

"Your Highness knows perfectly well that Stürm has no interest in the Army—nor has Marshal von Pollnitz, his creature. You know the French interest."

The Elector sighed heavily with vexation.

"Why do you force all this on me, now, General de Haverbeck?" he demanded. "I have many concerns on my shoulders."

"But hardly one more important than this," replied the young General, coolly. "However, as Your Highness does not wish to hear me, I do not wish to speak."

He stepped back and it was more as if he dismissed the Elector than the Elector dismissing him.

As Johann Georg, hesitant, angry, distracted, turned away, De Haverbeck asked clearly:

"Does Your Highness go to Arnsdorf this evening?"

Johann Georg flung round and flashed fury at him. He was as surprised as maddened by the question.

"This insolence will be remembered, General de Haverbeck," he declared hotly.

"I am answered, Your Highness," replied De Haverbeck, indifferent to the menace, absorbed in his own peculiar problem. He had not yet obtained the key to the situation.

"What has occurred? Something at which I cannot guess or glimpse," thought De Haverbeck, with his handsome dark face clouded and his slanting brows gathered in a frown.

HE LEFT the Residenzschloss hastily. It occurred to him that he might discover something from Madelon's brothers. He sent a messenger to the young officers' several lodgings to inquire of them. By this means he discovered that both Clement and Casimir had gone early that morning to Arnsdorf. De Haverbeck thought this definitely indicated that the visit of the Elector was expected and that all the members of the House of Neitschütz were to be gathered together to meet him and force him into a certain course of action—the secret marriage, no doubt.

If he left Dresden at once he would reach Arnsdorf some hours before the Elector. It was a last chance to obtain something that he had persistently wanted all his life, and he was not a man to lightly forgo a desire.

He was mounting at his door when an old man stepped from a hired carriage and hurried through the passing crowd to his side.

"Ah, Steffani!" De Haverbeck was surprised. "I am sorry you were not here earlier. I am leaving Dresden for a while."

"Monseigneur, I have come to entreat you to return with me, and immediately."

"Impossible," smiled De Haverbeck, mounting. "Tomorrow, my dear maestro, tomorrow."

"But Angelique," pleaded the old man, anxiously, "is ill—she has caught some fever, and the doctors do not think favorably of her condition. She has asked for you with the greatest impatience. You must consider, Monseigneur, that it is a great many days since you have come to see her."

"I cannot come now, Steffani. I am sorry. Give her all kind greetings. Say I will come tomorrow."

"Monseigneur, she is ill, she is really ill, and nothing will console her but a visit from you. She suffers, poor child."

"I will come tomorrow," repeated De Haverbeck, pleasantly. "Give her all my regrets and say I will bring her tomorrow that lace head-dress she has been always wanting."

"And where are you going?" asked the old man, sorrowfully. He lingered with regret by the fine horse and handsome rider.

"To Arnsdorf!"

"Oh, to Arnsdorf!"

"You are surprised, my dear Steffani. I confess I am surprised myself. Nevertheless I must go immediately. I rely on you to look after Angelique."

He saluted and rode away down the crowded street.

The old Italian stood forlorn, jostled by the passers-by. He was struck, he was dismayed, he was discomfited that De Haverbeck should return to Arnsdorf. He connected it in his mind with the approaching marriage of the Elector, of which everyone was talking, and he thought, in his simple fashion, that if the Elector married the Margravine of Anspach then De Haverbeck could marry Madelon von Neitschütz. And Angelique. . . . With the air of one who has received a cutting rebuff, the old man crept into the hired coach and ordered the man to take him back to the house on the Bächnitz road from which he had started on his eager errand of love.

While this humble coach rattled through the narrow crowded streets, while De Haverbeck rode swiftly the great post-road out of Dresden toward Arnsdorf, Johann Georg was closeted in an inner cabinet, where he had retired contrary to all ceremony and all obligation, immediately after his interview with De Haverbeck, leaving those in attendance on him doubtful as to his mood or his intention.

AFTER impetuously locking the door he flung off his coat, tore off his neckcloth, and tossed himself on to a yellow-striped sofa that stood beneath the high-set window. His meeting with De Haverbeck had reduced him again to the depths of agony from which he had with difficulty dragged himself. He had been maddened by the sight of the handsome, stately soldier, so trim, so elegant, so master of himself—her favored lover, no doubt! The man before whom she had paraded his—Johann Georg's—pitiful boyish weaknesses, his silly raving letters—a man in everything different from himself, a man indeed, a man of action and experience, where he was but a boy and a fool who knew nothing, whom everyone had kept ignorant and dependent, who had become the victim of a hard, designing woman, and her villainous brothers and father.

THE young Elector's long passion for Magdalena Sibylla had kept him largely in a world of fancy and far from any gross surfeiting delights. His disposition was soft and romantic; he had indulged many a day-dream and many a fairy flight of fancy and rapture. Now all this inner world had been ruthlessly destroyed; he was not only outraged and shocked, but desperately lonely. He lamented an infinite devastation. . . .

Count Stürm, knowing with whom he dealt, had not risked any chivalrous reaction in favor of Magdalena Sibylla. That morning he had taken the young Elector to the house of Fani von Ilten, and, in the presence of that woman and Madame de Rosny, the humiliated youth had learned from the poisoned accents of vice how ridiculous is virtue.

Now, secretly locked into his inner closet, he threw his head upon his arms and wept.

For he had loved her.

Not only with a pure and delicate passion, but with kindness, with affection, with gratitude. She was, as she had boasted, in all his superior, and he had been humble before her. He could recall how she had helped him, inspired and stimulated him—with his lessons, with his fencing, with his horses! How much he had learned from her! And all the while she was laughing, exposing him—his stupidity, his weaknesses and his clumsiness, to that other man, that dark, handsome young soldier who had smiled at him just now and told him of the miserable state of his own army, who had despised his troops to his face.

His powerful shoulders heaved with heavy sobs.

What had those women said?

"Women are like that, sir, to catch a prince, to catch any man worth while."

What had they said?

There had even been an incantation, of drugs, of witchcraft, of waxen images being melted before a slow fire, of potions mixed with drink. . . . Perhaps Madelon had done that—perhaps she had enchained him by such filthy means.

He sat up, shuddering.

Surely it was not natural, the passion, the need he felt for her even now, even after this?

He put his hand to his painful and swollen eyes and saw his fingers were wet with tears.

"They have made me weep, and I have disgraced myself."

He dragged himself to his feet, the long struggling sobs discomposing him, and went into a small inner toilet closet, where a silver tap was placed above a white alabaster basin in the form of a shell. Johann Georg turned on the water violently. He took the napkins that lay on the shelf beneath, dipped them in the water and bathed his hot face.

"My God, that they should have made me weep! I can remember when she made me weep before, and I was a child then."

He bit his swollen lip to force back the sobs, and held the soaking cloth to his eyes.

"My God! I'll be revenged for this. My God! I'll make them pay!"

He thought of a way to punish them, to satisfy his own cheated senses, to outrage De Haverbeck. He, too, would show that he could play the filthy game in which everybody was engaged, from which, he, as a fool, as a boy had hitherto been maliciously excluded. He would treat honor, love and women as he had learned they should be treated.

He choked into the wet napkin, cursing his awful tears.

"Damn them for this, making me weep!"

MADELON prepared for the Elector's visit and put what decency and dignity she could into her household for the reception of her lover. From the sweet confusion of the neglected garden she had brought in early roses, saffron-color like her hair and white like her bosom, armfuls of rose-bay and oleander, sprigs of her jasmine, and a few golden tulips, cherrybay, valerian, bugloss.

These brought some gayety into the gloomy, dark and shabby chambers, and gave a tender freshness to the close air; she set them where she could, in light bouquets.

Madelon supervised the supper—the pasties, the pies, the jellies, the sweetmeats and the wine—a wedding festival; she wished it to be orderly, sweet, dignified.

Early in the afternoon all her preparations were complete. Leisure was long in Arnsdorf, there was now nothing more to be done. Madelon went to her own chamber. Some money and trouble had been spent upon this apartment, which was far more pleasant than any other in the château. Its walls had been freshly painted white. Madame de Rosny and Madelon, herself, had worked the twill hangings at windows and bed, flounces and valances of white twill, broidered in colored wools. There was a Persian cloth on the floor and the furniture was polished and well kept. Thoughtful before the mirror she brushed and combed her dark saffron-crocus-hued curls, twisted these into a knot at the (*Continued on page 66*)

H. C. Witwer

March 11, 1890 — August 9, 1929

ON a Saturday afternoon in January, 1918, a young man and his wife stood in Collier's editorial rooms reverently regarding the proofs of a story scheduled in a forthcoming issue. They were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Witwer and the story was the beginning of Harry Witwer's first series in Collier's—"From Baseball to Boches."

With its appearance his popularity with Collier's readers began. They wrote him letters about his hero, Ed Harmon, and his French bride—letters by the thousands. And letters about his later heroes and heroines which gave him great joy. He read them all.

Last fall he came to New York from his home in Los Angeles to visit his mother. We saw him then and he was very ill. A great specialist told Mrs. Witwer that one of her husband's lungs was gone, the other dangerously affected.

Mr. Witwer returned to Los Angeles after discussing with us, ill as he was, his new Collier's series.

Back at home he began at once on "Alexander the Greater" and worked with an intensity that alarmed his family. He wanted so much to finish the series. When the second story was done he wrote: "I'm getting keener about Alex with each yarn." When he died there were eight pages of the sixth story on his desk. We think that the work he did in the last few months of his life is worthy to stand with his best.

And now "Alex" will never be finished and the "fan mail," which Harry Witwer loved to read, carries only a lament. Collier's readers have lost a favorite humorist. We have lost a highly valued contributor and a friend.

Welcome

the MAN *who wears this* RING

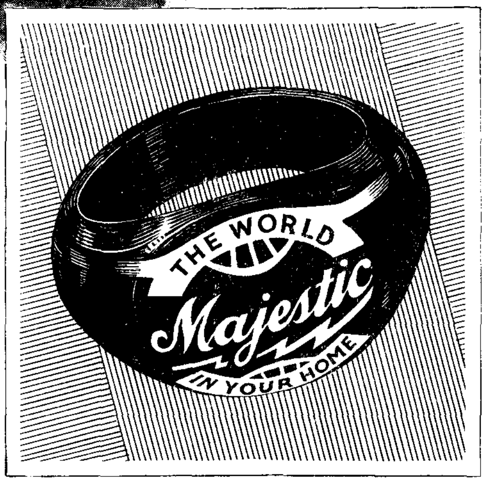
THIS ring is the Majestic man's badge of identification—so that you may know him when he calls. He lives in your community. He represents a store in your own neighborhood. He comes to help you discover a new world of entertainment—music, drama, laughter, song.

He does not wait for you to call on him. He calls on you—to urge you to *hear the Majestic* before you are hastened into buying some radio set you do *not* want. He knows the set you *do* want. He can give you in five minutes all the essential facts on modern radio. He will tell you why Majestic is the leader—pouring forth continuous enjoyment in more than a million homes.

He will tell you why Majestic long ago passed the experimental stages with which many manufacturers are still battling today. Why Majestic is the very last word in modern radio. He will tell you why the most talked of *modern* advancement in radio today, is Majestic's ability to bring you beauty of tone at any volume.

Welcome the Majestic man when he calls—give him your confidence. He comes to render a genuine service. Better still, do not wait—call his store today.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS



This
Majestic Ring

of ebony inlaid with silver, is worn only by Majestic dealers and their salesmen. Every ring and its owner is checked and registered for your protection. The Majestic man who calls on you is your own neighbor, possibly a friend or acquaintance. You may have full confidence in him.

Majestic
RADIO

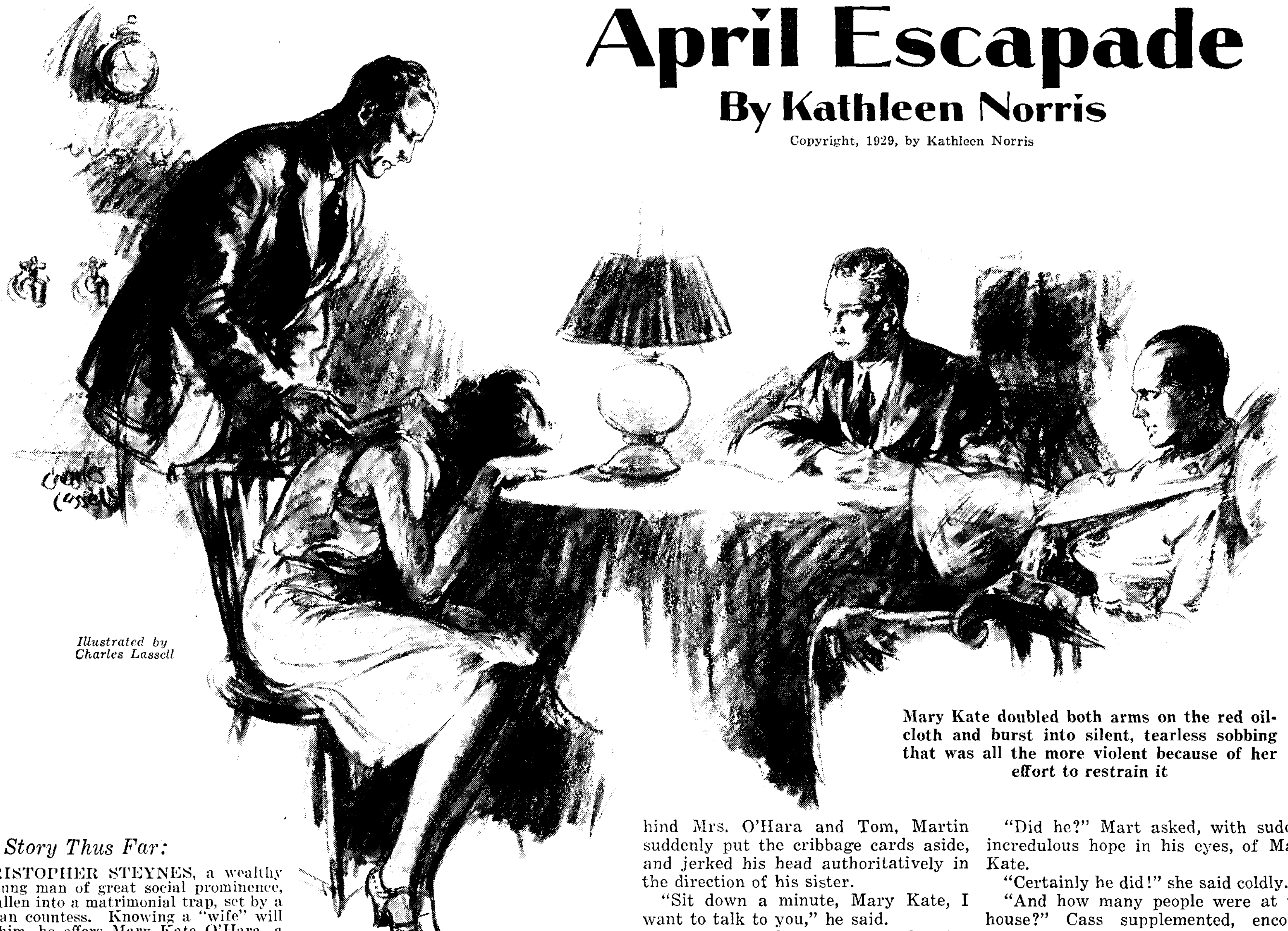
Licensed under patents and application of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1929, by Kathleen Norris



Illustrated by Charles Lassell

Mary Kate doubled both arms on the red oilcloth and burst into silent, tearless sobbing that was all the more violent because of her effort to restrain it

The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTOPHER STEYNES, a wealthy young man of great social prominence, has fallen into a matrimonial trap, set by a Russian countess. Knowing a "wife" will save him, he offers Mary Kate O'Hara, a beautiful San Francisco girl, a large sum if she will pose as his bride for twenty-four hours.

The girl's family is poor. Martin, her older brother (who acts as chauffeur for old Doctor van Antwerp, of Burlingame), longs to study medicine in Germany. To help him, Mary Kate accepts the offer.

Telling her family and Cass Keating, her fiancé, that Gordon Rountree, her employer, is sending her to Sacramento on business, she joins Steynes in Burlingame, smart San Francisco suburb, goes to a dinner party, meets the Russian Countess, and demolishes the matrimonial trap; after which, she retires—in Steynes' rented mansion.

Early in the morning, a burglar enters her room. Terrified, Mary Kate steals to Steynes' bedroom and awakens him. Together they telephone the servants and the police, and Steynes shoots the intruder—one Tony Moody, who, wounded seriously, is carried away to a hospital.

The following day Mary Kate—after being forced to give the authorities her true name and address, and after telling Steynes she must never see him again—returns to her home. Martin, she learns, is away—*driving his employer to Portland*; and she notes with relief that her name has not appeared in the newspapers.

Steynes 'phones her and insists on seeing her. They meet, and, at luncheon, Mary Kate admits to Steynes that she loves him, and Steynes, who loves Mary Kate, calmly tells her that, because of their differing social backgrounds, they can never marry. After which, Steynes announces that Moody, the burglar, insists on seeing Mary Kate!

They go to the hospital and are led to the wounded housebreaker's room. There, on the bed, lies Mary Kate's brother—Martin!

IX

ON THE following night Mrs. O'Hara went over to see Uncle Robert, as always on Wednesday evenings, escorted by Tom. Martin was left in Mary Kate's care, his bandaged arm carefully propped on pillows, himself comfortable in the big *kitchen chair*.

Cass came in, and he and Martin played cribbage; both furtively watched Mary Kate, who busied herself quietly and constantly about the kitchen, wiping the last spoon, putting it away, brushing the stove with the old turkey wing that hung beside it, wiping sinkboards and chairs carefully.

She was subdued and nervous tonight; close to tears. Mrs. O'Hara had imagined this condition a natural reaction to Mart's accident; she had had a turn herself that she would not soon forget. She had suggested that Mary Kate go with her to Aunt Julia's, but the girl had wearily declined. She didn't feel like going out, somehow.

THE little children straggled up to bed at eight o'clock. Cass, made uneasy by Mary Kate's paleness and her manner, wondered if there was anyone to whom they could telephone, for a fourth at bridge. But Mary Kate also negatived this idea: she said suppressedly that she meant to go early to bed.

Martin had not spoken to his sister since his return home the day before; they had avoided even each other's eyes. Of the shadow on his handsome face she had been fearfully conscious all day; she knew the terrible hour of reckoning must come, and meanwhile, it was unbearable to be at outs with Mart. They had been inseparable friends since actual babyhood; they had never quarreled. It had been a mutual admiration society, Mary Kate thinking that no brother had ever been like Mart, and Mart as proud of his pretty, clever sister as a father, brother and lover in one.

It made her heartsick tonight to think how good, how pure and safe, Mart had always felt his sister to be!

When the last claim of the children above stairs had been satisfied for the night, and when the gate had clicked behind Mrs. O'Hara and Tom, Martin suddenly put the cribbage cards aside, and jerked his head authoritatively in the direction of his sister.

"Sit down a minute, Mary Kate, I want to talk to you," he said.

Cass gave her an apprehensive glance, and turned red. But Mary Kate obediently sat down, and turned a tired and miserable young face toward her brother.

"Does Ma know any of this?" Martin asked, without preamble.

"About what really happened? No."

"How much do you know, Cass?" Martin asked.

"I know it all," Cass assured him, promptly.

"You know it all?"

"I told him," Mary Kate explained, very white. "I didn't want to marry him without telling him."

"You didn't have to tell me," Cass said, embarrassed.

"You know how I knew you were down there, Mary Kate?" Mart asked.

"Yes. You told me, in the hospital. You said that you had driven Doctor van Antwerp home, and that you saw me at Mr. Rountree's."

"Where'd you get the dress?"

"Mr. Steynes bought it."

"I might have known!" Mart said. He looked ten years older than his twenty-two years tonight, and as he spoke he put his hand over his eyes, with a gesture of despair.

"You can't take that tone with me, if you are my brother!" Mary Kate said, trembling, but in a restrained tone.

"LOOK here, I understand the whole thing," Cass put in suddenly, "and it isn't half as bad as you think, Mart."

Mart moved his haggard eyes to him.

"I don't get you," he said heavily.

"Why, look here, Mart. All Mary Kate did was to go down there—this Chris Steynes had a house party, and she pretended to be a girl he was engaged to. Gordon Rountree knew all about it—there was no harm done!"

"Did he?" Mart asked, with sudden incredulous hope in his eyes, of Mary Kate.

"Certainly he did!" she said coldly.

"And how many people were at the house?" Cass supplemented, encouraged.

Mary Kate could ignore this question, for Mart spoke simultaneously.

"I thought you pretended to be his wife, Mary Kate?"

"No," she answered unhesitatingly. "Just—just his girl."

"OH—?" Martin said. "But look here," he went on, puzzled. "I went up to Rountree's door, after I saw you—I had been home to change my clothes—and I asked if Mrs. Steynes was there, and the girl said that Mr. and Mrs. Steynes had just gone home. That was after one. Then I went to the Steynes house, and everything was dark."

The girl shuddered. She was sitting sidewise at the table, her elbow resting on the red oilcloth. She leaned her cheek against her hand, looking down at the floor, her face, her whole aspect, desolate.

"I wish you'd taken Tess or me along with you!" Martin said, suddenly.

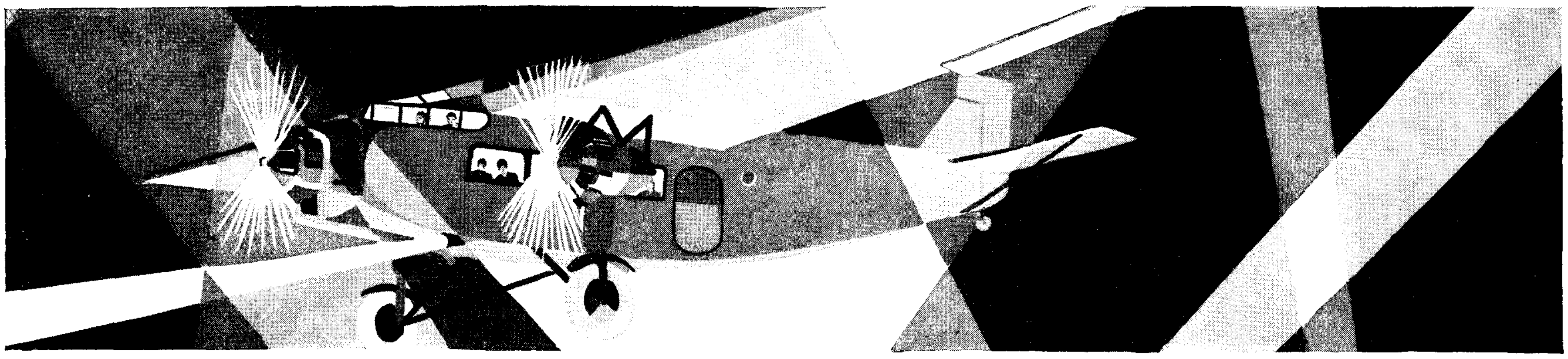
"I didn't think Mother or you would approve."

"It wasn't such an awful thing to do," Cass said generously. "He had his nerve, to ask her. But I don't think it was so bad!"

"I lay in the hospital there, trying to think how I could get hold of you. I knew there must be some explanation," Martin said, with a somewhat mollified glance at his sister. There was distinct placation, appeal in his tone. "I wanted to die," he said, simply.

Mary Kate did not change her position. Her sorrowful gaze was lowered to the floor, with its old linoleum of red and yellow, black and white. Now the tears began swiftly to fall, running down her cheeks, splashing on the little frilled collar she wore on a plain blue dress, and on the thin young hand that looked forlorn

(*Continued on page 58*)



Take Aviation, for Instance . . .

WHEN flying was still a hazardous sport, *Nation's Business* knew that the thinking business man was saying to himself,

"Aviation is a new and important factor in modern business. I want to know more about it. What does it mean to business in general and to me in particular? Can I use commercial flying . . . or will it destroy my business? What am I making . . . or what can I make . . . that might be used by this new industry?"

Nation's Business set about to get the answers . . . to get them from the right sources. The result has been a running picture, from month to month, of the growth and development of aviation . . . in the air, on the ground, in factories, throughout *all* business.

During the past year alone, Edsel Ford has told the readers of *Nation's Business* of "*A New Era that Dawns in Industry.*" The President of the Jordan Motor Company told them "*What the Auto Industry Thinks of Flying.*" Edward R. Armstrong, Consulting Engineer of the du Pont Corporation, wrote about seadromes, in "*The Next Step in Ocean Travel.*" Harry Guggenheim contributed "*Making us Air-Minded.*"

"*Aviation Gets Down to Business,*" "*Tomorrow's Airports,*" "*The Way Business Uses the Airplane,*" "*Executives Take to the Air,*" "*Aviation Grows More Stable,*" "*The Airplane Frees a Continent.*" These are only a few of the titles in recent issues of the magazine . . . pertinent articles, written by men who know.

And in the September issue of *Nation's Business* . . . on the news stands today . . . the President of the Austin Company, W. J. Austin, writes, "*The Growing Pains of Aviation.*"

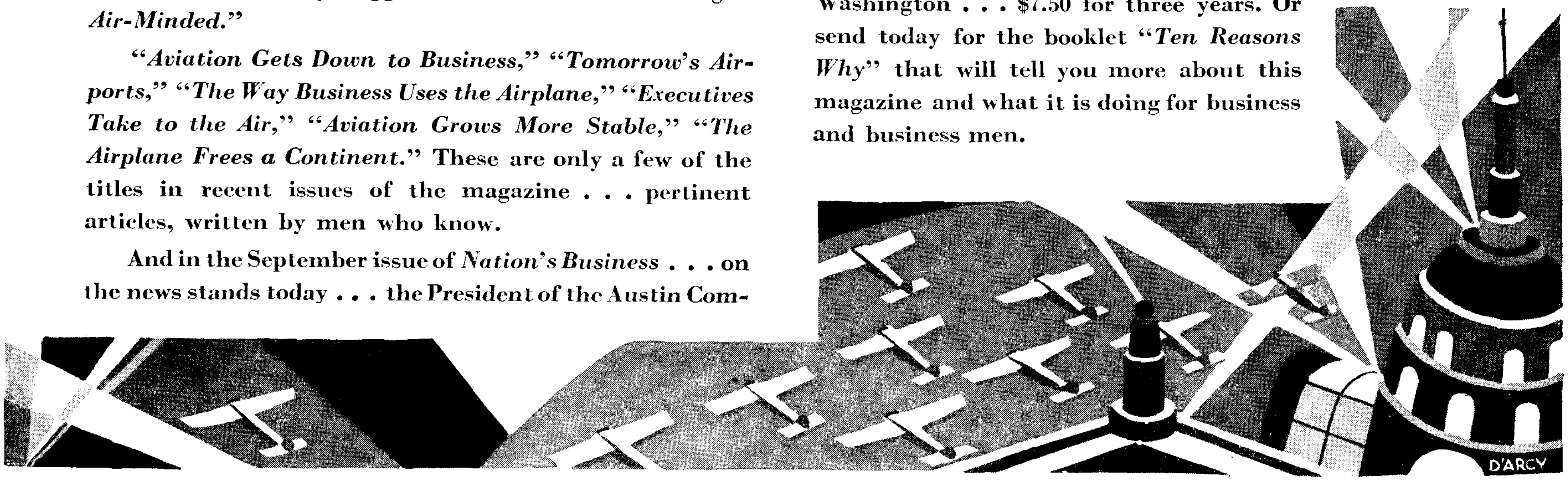
No phase of this new industry of the air is left untouched . . . in *Nation's Business*. Nor is such complete editorial performance unique . . . in *Nation's Business*. It is not an aviation magazine. All other developments in business and industry receive the same intelligent editorial pursuit in this magazine.

Nation's Business has always realized . . . and carried through to completion . . . its responsibilities for projecting a graphic picture of everything that is important to American industry . . . particularly, every *new* thing. *Nation's Business has always looked ahead.*

Perhaps that is why its circulation has grown . . . normally and steadily . . . to more than 300,000. Perhaps that is why the President of the Southern Pacific Railway, Mr. Paul Shoup, says,

"*I read Nation's Business because it gives me the best motion picture of the business world.*"

Perhaps that is why you, too, should be a regular reader. Your subscription may be sent direct to Washington . . . $7.50 for three years. Or send today for the booklet "*Ten Reasons Why*" that will tell you more about this magazine and what it is doing for business and business men.



NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

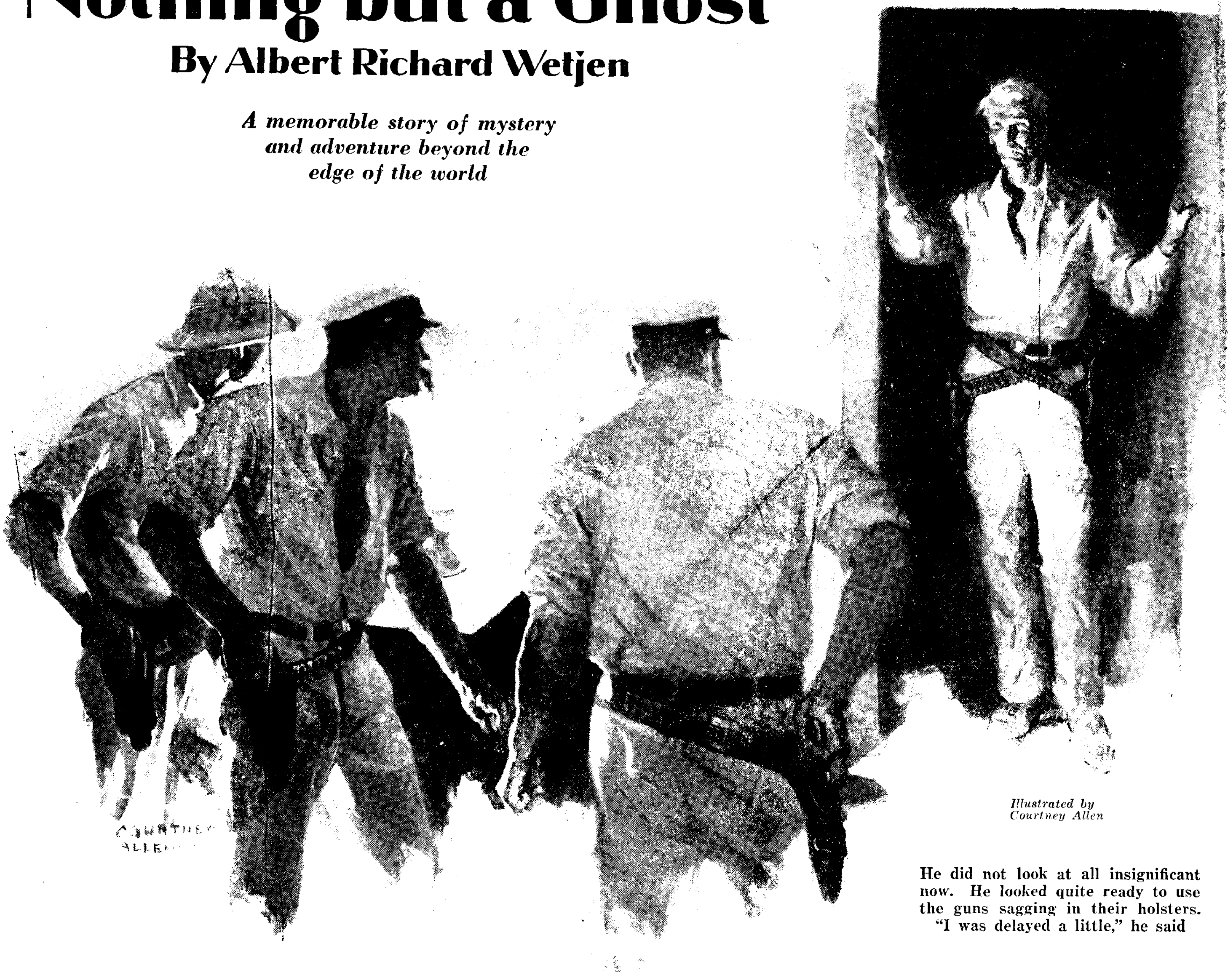
More than 300,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nothing but a Ghost

By Albert Richard Wetjen

A memorable story of mystery
and adventure beyond the
edge of the world



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

He did not look at all insignificant now. He looked quite ready to use the guns sagging in their holsters. "I was delayed a little," he said

TO THE north a steamer's smoke made a dark smudge along the heat-blurred horizon. To the west a cumbersome junk yawed along, as if her helmsman was dozing or was not particular as to which direction he steered. The last of the harbor shipping had faded from sight and Singapore smoldered far away in a violet shimmering haze. The sky was a bowl of aching blue, flecked with vague misty cloud patches, and the lazy wind lifted an occasional ruffle of white across the sheen of the purple, oily sea.

The trading schooner Arrabelle rolled slowly and creakingly, as if reluctant to depart from the land, while a rusty-colored bird hung as if suspended above her main truck, keeping pace with her without motion of its wings. It was appallingly hot.

There were five men on the poop of the little craft. The helmsman, a squat Malay, was naked to the waist and wore a dirty red sarong, his head covered by a battered old straw hat that cast a dark shadow across his eyes as he squinted alternately ahead or up at the mainsail, and occasionally spat blood-red betel juice over the rail near him. Near the for'ard taffrail stood three other men, white, though so heavily sunburned by years in tropical waters as to be scarcely distinguishable from the Malay seaman, except for their clothing. They were dressed in duck and wore canvas shoes, and one of them boasted a blue silk sash about his waist instead of the customary belt.

THESE three men conversed in low tones, as if afraid of being overheard, and sometimes turned their heads to glance at the fourth white man, who stood leaning against the taffrail some distance away, his arms resting on the sun-scorched teak.

He was insignificant enough, this last man, a little above medium height, gaunt, bony, aged. His hair showed white beneath the edge of his sun-helmet, and there were age wrinkles about his mouth and across the sun-reddened nape of his neck. His shoulders, which had apparently once been wide and massive, were caved over the ruin of a once fine chest and his eyes, squinting from between puckered lids, were a lifeless and tired gray. He was the Arrabelle's passenger, a Mr. Smith, who had bought a cabin on the little craft the previous day and had boarded her an hour or so before sailing time. He took no notice of the three other white men but seemed lost in a bleak reverie, as if he dreamed.

"Like as not a missionary," commented the man with the blue sash. His name was Anselm and he had a thin, hawk-like face, with prominent cheek bones. His eyes were a cold blue, impassive and without emotion, and his lips were a mere slit beneath a slightly beaked nose.

"Don't matter much," commented one of his companions, a short, fat man with a heavy bristle of dark beard. "But it's lucky we ran across him. We needed his passage money to get away on."

Anselm glanced at the speaker and nodded. The third man was chewing tobacco, the dark juice dribbling slowly from a corner of his mouth, and he gave a grunt that might have meant anything. He was taller than either of his companions, and very broad. One eye puckered queerly, due to an old scar that zigzagged below it, and his lantern-jawed features were gashed by a ragged red mustache stained brown at the edges. He was the captain of the Arrabelle and together with the short fat man, who was the mate, her owner.

"We'll get rid of him at Billiton anyway," observed Anselm in a tone of voice that dismissed the matter for the time being. He pulled a stubby, twisted black cheroot from the pocket of his duck jacket, lighted it and puffed contentedly. A Malay stuck his head out of the scuttle to the main cabin and called in a high-pitched voice. Anselm sighed.

"Time to eat, but it's too hot."

The master of the Arrabelle grunted again, spat overside and then with a dexterous motion of his hand, disposed of his quid. He hitched up his belt and turned. Anselm and the mate followed slowly, halting for a moment as the captain called to his passenger:

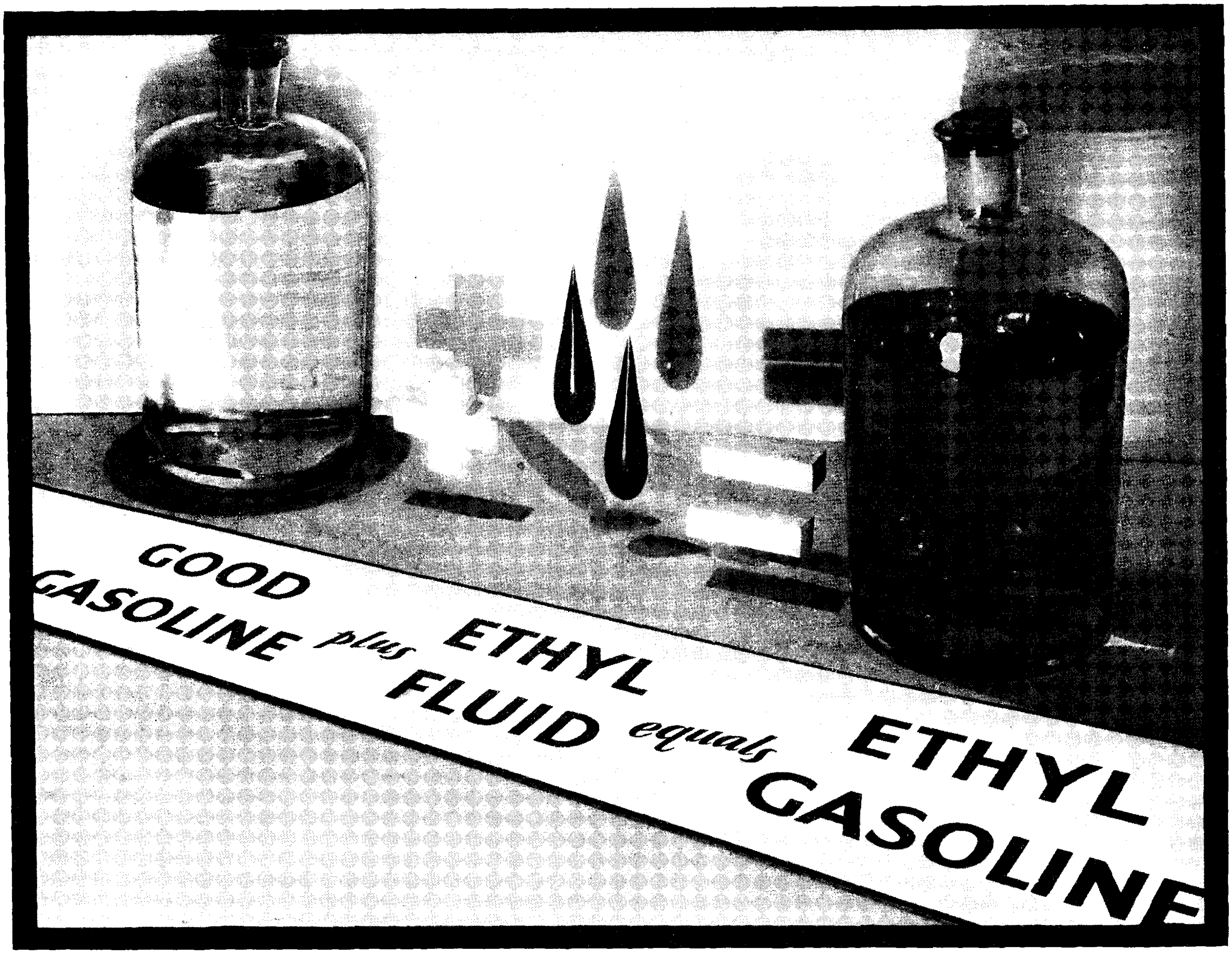
"Grub's ready!"

The man leaning on the taffrail roused with a slight start and nodded. The captain ducked down the scuttle and entered the main cabin, taking off his jacket as he did so and tossing it on a small flat-topped desk lashed to dead-eyes against one bulkhead. Anselm and the mate followed suit and then sat down and watched the captain slop drinks from a gin bottle into some tin pannikins.

"WELL," said Anselm, significantly, "we're off! And here's luck."

"Luck!" grunted the captain. The mate merely wiped his lips and sighed. All three drank. Mr. Smith came down the companion from the poop, and without speaking, sat in the only vacant chair. He did not remove his jacket as the others had done and he seemed unaffected by the stuffy heat 'tween decks, which was bringing the sweat in glistening nodules to the foreheads and throats of his companions. It was as if he had been dried out some time in his youth, for he seemed quite comfortable. The Malay brought

(Continued on page 32)



This is why Ethyl is a Premium Fuel

A PREMIUM of a few cents is asked for Ethyl Gasoline, because it really consists of two commodities—the gasoline itself and an added vital ingredient, Ethyl fluid. Ethyl fluid itself is not sold directly to the public. Leading oil companies mix it with gasoline at their refineries to form Ethyl Gasoline—the product you buy.

The base gasoline is often of as high quality as that for which a premium is usually charged.

The Ethyl fluid contains tetraethyl lead and is the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science to improve gasoline as a motor fuel, and make possible engines of higher compression.

In other words, Ethyl is gasoline *plus*. For the few cents extra you get an extra performance which you *feel* at once. Gear shifting is reduced. Extra power is furnished when you need it most. Strain on engine parts is eased. Ethyl gives new life to any car, whatever its age or type or compression ratio.

Start riding with Ethyl today. It is on sale wherever you drive. You can depend on its anti-knock quality.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION 25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church St., Toronto, Can. 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

© E. G. C. 1929

the food and they all ate in a sort of heavy, listless silence.

"Guess you're relievin' th' man at th' Mission next to Schrom's place, eh?" remarked the captain, pushing away his plate and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Mr. Smith looked up, slightly astonished, his fork poised.

"Why, no," he said mildly, his voice a little husky.

Anselm picked up the half-burned cheroot which he had laid down while he ate.

"We had an idea you were a missionary," he observed with a slight laugh. "Couldn't figure what else you'd be going to Billiton for. You don't seem like a trader."

"No," said the passenger, "I'm not a trader. Haven't been for some years."

"I see," said Anselm, and smiled a little. The captain grunted and, more blunt than his companion, plunged to the point again.

"Visiting someone maybe, heh?"

"No," said Mr. Smith again. "I'm going to another place visiting though. A small island named Waratah. You've probably never heard of it."

The fat mate choked over his tin pannikin, and Anselm drew in a sibilant breath. The captain's hand, still holding his plug, paused halfway to his pocket and remained motionless. Mr. Smith looked from one to the other, obviously curious.

"You know the place?" he suggested.

THERE was no reply for a moment and then Anselm coughed, and wiped the sweat from his brow with a limp handkerchief.

"That's curious," he said. "I'm going there myself."

The other looked surprised and pushed away his plate.

"I didn't know it was visited much."

"It isn't," said Anselm. "I'm going there to start another trading station. There's one already, run by a young fellow and his wife."

"That's right," answered Mr. Smith, simply. "She's my niece."

"Oh," was all Anselm seemed able to say. He shot a look at the captain. "It's off the beaten track all right. A schooner calls twice a year, from Batavia, I believe. But I'm with another concern."

"I suppose the place will stand two traders," remarked Mr. Smith with some doubt. "I haven't been there for some years so I couldn't say how the natives have taken to planting copra."

Anselm smiled thinly.

"I suppose you were figuring on hiring a boat at Billiton and getting across to Waratah."

"I understood that could be done," Mr. Smith assented. "I thought it a better idea than going to Batavia and waiting for the six-monthly schooner."

"That's right," agreed Anselm.

"Well, I expect we'll see quite a lot of each other," said Mr. Smith and he rose from the table and blinked again. "You'll excuse me, gentlemen. I usually take a nap after eating."

They all nodded and watched him enter his cabin, their bodies tense, their eyes watchful. When he had disappeared and had hooked the door behind him, the captain grunted.

"Certainly give me a jolt," he said. The mate said nothing but rubbed his unshaven jaw and scowled. Anselm nodded.

"We'll have to get him to come along with us," he said tersely. "Can't have him butting in with a boatload of Kanakas and maybe another white man from Billiton and getting an eyeful. There's no saying how long we'll be held up."

"Guess that's so," said the captain, moodily. "Wonder if he's on the same lay as we are?"

Anselm laughed.

"You heard what he said. He's going to visit his niece. What would an old duffer like him know about pearls?"

"Guess that's so," grunted the captain again.

"I'll pump him anyway," added Anselm, after a thoughtful pause.

"Waratah's got quite a history, you know," said Anselm some days later, as they sat at the table again. "Used to be a hangout for one of those old pirates that cluttered up the Islands in the seventies."

"So I believe," said Mr. Smith, looking interested. "My niece wrote about it once."

"A man named Bradley built a house there, substantial sort of place, where he used to hide out when things got too hot for him. They got him in the end though. He'd been raiding some shell lagoon down south and beat it up here as usual. He had a partner at the time and they quarreled over the pearls they'd got. Bradley wanted to hog them all. His partner shot him but some natives got Bradley away and hid him for a while.

"The partner never did find where Bradley had hidden the pearls because the natives chased him away. He had a pretty good idea though, and he intended to go back, but various things happened and he died soon after. That's how the yarn goes anyway. Interesting, what?" Anselm laughed. "And for anyone staying on Waratah for any length of time there'd always be a chance of running across the loot."

"The Islands were pretty rough in the old days," said Mr. Smith mildly. He blinked at Anselm and added, curiously, "What became of this Bradley?"

"Oh, the officials arrived at Waratah soon after his little bust-up with his partner and they took him away. He was sent to jail, I guess, and he died later in Queensland. He was a tough old bird from all accounts. They called him Typhoon—Typhoon Bradley. You never heard of him, I suppose? They say he was a wizard with guns, and I guess they had to be in those days."

"He must have been before my time," answered the other, frowning. "But it does seem such a story is familiar. I've probably read it somewhere."

Mr. Smith yawned and excused himself for his regular after-meal nap.

"He's all right," said Anselm, later. "Probably some old trader from the Line Islands or the Marquesas, who's been retired these twenty years. I don't think he was even interested."

THE day before the Arrabelle arrived at Billiton Island, the captain approached his passenger as he was slowly pacing the poop and watching the misty blur of land growing on the horizon ahead.

"Guess there'll be no need for you t' hire a boat at Billiton," he grunted. "I've arranged with Mister Anselm t' run him over and you might as well come along."

"I'll be delighted," said Mr. Smith. "I'm afraid I couldn't stand a whaleboat traverse very well in this heat. Getting old," he ended with a smile. The captain nodded and moved away. Anselm was pleased when he heard.

The Arrabelle lifted Waratah Island late one afternoon and the final meal of the day was eaten in a somewhat spirited atmosphere. The captain said as little as usual but his eyes were nervous-looking and the lid of the one which was puckered, twitched continuously. The mate was obviously ill at ease. Anselm seemed in the best of spirits and chatted with Mr. Smith almost continually.

"Well, we'll be safe ashore and eating a real dinner soon," he observed. "I'll take the liberty of inviting myself over to your niece's house for that, and as soon as I get a place built I'll return the favor. I suppose you'll be glad to stretch your legs again? We should have stopped at Billiton first, perhaps, to give us a chance, but the captain says he can do his business there after he's rid of us."

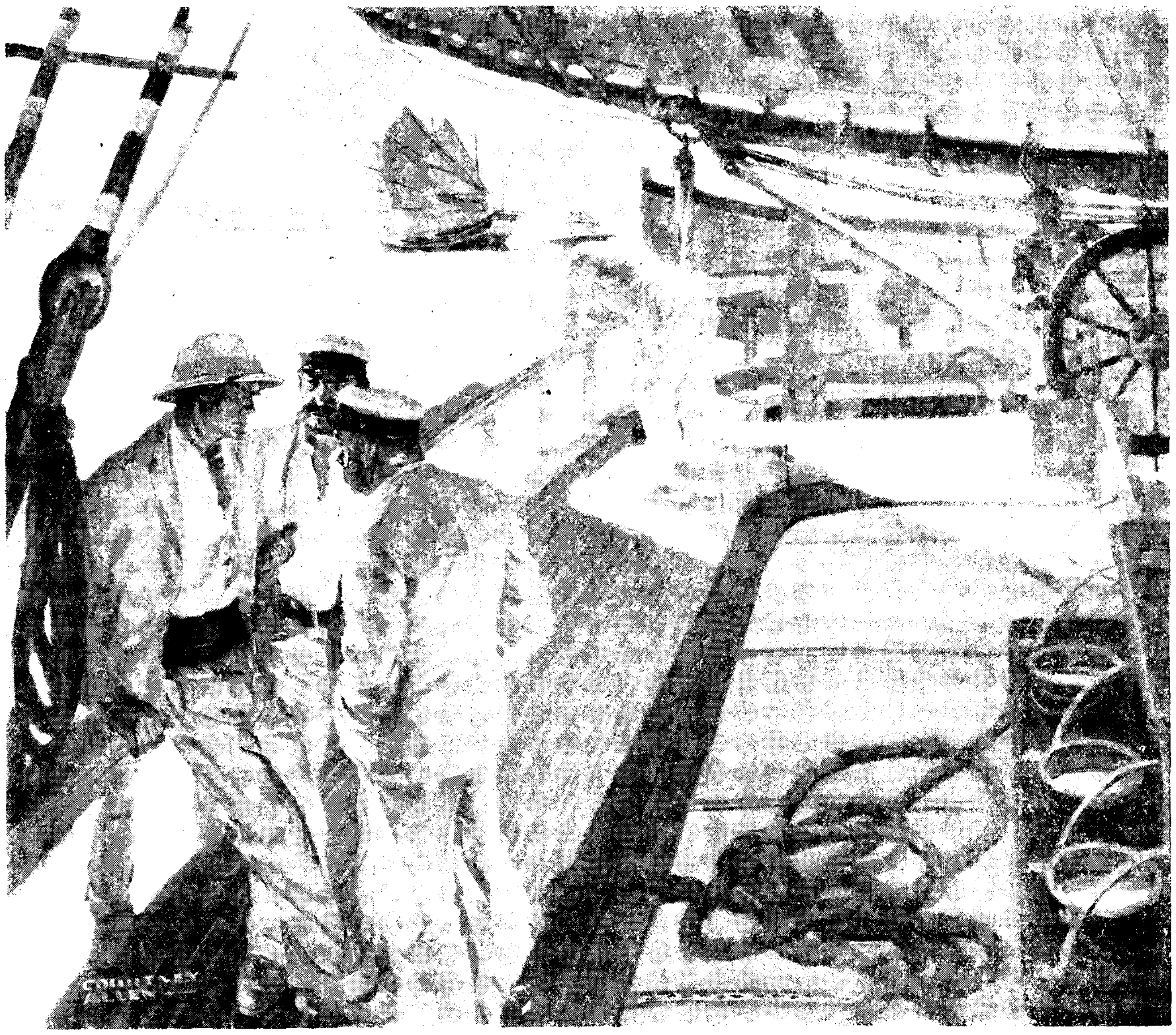
Mr. Smith replied mildly and seemed unaffected by the atmosphere around him. He was quite interested, however, in observing a cloud effect to which Anselm called his attention, as it swung back and forth through the opening of the skylights above, and he certainly could not have noticed the captain's hand hovering over his pannikin of tea for a fraction of a second just before he lowered his eyes again. A few minutes later, reaching across the table, he very clumsily knocked over the water jar standing near the fiddles round the stanchion, so that it slopped into Anselm's lap.

"GOOD heavens!" was all Mr. Smith could say, very confused. Anselm leaped up with a muffled curse and dabbed at his soaked ducks. The captain twisted round to roar for the Malay to bring a towel and the fat mate stared blankly, as if relieved to have something upon which to rivet his attention. It was all over in a few moments and Mr. Smith was stammering apologies and Anselm was waving them aside and laughing. Mr. Smith's pannikin was two thirds empty when he set it down after drinking in his confusion.

"Peculiar taste to the tea tonight," he said mildly. The captain coughed and Anselm sipped at his own, sampling it.

"There *is* a little," he agreed. "Must be getting musty or something."

"I'll buy a (*Continued on page 48*)



The three men conversed in low tones. "Anyway," observed Anselm, finally, "we'll get rid of him at Billiton"

Dr. Wes
TOOTH PAST
CLEANS TEETH BETTER
WECO Product
Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH
WECO Product
STERILIZED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
PENETRATES AND CLEANS EVERY CREVICE: POLISHES EVERY

Can *any* toothbrush actually provide a pleasant surprise?

With one of these replace the brush you used this morning —then compare results

If your toothbrush gives you whiter, cleaner teeth it does you a lot of good for a very small sum of money.

And the right brush, properly used, will do exactly *that* for you. It will *not* make you a million dollars, or turn you into a movie star over night. *But it will give you whiter teeth—*

Just get the right brush — one *small* enough and of proper shape to do the best possible job of cleaning teeth. Then—*don't keep it in service after honest wear has impaired the cleansing and polishing qualities.* Most people do. That is why we offer this reminder to everyone who uses a toothbrush.

This brush—Dr. West's—is famous for the polishing action made possible by its correct design. Now it has been made doubly effective by the use of still finer materials.

These snowy, springy bristles are the costliest the world's markets supply. Only Dr. West's new brushes have them. They are specially trimmed and spaced to enter and sweep clean all crevices—as well as to polish the surfaces.

Without Cost: *25c tube of delightful* Dr. West's *Tooth Paste—with purchase of this famous 50c toothbrush.*

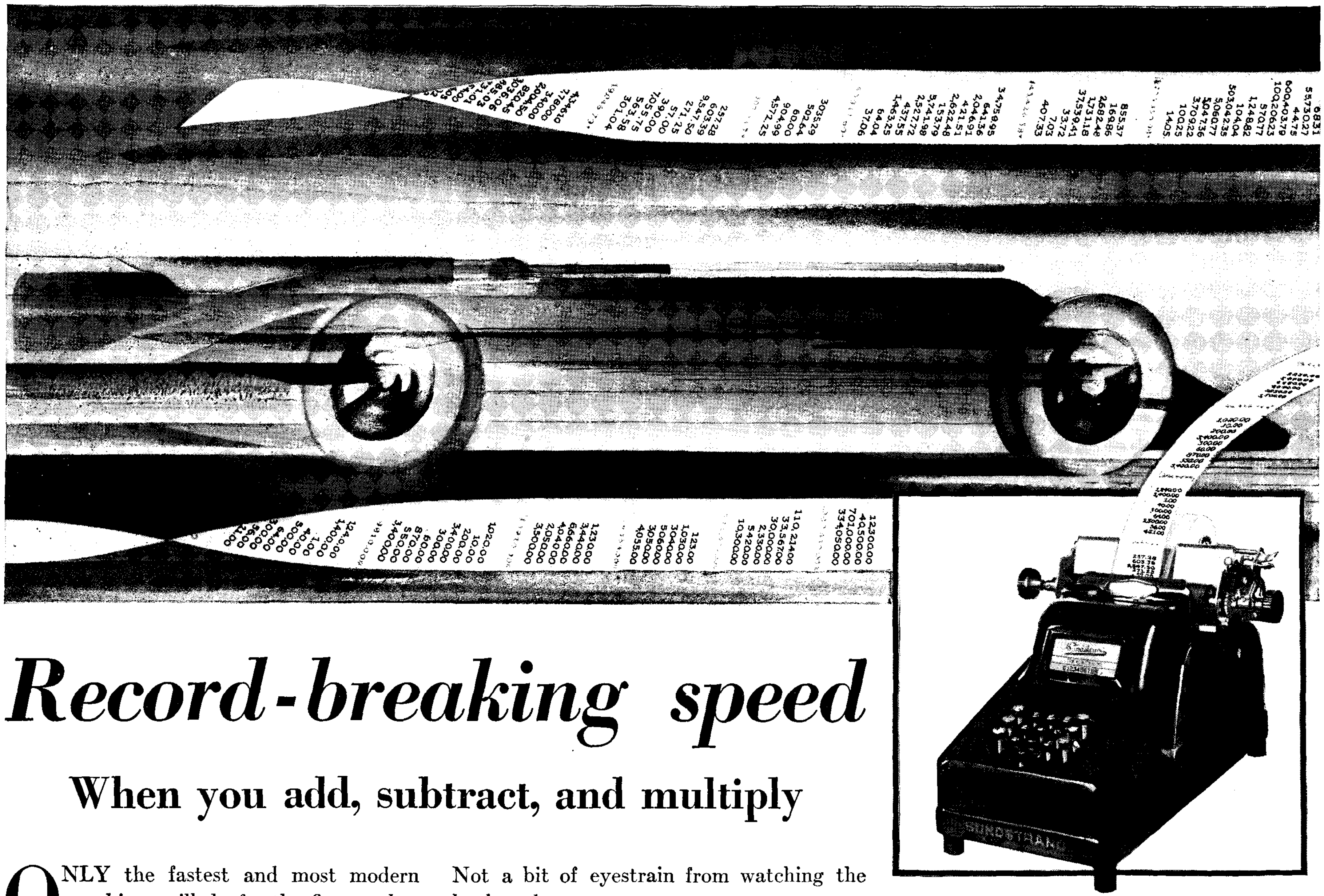
Your druggist has new Dr. West's toothbrushes for every member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional brush," 50c. Each brush thoroughly sterilized, and sealed. And each is fully guaranteed. Get some today. *Results may really surprise and delight you.*

The Easy, Correct Way *to brush teeth*

Brush always away from gums towards the cutting edges of the teeth; always *with* the crevices, never across. This is what dentists advise. And they recommend Dr. West's because it is of right shape and size to make correct brushing easy. Do this twice daily, and you'll soon have whiter teeth.

Why It Cleans *every tooth and crevice*
This diagram shows how Dr. West's correct design enables you to sweep every crevice clean—and to cleanse the dangerous inside curve of teeth, or teeth far back, as thoroughly as those in front.

© 1929, W. B. M. Co



Record-breaking speed

When you add, subtract, and multiply

ONLY the fastest and most modern machines will do for the fingers that attend to your typing . . . why not the same advantages for the fingers that do your business figuring?

The lightning-fast Sundstrand will place record-breaking speed at the disposal of any operator. For the Sundstrand is not only manually faster, but it saves an incredible amount of time through features which insure greater accuracy.

Give the Sundstrand keyboard your attention for a moment. Did you ever see anything more logical—more simple or compact? Only ten numeral keys and all of them grouped in an area which the fingers of one hand can cover. In a few minutes anyone can memorize their location. Unusual speed quickly results from this natural method of touch operation. Not an inch of lost motion. Not a bit of eyestrain from watching the keyboard.

Automatic column selection is a Sundstrand feature that saves wasted time in the selection of columns. With this feature the dollars and cents of every item align themselves in the proper vertical columns automatically. You simply touch the keys in the order that you would write down the figures with a pencil. The machine does the rest.

Another time-saving advantage of the Sundstrand is the automatic credit balance feature. This enables you to figure debits and credits in the same operation and at the end get a total of the difference between the two. If credits exceed debits, or if you subtract a larger number from a smaller, the credit balance feature gives a true answer with clear printed proof.

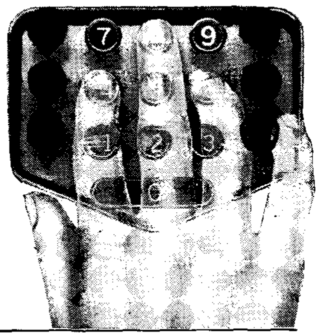
Wherever there is figuring to do, the Sundstrand quickly pays for itself . . . in time saved and accuracy. It is priced as low as $100. Let us send you more complete information. Use the coupon below.

IMPORTANT—*Only on the Sundstrand will you find all of these time-saving features*

Automatic direct subtraction . . . Automatic shift multiplication . . . One hand control . . . Automatic column selection . . . Speed beyond the fastest human fingers . . . Convenient space-saving size . . . Durability . . . Credit balance feature . . . Only ten numeral keys . . . Touch method of operation naturally and quickly acquired . . . Automatic sub-totals . . . Portability . . . Dependable accuracy . . . Visibility.

ONLY TEN NUMERAL KEYS

One hand covers the entire keyboard. Close your eyes and operate it. The quickest method possible for all your business figuring.



Sundstrand

10 Key Adding-Figuring Machines
GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Division of Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

"UNDERWOOD, ELLIOTT-FISHER, SUNDSTRAND, SPEED THE WORLD'S BUSINESS"

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State______________

The Indian Summer of Bugaboo Jones

Continued from page 13

reputation. Time was when his happy jokes and stoutish ways drew all their admiration. But that time seemed long gone, now. What a woman admired was a bad man. And Bugaboo wasn't bad.

After work of unloading at Vicksburg was accomplished, Bugaboo sat down on deck and thought. The women liked Mobile all right, because Mobile was a bad'n. Or at least he acted like a bad'n. But someway or other, Bugaboo had never seen him *do* anything bad.

"I wonder is dat sap-sucker bad, or is he jest lyin'?"

He got up, changed into his "Sunday" clothes and ambled about town. The idea wasn't ripe in his mind yet; it took time for an idea to grow in a man's mind. The problem was to remove Mobile definitely as a rival. But how? Maybe Mobile wasn't bad; maybe he was just lying. Then, again, maybe he wasn't lying!

A stick of stove wood flew out of an open door, full six inches above the ducked head of a fleeing man. The stick hit Bugaboo on the head and the man butted him in the stomach, simultaneously. Both the man and Bugaboo went down.

THE first thing Bugaboo remembered after that, was a woman standing in the door, apologizing.

"'Scuse me, mister," she said. "I was chunkin' at dat thievin' Cronch. He stole a pie and I bet I'm gonter lay him out—"

Cronch, grinning and still clinging to the pie, sat up and began eating it.

"I bet I'm gonter bust you wide open," the woman ranted.

But Cronch merely turned fraternally to Bugaboo. "Want a bite er pie, son?" he asked.

Gradually the surprise on Bugaboo's face gave way to a big grin. And almost instantly the grin changed into a look of consternation.

"Boy, stand up and let me look at you," Bugaboo ordered. "I swear! You de ugliest man I ever seed!"

Cronch stood up. His arms were too long for his body and his body was too short for its width. His knees bucked outward and when he moved his overlarge feet effected a sort of sliding shuffle that made him waddle like a duck going to the pond. He had practically no neck; his simian-shaped head rested upon his rolling shoulders like a pyramid on the desert sand. His mouth billowed outward and upward, and his nose was as flat as an alligator's head. His cheeks were the color of slightly burnt ginger bread and one of them was brazed with a long scar. And he was cross-eyed.

"I swear to my soul, boy!" Bugaboo exclaimed. "How did you *git* so ugly?"

Cronch grinned. "A man tole me," he said, "did I have me a tail in my pants; well, he bet I'm a baboon. But I ain't got no tail."

"Yeah, you thievin' scound'el," the woman put in, "did you had hawns in yo' hat, you'd be de ole Satan, too!" She was still smarting from the loss of the pie. "When I hid you out f'm de sheriff you swored to me you gonter quit stealin' and go to work. But naw! You start thievin' f'm me!"

"Sheriff huntin' you, hunh?" Daylight was about to break upon the idea.

"I tuck a few things when dey let me out'n de county farm," admitted Cronch. "Not much. Jest a middlin' and some clothes and stuff."

"You was on de county farm?"

"Yeah," explained Cronch. "Hit was a white man which had a shoat, and so—"

"Dat scar on yo' jaw?" Bugaboo interrupted. "Dat ain't no razor track, is hit?"

"Naw, suh," grinned Cronch, "dat was done in de bob-wire fence. Hit was a white man which had him some chickens. So I started to take dem chickens and I thought I hyared somebody comin'. So I runned right smack in de bob-wire fence. But hit wan't nobody."

"And de sheriff huntin' you 'bout dem chickens, too, hunh?"

"Not dis sheriff," explained Cronch. "Dat was down in Adams—naw, hit was in Claiborne County, dem chickens was. De Adams County sheriff huntin' me 'bout a yearlin' ca'f I tuck."

"All dem sheriffs huntin' for you?" The idea was now so clear that Bugaboo grinned.

"Un-hunh," stated Cronch, modestly. "And a heap mo', too. Seem like ev'y county I gits in, well de sheriff gits after me 'bout somethin'. Chickens and shoats and stuff, mostly."

"Dey ain't offerin' no cash money for somebody to bring you back, is dey?"

"Naw, suh." Cronch was serious. "Maybe dey offerin' cash money for somebody to keep me away."

The idea was now fully developed in Bugaboo's brain. "Cronch," he asked, "did you ever done any steamboatin'?"

"Naw, suh," said Cronch. "I ain't never did nothin' much, but workin' on de county farm, pitchin' gravel out in de road and stuff like dat."

"Well," Bugaboo told him, "I'm gonter make a steamboatin' man out'n you. Hit ain't no sheriff on de river. Come on."

Bugaboo confined himself strictly to pure facts when he put the proposition up to the boss rouster. The sheriff of Warren County, where Vicksburg is situated, was hunting Cronch. The sheriff of Adams County, where Natchez is situated, also was hunting him. Not to mention various and sundry other sheriffs. And all Cronch wanted was a place to hide on the steamboat until he was out of Mississippi and danger from the law. When he got to Louisiana, where the river cut through the state, he would take his place in line with the rousters and work his way down.

THE boss rouster, as a matter of course, smuggled Cronch into a good hiding place on the main deck, and ordered him to lay low. When mealtime came Bugaboo procured an extra pan and took up a collection from the rations of the other rousters.

"I got a friend back yonder," he said mysteriously. "De sheriff is after him."

That was all Bugaboo volunteered while the boat was tied up in Vicksburg. But after it got well away from town, Bugaboo paraded Cronch about the main deck. "Ack bad, son," he coached. "I tole ev'ybody you was a bad nigger. So ack bad!"

"You tole 'em dat?" Cronch was surprised and delighted.

"Yeah, I tole 'em," Bugaboo said. "But hit's one boy named Mobile which don't believe me."

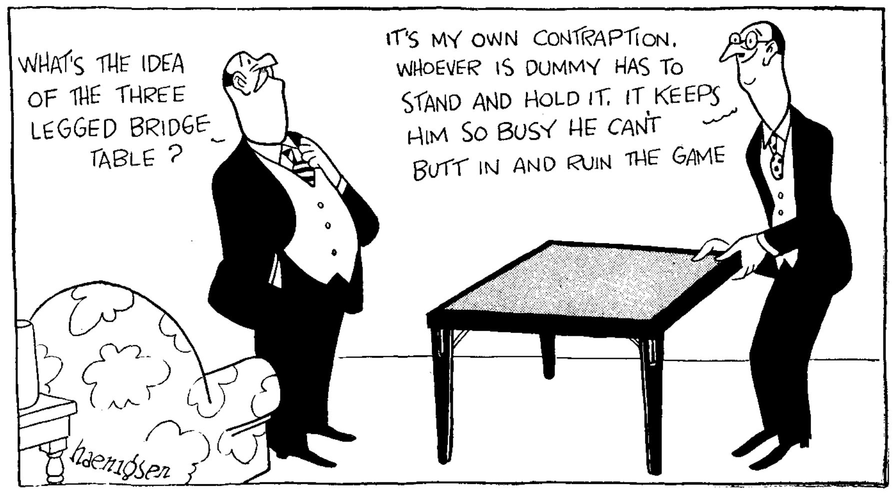
Cronch's face fell. "Well," he confessed, "I ain't bad. I never harmed no man in my life."

"But I tole him," insisted Bugaboo. "All you got to do is jest ack bad, and he won't never know de diffunce."

"I don't know how to ack bad," argued Cronch. "What must I do?"

"Aw, jest strut around a little," ex-

(*Continued on page 38*)


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE THREE LEGGED BRIDGE TABLE ?
IT'S MY OWN CONTRAPTION. WHOEVER IS DUMMY HAS TO STAND AND HOLD IT. IT KEEPS HIM SO BUSY HE CAN'T BUTT IN AND RUIN THE GAME
Haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-7-4-3
H. 6-4
D. 10-5-4-2
C. 9-7-5

West
S. A-6-2
H. A-K-J-10-9-3
D. 7
C. A-Q-4

East
S. 10-9-5
H. Q-8
D. Q-J-9-6-3
C. 6-3-2

South
S. K-J-8
H. 7-5-2
D. A-K-8
C. K-J-10-8

WITH the above hand, published in Collier's last week, whether playing Auction or Contract, South should bid one No Trump. He has a count of 15, three suits stopped, and his fourth suit contains three cards; furthermore his hand has no good suit-bid.

As a general rule it is inadvisable to bid a suit when sitting over a No Trump—doing so shows the No Trumper and his partner what suit to fear and is likely to guide them to a safe and profitable suit declaration of their own. But it does not pay to merely sit tight and keep a No Trumper within bounds when there is no great probability of his having a good suit alternative, and the overcaller has a prospect of making game himself. A good rule for the player on the left of an original No Trump bid is to pass unless any two trick-taking cards in his partner's hand would produce game.

West in this case hardly needs two more tricks for game. In Auction Bridge West should bid three Hearts; the others would pass.

In Contract South would bid one No Trump and West would bid the same three Hearts, not to preëmpt but because he is anxious to be jumped to four. When there is a chance that a jump will produce game, it pays to take some risk; so East should be optimistic in appraising the jumping value of his five Diamonds and Queen of Hearts, and should bid four Hearts.

The hand would consequently be played at Hearts by West as the Declarer; at Auction with three Hearts, at Contract with four Hearts.

The Play

North has no alternative to opening with his fourth best Spade; South would play the King, and West would win with the Ace. Declarer has two entries (the Queen and Eight of Hearts) in dummy, and every reason to believe that South has the King of Clubs as he bid No Trump. But Declarer apparently is left with four losers—two small Spades, one small Diamond and one small Club. However, there is a possibility of establishing a Diamond in Dummy and obtaining on it a discard from closed hand, one discard being all that is needed to make game.

Dummy's two entries furnish the key to the situation; but if West led his singleton Diamond, North played small and East one of his exposed honors, South, who can be expected to have Ace-King of Diamonds, would win the trick and lead Spades. After the adversaries have taken in their two good Spades, they doubtless will lead Clubs; two Club tricks are assured for West if North leads them, but West will have to try his Queen finesse if South leads. Supposing that West wins the first Club, he would put dummy in the lead with a trump and attempt to establish a Diamond; but if dummy had parted with one Diamond honor, it is hardly likely that by leading a small Diamond he will induce South to play the winning Diamond. South would not make the play if he held the Ten, and even without it he doubtless would risk North's holding it rather than establish a Diamond for East.

As a result of the foregoing survey, Declarer will finesse the Diamond Nine at trick 2, hoping that South does not have the Ten and that the Nine will force out the Ace or King. When South wins the trick his best play is the Eight of Spades. North will win with the Queen and return the Spade upon the chance that South can ruff, or that South is holding the Jack.

South, winning the third Spade trick (trick 4), would lead his Jack of Clubs or a trump; the Jack, West would win with the Queen; a trump, West would pass up to dummy. If West won with the Club Queen, he would lead the Jack of trumps and put dummy in with the Queen to disguise the fact that the Eight was an entry, and then would lead dummy's Queen of Diamonds. Should South duck, West would embrace the opportunity to discard his losing Club; should South cover, West would ruff with a high trump and lead the Trey, putting East in with the Eight. East then would cash his winning Diamond, West would discard his losing Club, and everything would be over; the Declarer would have his contract.

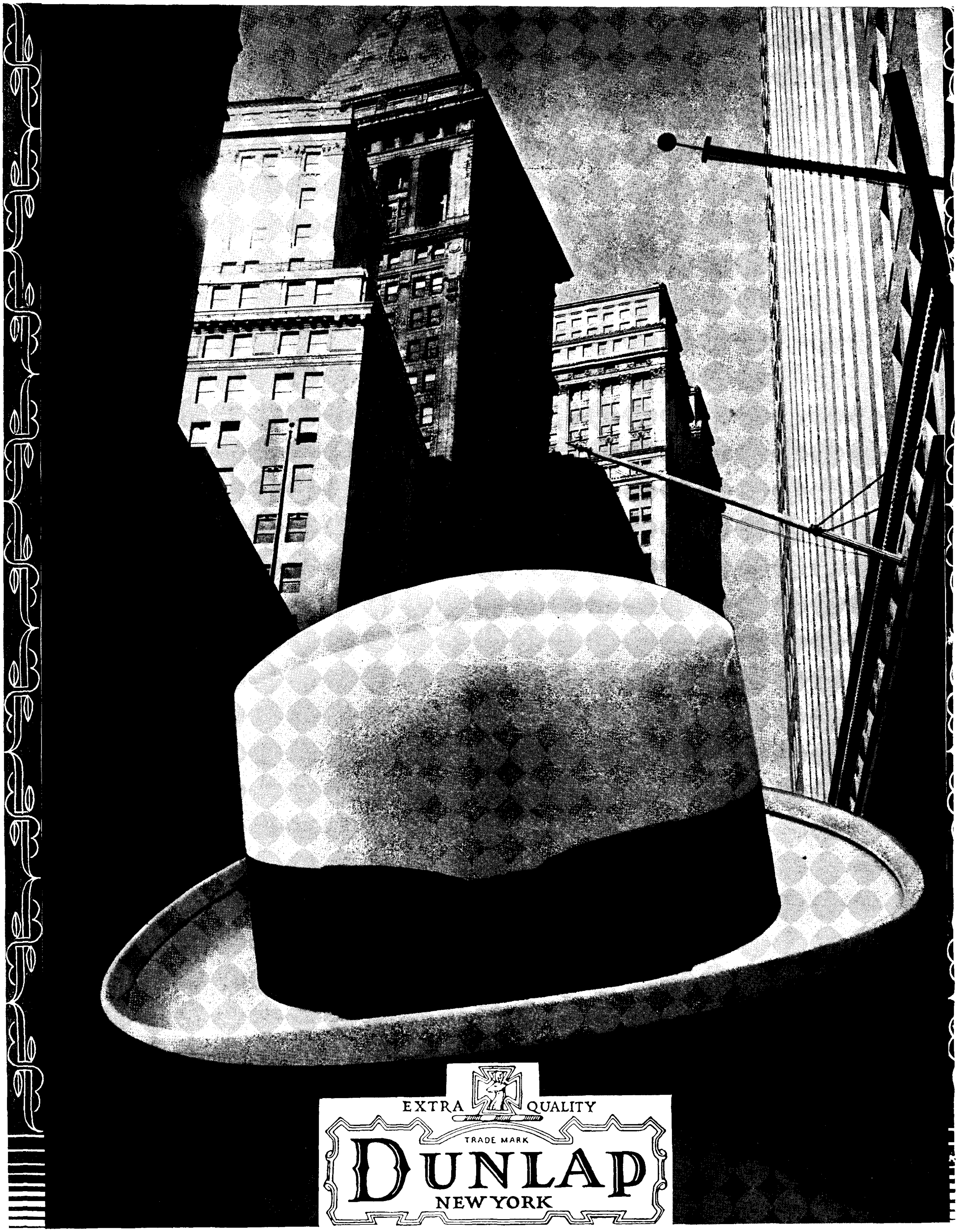
Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 6-3
H. K-8-7-6-3-2
D. 6-5-3
C. J-9

East
S. 8
H. 9
D. 9-8-2
C. 10-8-7-6-5-4-3-2

West
S. Q-J-10-9-7-5-4-2
H. Q-10-5
D. A-Q
C. None

South
S. A-K
H. A-J-4
D. K-J-10-7-4
C. A-K-Q


EXTRA QUALITY
TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

WHY DON'T THE YOUNG MEN GROW OLD?

IT'S getting so nowadays that you can't tell a man's age until he doffs his Dunlap Hat. Take the new "Metropolitan," for instance. There's a sky-piece for the man who dares to dream in terms of skyscrapers. The "Metropolitan" has a new adventurous touch that will make many a fair lady wonder . . . and wonder . . . why it is that this fall so many men seem to be so young. And handsome.

+ + + +

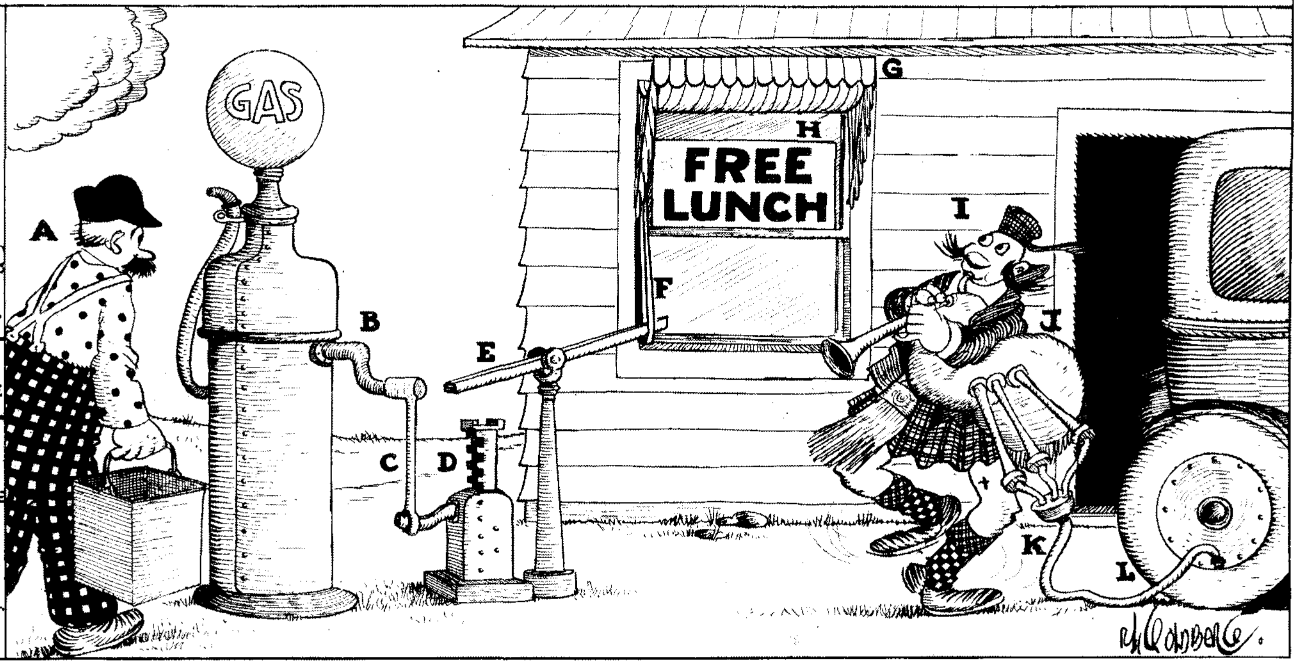
Remember the "Metropolitan" is a Dunlap and only a Dunlap can be the "Metropolitan." $8.50 and $10 at the Dunlap store in your city. And in shades of color that are in harmony with whatever you wear.

DUNLAP & CO.
711 Fifth Avenue, New York
920 Palmer House, Chicago · 51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS BRUSHES HIS HAIR AND AN IDEA FOR A SELF-WORKING TIRE PUMP IS FOUND AMONG THE DANDRUFF.
MECHANIC (A) GOES TO GET GASOLINE AND TURNS PUMP HANDLE (B) WHICH WORKS PISTON ROD (C) AND RAISES JACK (D). JACK, PUSHING AGAINST BAR (E), CAUSES IT TO PULL ROPE (F) AND RAISE AWNING (G), EXPOSING SIGN (H). SCOTCHMAN (I), SEEING SIGN ANNOUNCING THE DISTRIBUTION OF FREE LUNCH, PLAYS FAST TUNE ON BAGPIPE (J) IN A JOYOUS DELIRIUM AND ESCAPING AIR GOES INTO ATTACHED HOSE (K) INFLATING TIRE (L).
OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SERVE FREE LUNCH BECAUSE, BY THE TIME THE SCOTCHMAN FINDS IT OUT, THE AUTOMOBILE WILL BE WELL ON ITS WAY.



The Indian Summer of Bugaboo Jones

Continued from page 35

plained Bugaboo, "and don't say nothin', and let 'em see dat scar on yo' face. And den pick a fuss wid dat Mobile nigger and den slap him."

"But he ain't never done me nothin'," objected Cronch, "and I likes to be friendly—"

"Well, dat'll make him friendly," Bugaboo declared. "He one er dese mouthy niggers, little but loud. All you got to do is slap him one time, and he'll be friendly. You got to slap dese mouthy niggers."

CRONCH did pretty well. He strutted and glowered, and when he said anything he said it in a dreadful, guttural voice.

"Dese boys is all my friends," Bugaboo explained loudly. "All but maybe dis Mobile—"

"Whar is Mobile at?" Cronch demanded viciously.

Mobile, sitting to himself, was trying desperately to maintain his reputation as a bad one, in the face of a very dangerous-looking rival. He quaked when he heard Cronch demand to know where he was, but he had been a bad man for nearly a week, now, and he didn't intend to relinquish the honor without some effort to retain it. He slipped his hand into his pocket and clutched his shaving razor.

"Hyar is Mobile," he said defiantly. "Who wants him?"

Cronch glared at Mobile and Mobile glared at Cronch. The air became immensely tense. "Pyore hell gonter take place now," prophesied one of the onlookers. And it did.

Cronch, ignorant of Mobile's reputation, and eager to follow the advice of his very wise friend and benefactor, Bugaboo, swung his long, gorilla-like arm through the air and slapped Mobile sprawling just as Mobile pulled his shaving razor out of his pocket. The razor clattered harmlessly upon the deck.

"Whupped ole Mobile, and him wid a razor in his hand!" The admiration of the rousters was unbounded. Someone grabbed the razor and pitched it into the river, while others caught Cronch by his arms and begged him not to kill Mobile.

"He pulled a razor on me," insisted Cronch. "Turn me go whilst I spatters him all over de floor!" A man can act bad to perfection when five or six men are holding him.

"Aw, please, Mister Cronch," pleaded Mobile. "I was jest funnin'. I wan't gonter hit you wid dat razor."

Cronch finally let Bugaboo persuade him not to mangle the cringing Mobile, and peace was made. And with the new peace there was a new hero.

At Natchez the usual crowd was down to watch the steamboat come in, but they were more eager to learn more of the vicious deeds of bad Mobile. The word, however, quickly spread that Mobile had been conquered—whipped with a razor in his hand. The rousters were silent as to who did it, because it was not wise to let even the friendly Negroes know of the whereabouts of a man for whom the sheriff was hunting.

"I bet you is dat bad man," Big Emma suggested to Bugaboo. "You stout enough to be bad."

"Don't fun wid me, gal," Bugaboo retorted with a superior air. "Make yo' jow-jow wid dat bad nigger, Mobile, which mighty nigh got his haid busted open agin de deck when he was beggin' for somebody to pull him out f'm under de sho'-nuff bad man."

"Aw, go on, you big scound'el," countered Emma. "You jest sayin'—"

But just then the bell rang, the whistle blew and the paddle wheel turned. The Grace was "fixin' to git away."

Bugaboo darted for the boat. "See you next time, sweet stuff," he called.

FOR two days and one night Cronch made life a dripping misery for Mobile, and Bugaboo couldn't find it in his heart to feel sorry for the ex-bad man. Cronch did not raise his hand against Mobile but his very presence changed Mobile from a roaring lion into a bleating lamb.

Finally, when they pulled into Church Point, Bugaboo was happy in his heart. His scheme was now ready to function. Mobile would be exhibited before Druscilla in his true light—a bluff and a bag of wind with much noise and no fight, and immediately Druscilla would lose interest in him. Then Cronch would be paraded as the good-natured but impossibly ugly clown that exposed Mobile's bluff. And finally, Druscilla would realize how foolish she had been to listen to Mobile in the first place, and how impossible it would be to consider Cronch anything but a joke. The rest would be easy. She'd "change her mind" back on Mobile, and there would be the marriage talk.

Druscilla was waiting when the Grace pulled in, and she hailed Mobile as soon as he stepped upon the plank.

"You comed back, didn't you, bad'n?" she greeted. "You been doin' bad while you was gone, hunh?"

Mobile ducked his head meekly and said nothing; but Bugaboo said something.

"Yeah, he done bad," he told her. "But he done bad to de wrong man. He pulled a razor up dis side er Vicksburg and he got hisse'f smacked so hard, well, he ain't bad no more."

"Who de man which smacked him?" Druscilla demanded.

"Yonder de man," Bugaboo tossed his head backward. "Back yonder wid dat sack er cawn on his haid wawkin' like a duck in hot water."

DRUSCILLA looked. Cronch was several files behind them with a sack of shelled corn on his head, his arms swaying gently at his sides and his feet shuffling grotesquely.

"He wawks kind er bad," suggested Druscilla.

Bugaboo lagged back until Cronch caught up with him in line and they walked together to the freight shed. He wanted to watch Druscilla when she got a good look at Cronch's face, which just then was obscured by his "head load."

When Cronch lowered the grain from his head, his face was covered with perspiration and tiny particles of dust and husk. It was a sight to behold.

"You whupped Mobile, hunh?" Druscilla paid no attention to his face.

Cronch wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a swipe of his forefinger and grinned. "Naw," he said, "I jest sort er slapped him."

"Doggone ev'ything I kin think of and a heap I can't!" exclaimed Druscilla. "Man, I sho' hopes you don't never sort er slap me!" She took Cronch's hand in hers and examined it carefully. "Dat what you smacked him wid, hunh?"

"You like dat hand?" Cronch countered.

Druscilla giggled. "Hit skeers me too bad," she said.

Bugaboo sensed the turn of things, and he fidgeted. "Cronch, you better come on and git to totin'," he warned. "De driver gonter—"

"I b'lieve I'm gonter quit steamboatin'," Cronch decided. "I kind er likes dis town. I b'lieve I'll live hyar a while. You come and show me a good place to live at, gal."

Bugaboo watched Druscilla wander up the dusty path with Cronch. When the boss rouster yelled for him to keep moving, he scarcely heard but he stumbled along, wearily.

When finally the boat pulled out, Bugaboo hunted seclusion, and he came upon the ex-bad Mobile who was hunting the same thing.

"You ain't got no call to go mopin' round like a chicken wid de mopes," he told Mobile. "Cronch done left and he can't do you nothin' else."

"I ain't studdin' Cronch," Mobile grumbled sadly.

"And dat Clo-teel gal at Reserve—" Bugaboo was determined to convince everybody that he, personally, was the only man on the boat who was entitled to feel grumpy and droopy.

"I ain't studdin' no gal at nowhar."

"And when us gits to N' Awlins," he went on, still insisting upon being the only miserable man on deck, "de Cap'm gonter make pay day."

"Not for me," groaned Mobile. "'Cause quick as he gimme pay day in my hand, well Laura gonter be right dar to grab hit."

"Who Laura?"

"Laura," said Mobile mournfully, "is a woman I married up to one time when I got crazy with love."

"Hunh?" Bugaboo wasn't positive that he heard it correctly.

"Yeah," continued Mobile. "I went crazy wid love and married her up. So she gits my pay day, ev'y time."

"I wouldn't give her," Bugaboo was indignant at the idea.

"I don't," explained Mobile. "She takes hit. When you gits married up wid a woman, she do you like dat. Long as you don't marry 'em, you all right. But naw! I got crazy in my haid and I married her—"

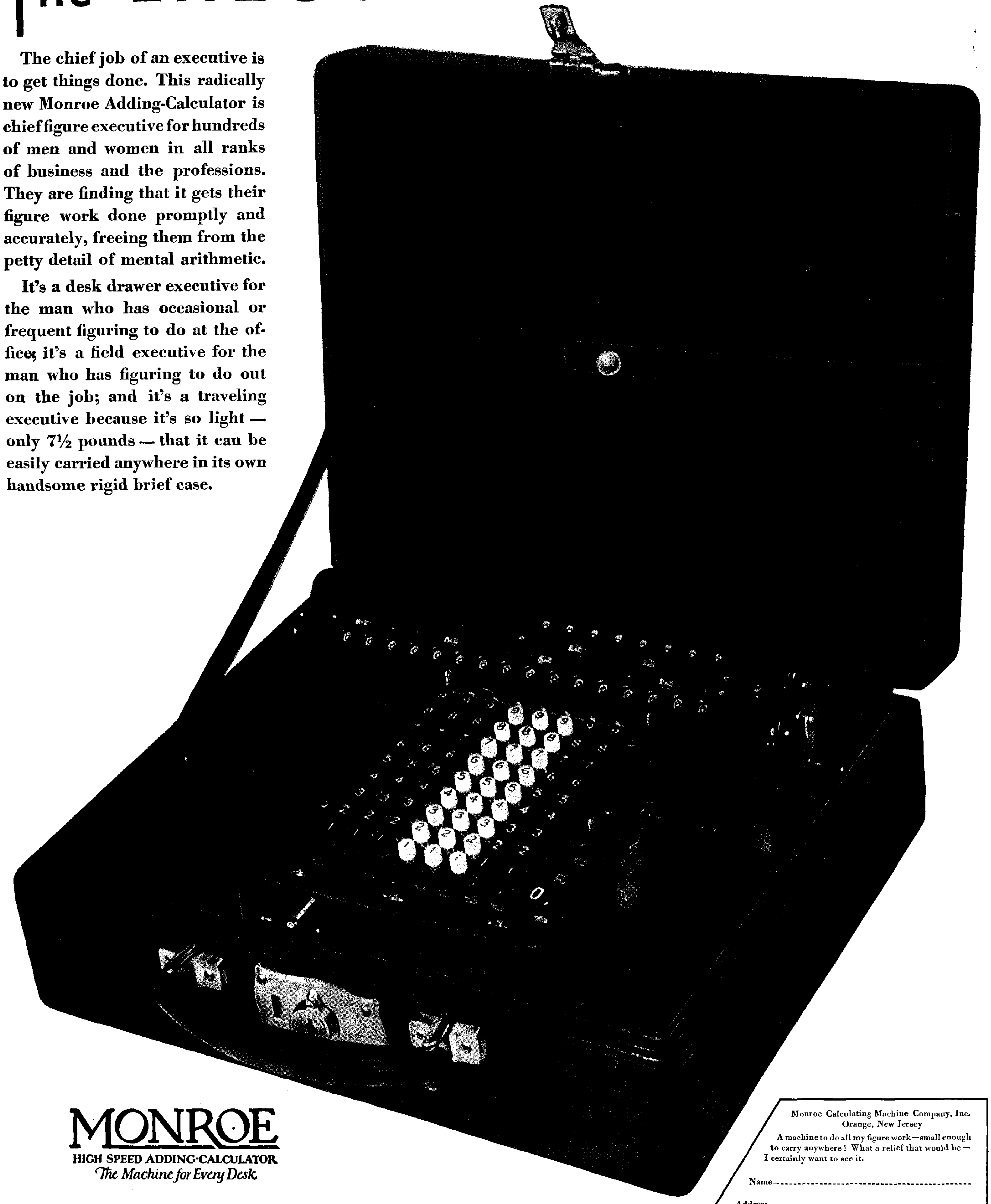
BUGABOO wandered off. His mind was extremely busy readjusting itself to the latest news. It was bewildering at first, but after awhile the light broke through the maze, and he grinned, lay down upon the bare deck, turned his face straight up toward heaven, and sang:

Ef'n you don't want me, mama,
Please don't dog me 'round.
Hit's always some yuther woman
Down in some yuther town!

The EXECUTIVE MONROE

The chief job of an executive is to get things done. This radically new Monroe Adding-Calculator is chief figure executive for hundreds of men and women in all ranks of business and the professions. They are finding that it gets their figure work done promptly and accurately, freeing them from the petty detail of mental arithmetic.

It's a desk drawer executive for the man who has occasional or frequent figuring to do at the office; it's a field executive for the man who has figuring to do out on the job; and it's a traveling executive because it's so light — only 7½ pounds — that it can be easily carried anywhere in its own handsome rigid brief case.



MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING·CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY INC· ORANGE· NEW JERSEY

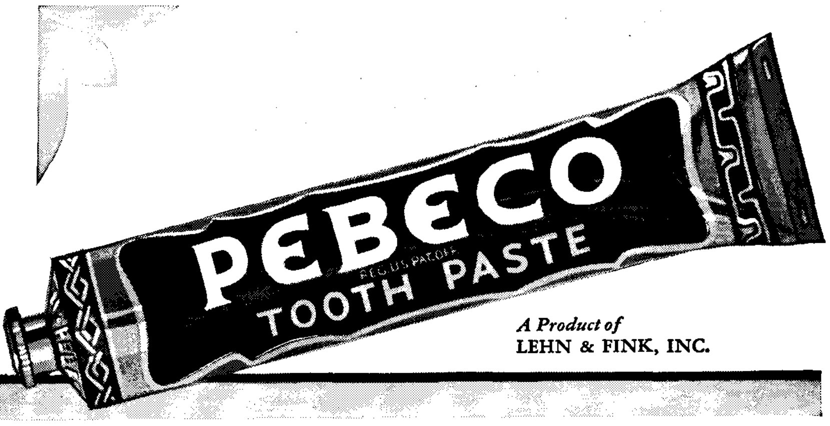
Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.
Orange, New Jersey

A machine to do all my figure work—small enough to carry anywhere! What a relief that would be—I certainly want to see it.

Name..
Address..
Street..................................State..............

Can your teeth stand the test of public view?

Or is "acid-mouth" gaining victory in its destructive fight? This insidious foe, resulting from food ferment, drills and drills and drills at the teeth enamel. Cavities follow...your teeth start to go. But just put Pebeco to work...Pebeco with its cooling tang, its tonic properties. Then "acid-mouth" is definitely checked, and the white, sparkling beauty of your teeth restored. Do just this: Give Pebeco a week's special trial. Then you'll know why Pebeco *keeps* its friends.



A Product of
LEHN & FINK, INC.

The making of a Gentleman

Continued from page 9

down. He climbed shakily to his feet and approached the car.

Sticking out of a side pocket, miraculously preserved, was the envelope containing his tickets and passport. The smell of burning fur and other odors stopped his hand as he reached for the envelope. A mad idea flashed through his brain.

This man wore the remnants of Dave's fur coat. His body and the rest of his clothing were destroyed beyond identification. There were tickets and passport. In Dave's trouser pocket were a few hundred dollars. Enough to take him to Florida. . . .

To marry a woman for gain. . . . How cheaply Uncle Bill had estimated his nephew. He knew that Dave was weak, that to assure himself luxury he'd marry Flora. And Uncle Bill had picked Flora because she was hard—hard and strong.

Kitty was strong, too, but not hard.

Flora—well, you couldn't blame a woman. She wanted that estate. And, without being a bit in love with Dave, she'd been prepared to pay the price demanded. Whereas he, a man, had thought of diversion aside from the marital estate. . . . A man who married a woman for money was a cad, a mucker. He, Davis Reppington, had considered himself a gentleman, whereas he had planned to act like the cheapest sort of gutter rat.

SUPPOSE passers-by found the car and the dead man. The overcoat and the passport—the tramp printer would be buried as Davis Reppington. It would never be thought that Davis Reppington had refused to marry Flora, even for the sake of millions. Flora's feelings would not be hurt, nor would she mourn long the passing of a fiancé whom she had not loved. She'd inherit the whole estate. . . .

The accident would seem as natural as it really was. The police would testify that Dave had been arrested for speeding. What more natural than that he speeded again to make up for delay? This was exactly what had happened.

One must think of Flora, though. Newspapers had commented on his uncle's will. Not to have married Flora would have exposed her to derision. A woman who can offer her husband half of twenty millions and can't get him. . . .

He must seem dead forever. He could never return. His identity must never be known. Down in Florida, in some remote parish where they never saw New York papers, his name would excite no comment.

Kitty was nameless. Kitty—if he married her, he could never shame her by bringing her out into a world with which she was too ignorant to compete. He must condemn himself to a life of fishing, of trapping, of raising vegetables. . . . With Kitty!

He'd ask Kitty to marry him. She loved him. He loved her. There really was only one thing for a gentleman to do: to give his life to the woman who had saved his, who loved him, and whom he loved.

He crossed a field, walked a mile to a railway station, rode on the train into New York. He sailed next morning on a liner for Tampa, and as the boat pulled out into the North River, he read in the paper about the tragic death of Davis Reppington. . . .

"I TOLD you not to come back," said Drake.

His blazing eyes took in the tender scene, and Kitty trembled in the arms of Dave. Beyond the towering figure of the girl's father Dave saw the palms and pines that marked the jungle's edge. The little vegetable garden, the sluggish creek in which fish leaped. . . . These were the things to circumscribe his life from now on. These—and the arms of Kitty.

He smiled at the fierce eyes that burned into his own. He had found Kitty, a saddened Kitty, on the veranda of the little house. Incoherent had been their speech, but their kisses had told everything. Now Dave became coherent.

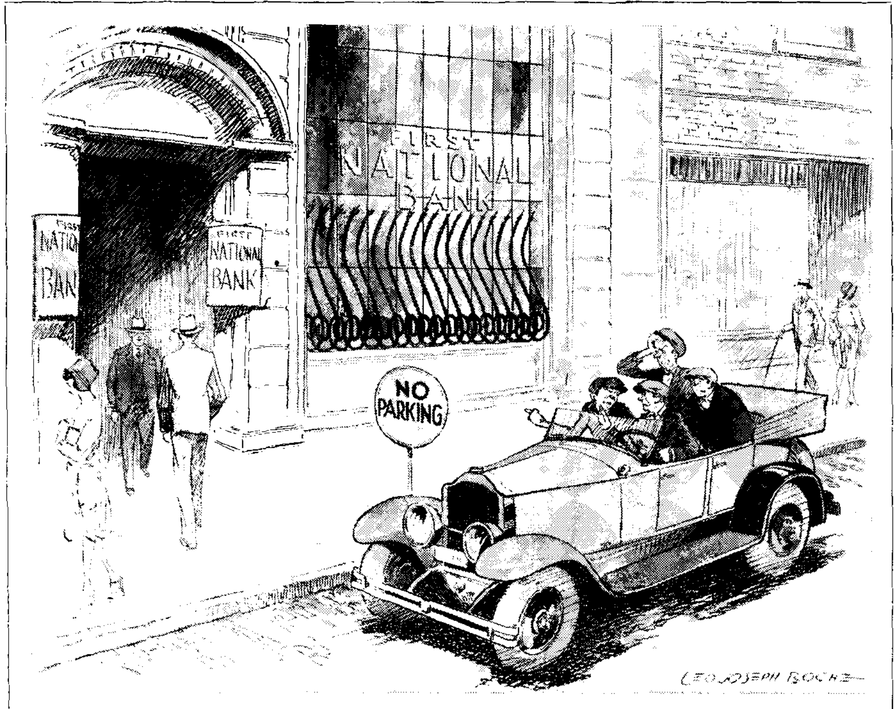
"I've come back," he said, "to stay—forever."

Drake stared at him. "To give up—everything!"

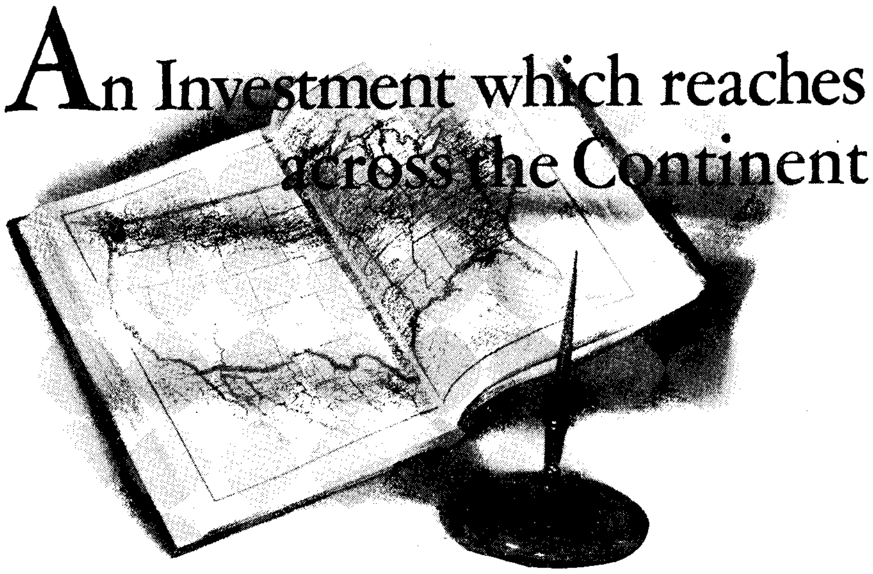
"To gain everything," replied Dave, simply.

He spoke the truth. For if a man gains love, what can he possibly have lost?

Did I say it only takes a minute to make a gentleman? I add that it also, sometimes, takes love.



Bandit: "Doggonit! We'll have to pass up this job—we can't park here!"


An Investment which reaches across the Continent

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION

Power • Gas • Water

formerly United Power Gas and Water Corporation

AN exceptionally attractive opportunity to share in the profits of more than two hundred and twenty-five million dollars of public utility properties is afforded the investor in the Common Stock and in the Preferred Stock (with Common Stock Purchase Privilege) of Tri-Utilities Corporation.

This great public utility system operating in twenty-five states extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific includes:

Federal Water Service Corporation—controlling the largest system of independent water companies in the United States.

Peoples Light & Power Corporation—providing the necessities of electric light and power, gas and water in 19 states.

Southern Natural Gas Corporation—which will constitute one of the largest natural gas systems in this country and which will distribute natural gas to the Industrial Southeast.

The securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation afford an opportunity for safe investment, with highly interesting possibilities for future price enhancement.

Write for special folder

G. L. OHRSTROM & Co.
INCORPORATED
Forty-Four Wall Street, New York

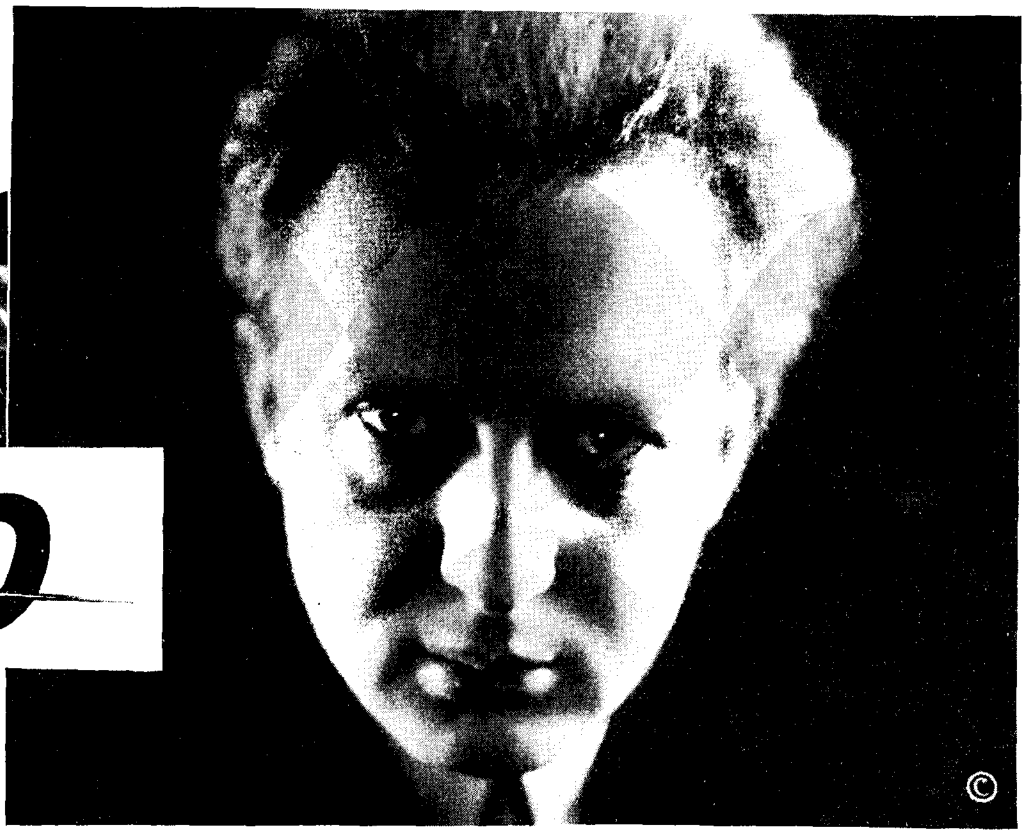
PHILADELPHIA BOSTON CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS DETROIT MILWAUKEE LOS ANGELES ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO LONDON, ENG.

G. L. OHRSTROM & CO., Inc., 44 Wall St., New York
Please send me a copy of Special Folder C.W. 12

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

ON THE AIR FOR



PHILCO

presents

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and the*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6TH-NOVEMBER 3D

HAVING secured the most talented and highest priced instrumentalists in the world — and having gained the leadership of conductor Leopold Stokowski, genius extraordinary—the Philadelphia Orchestra has been for years hailed as the finest symphonic orchestra in America or Europe.

With such a reputation to uphold—and being naturally unwilling that radio listeners should form an inaccurate impression of the orchestra's magnificent tone — the officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra have steadfastly refused until the present time to send its glorious music out over the air. But within the past year the whole level of radio reception has been raised, and foremost in progress is the new Balanced-Unit Philco — a radio whose units are so perfectly balanced that it reproduces the most subtle tone-colors of the symphony orchestra . . . And so, Leopold Stokowski has consented to go on the air for the first time. Now under the sponsorship of Philco, you may listen in your own home to the

UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE
BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

Pictured at the left is the blurred, distorted approximation of violin music which you receive from a radio whose units are not exactly balanced; pictured at the right is the true clear tone that soars from a Balanced-Unit Philco.

"AND THEN THEY GOT A PHILCO"

This series of broadcasts will be heard

Akron WFJC; Atlanta WSB; Birmingham WAPI; Boston WEEI; Buffalo WGR; Charlotte WBT; Chicago KYW; Cincinnati WSAI; Cleveland WTAM; Dallas-Fort Worth WFAA-WBAP; Davenport WOC; Denver KOA, Des Moines WHO; Detroit WWJ; Duluth-Superior WEBC; Hartford WTIC; Hot Springs KTHS; Houston KPRC; Jacksonville WJAX; Kansas City WDAF; Los Angeles KFI; Louisville WHAS; Memphis WMC; Miami WIOD; Milwaukee WTMJ;

5:30 *to* 6:30 P. M. *Eastern Standard Time*

THE FIRST TIME

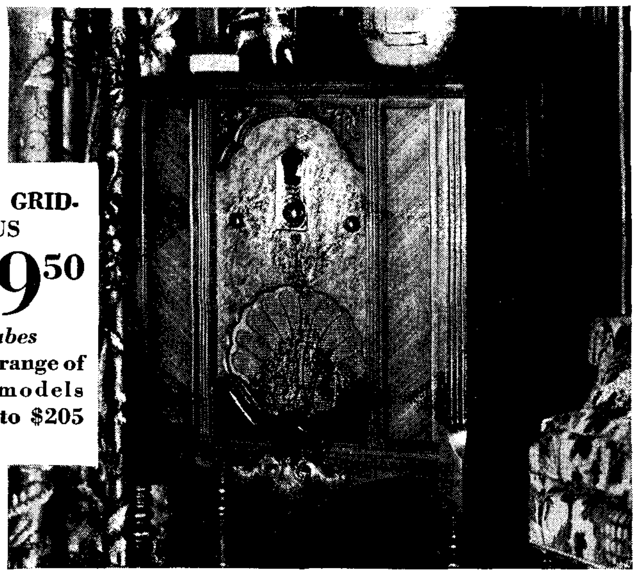
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

and DECEMBER 8TH

famous orchestra for which every seat for every concert is reserved by subscription, months in advance.

Demonstrations of the new Philco have proven to leaders in the musical world that here at last is a receiving set which will bring to radio listeners all the sonorous, gorgeously rich, orchestral tone which has called forth salvos of applause from the most sophisticated concert audiences in the world. If you want to hear the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra with all its glamour undiminished, if you want to enjoy every tone-color—from the highest harmonic of the violin to the deep throaty warble of the bassoon, tune in with a Balanced-Unit Philco. If you do not yet own a new Philco, arrange to listen in at the home of some friend who does. The difference in reproduction is worth traveling miles to hear. Or—see your Philco dealer today and arrange for a demonstration. Easy terms if you decide to buy.

PHILCO LOWBOY



SCREEN GRID-PLUS

$119.50

less tubes

Complete range of superb models from $67 to $205

---

over the N. B. C. Coast to Coast hook-up

Minneapolis-St. Paul KSTP; Nashville WSM; New Orleans WSMB; New York WEAF; Oklahoma City WKY; Omaha WOW; Philadelphia WLIT; Pittsburgh WCAE; Portland, Maine WCSH; Portland, Oregon KGW; Providence WJAR; Raleigh WPTF; Richmond WRVA; St. Louis KSD; Salt Lake City KSL; San Antonio WOAI; San Francisco KPO; KGO; Schenectady WGY; Seattle KOMO; Spokane KHQ; Tulsa KVOO; Washington WRC; Worcester WTAG.

5:30 *to* **6:30 P. M.** ***Eastern Standard Time***

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

announces a new

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend-paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
which assures a return of at least . . $10,000.00
and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer,
A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . $12,000.00

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of $10,000.00
or $50 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . Total $14,823.00

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of $20,000.00
or $100 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . Total $29,646.00

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
and the payment for you of all premiums.

NOTE: Married men and others having dependents will be interested to know that you may also include in this plan a new provision whereby neither you *nor your beneficiary* can outlive the Retirement Income. Similar plans for retirement at ages other than 65, or for women policyholders, are also available. Further particulars on request. Mail the coupon below.

Issued in units of $10 a month income and $1000 of life insurance.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
455 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.
Please give me full information about your new RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.
Name........................ Income to start at age..........
Business Address..........................
Home Address..........................
Your date of Birth.................. Date of birth of Beneficiary..................

Copyright 1929 P. M. L. I. Co.

A Neglected Giant

Continued from page 22

boats plied back and forth, so that no man perished.

Even so, it seemed the end, for cold and hunger had now completely overmastered the gallant company. Few had strength to stand, and the many lay where they had fallen—crumpled heaps without sign of life. But in this black moment, as if dropped from heaven, a canoe came by, filled with Indian squaws on their way to Vincennes. Clark's boatmen gave successful chase, and the prize was found to contain a half-quarter of buffalo, corn and some tallow.

Before Vincennes

The meat was cooked at once. Soon hot broth poured down frozen throats, and, with strength restored, the steel-framed frontiersmen were again ready for the march.

A ferriage across a deep, narrow lake, and from a knoll called Warrior's Island Clark and his volunteers had their first clear view of Vincennes—two miles away, with not a shrub between. Quivering like hounds in leash at sight of the quarry, the company cried for an immediate advance, but Clark ordered a delay until darkness could hide the smallness of their numbers. A captured duck hunter was sent to inform the townspeople that an "army of deliverance" was at hand, and as twilight fell, the last wade began.

Not daring to dream that a surprise attack could be effected, Clark marched and countermarched his band around the low hills that dotted the plain, making brave display of banners, but these dramatic flourishes proved waste effort. The townspeople, for all their excitement, kept the secret, and as the American approach could not be seen from the fort, the dripping, shivering volunteers advanced to a strong position without challenge. A rifle volley, accompanied by a silence-shattering yell, was the garrison's first intimation that an enemy was near.

The British cannon answered at once, but the Kentuckians and Virginians, all deadly marksmen, sent their bullets through the portholes, soon compelling the embrasures to be closed.

Powder and ball ran low, but the townspeople produced hidden stores, and Clark kept up a furious fire, convincing Hamilton that he was being attacked by an overwhelming force.

Just before daylight, the Americans drew off to barricades that had been prepared, but their rifles commanded the fort, making it dangerous for the garrison to fire a gun or show a head.

High and higher mounted the enthusiasm of his men, convinced of victory, but Clark knew only too well that a siege could not be risked. At any moment stupid Hamilton might throw off his paralysis and order a charge, and there was also the fear that the near-by tribes would soon come down in overwhelming force.

As always when things were darkest, the young captain decided upon audacity, and forward went a messenger with demand for immediate surrender, carrying bold word that there would be no quarter in event that they were compelled to take the fort "by storm."

Several hours went by without a word of answer, but even as Clark gloomily concluded that his tremendous gesture had been without effect, Hamilton sent out a flag of truce and proposed a three days' armistice. No plainer admission of weakness and indecision could have been given, and leaping upon it with the pounce of a tiger, Clark thundered another demand for instant and unconditional surrender.

A second period of tense waiting, and then the fort gates opened and out came Hamilton and his aides, dressed as for parade, their gorgeous uniforms in grim contrast with the sodden buckskins of the volunteers.

Even as formal salutations were being exchanged, a bloody incident occurred that had powerful bearing on the conference. Down from the hills came an Indian scalping party, waving their ghastly trophies in joyous ignorance of the American attack. Before they realized the presence of an enemy, before Hamilton and his garrison could raise a hand, the volunteers swung their rifles into action, killing all of the murderers save six. At once Clark shouted a curt order, and these prisoners were tomahawked as they stood, in plain sight of their own people and the garrison.

A master stroke as shrewd as daring! The gathered Indians could then see the powerlessness of their British allies, and Hamilton himself, badly frightened, made sure that this employment of the high hand argued large numbers and strong reinforcements. Accepting Clark's terms without further debate, he hauled down his country's flag, forever ending British rule in the West, and leaving the Indian tribes both leaderless and cowed.

Happy indeed, both for the man and his country, could Clark's life have ended on this high note, sparing him heartbreak, and saving America from the shame of cruel ingratitude. After Vincennes came eight crowded years of equally heroic, unselfish effort, holding and guarding the land from enemies within as well as enemies without, yet at the end he was dismissed from the public service as one unworthy of further trust.

It was not only that the Virginia government gave willing ear to the lies of land speculators, mutineers and rascals, permitting Clark no defense, but it doomed the wretched man to poverty by refusing payment of the debts that he had incurred in the state's behalf.

To secure supplies for his campaigns, he had spent his own fortune, indorsed requisitions and given personal notes, and when these obligations went unregarded both by Virginia and Congress, ruin befell him—ruin made more poignant by the fact that it also crushed the friends who had supplied goods and monies, on the strength of their trust in him.

Perfunctory and Useless

Unable to rebuild his fortunes, for he was watched and hounded by creditors, he found himself compelled to accept the bounty of his family, and from the shelter of a lonely cabin on the Ohio shore, saw America forget both him and his services. In 1812, Virginia waked to a perfunctory remembrance, and out of "highest respect for the unsullied integrity, the valor, the military enterprise and the skill of General George Rogers Clark," voted him a sword.

The delegation found him a wreck of what he had been, the giant form wasted by illness and the corrosions of bitter years. Nor did the broken man lift his head while the spokesman glibly mouthed the high-sounding assurance of regard and esteem. Only when he held out the glittering blade, did Clark raise his eyes and voice.

"Young man," he said, "when Virginia needed a sword, I found her one. Now I need bread."

TODAY . . .

MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THE TIDE IS TURNING TO BUICK

WHEN
BETTER
AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT

BUICK
WILL
BUILD
THEM

It was the immortal Stevenson who said, "The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

The men and women of America have bestowed that reward upon Buick in overwhelming measure by ordering more and more Buicks year after year throughout a quarter of a century.

And just as Buick craftsmen have created their greatest motor car in Buick for 1930, so the motoring public is paying its highest tribute to this new Buick model.

Buick owners have long re-purchased Buicks in greater volume than the total demand for any other fine car. But today they are re-purchasing Buicks with keener eagerness than ever before.

Thousands of motorists have turned each year from other cars to Buick. But today the swing to Buick is more pronounced and widespread than in any previous year.

These two groups combined have long purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. But today they are awarding Buick a stronger vote of preference than at any time in the past.

The motorists of America have studied the new Buick—compared it—and made up their minds that Buick has *wrought well.* And so they are calling upon Buick for a still higher percentage of America's quality automobiles.

Today more than ever before the demand for Buick surpasses the demand for any other fine car. Today more than ever before the tide is turning to Buick.

Buick

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

tune in

Sunday Evening September 15th

Collier's Radio Hour

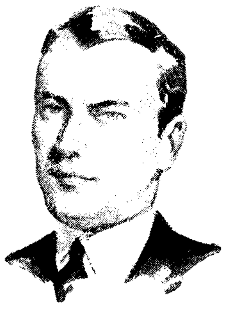
More Villainous Villains

Prof. Lucifer G. Butts

The Love Story Girl

This is your invitation to the "first night" of Collier's Radio Hour—1929-1930 season. New voices join the old Collier's favorites to bring romance, mystery and melody into your living room. Made from the current issue of Collier's—supported by cabinet members, senators, athletes, women socially and politically prominent, and captains of industry, as guest speakers—Collier's Radio Hour this season promises greater novelty, more thrills and chills than ever before. New stage talent from Broadway—an augmented orchestra—and radio dramatizations of Collier's fast-moving fiction—make this the world's premier radio entertainment. The work of the following popular authors will be broadcast from the pages of Collier's this season:

Uncle Henry



Mr. Editor

SAX ROHMER; E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM; ZANE GREY; DANA BURNET; RING LARDNER; FRANK CONDON; RUBE GOLDBERG; PETER B. KYNE; STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY; ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE; JEROME BEATTY; GUY GILPATRIC; ROARK BRADFORD; GRANTLAND RICE.

Tune in Sunday evening, September 15th—and every Sunday thereafter.

"Wonderful! Yes?"

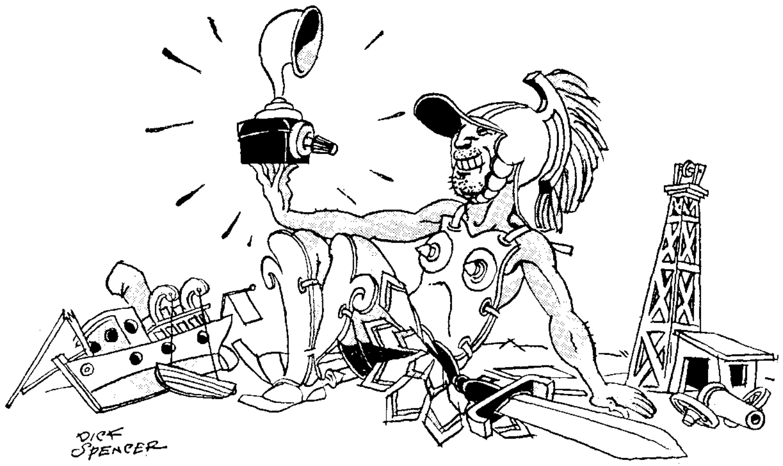
STATIONS

East		*West*	
WJZ	WBZ	WJR	KYW
WBAL	WHAM	KWK	WCCO
KDKA	WBZA	WREN	KOA
WLW			

Stations Associated with the National Broadcasting Company

TIME

Eastern
Daylight Saving, 8:15 P.M.
Central
Daylight Saving, 7:15 P.M.
Mountain
Standard, 5:15 P.M.



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

IN THE Eighteenth Century the leading powers of the world warred with one another to acquire colonies. In the Nineteenth Century international trade rivalry led to greater conflicts that culminated in the World War. Now it begins to look as though radio wave lengths might be the future cause of battle.

Communication is the most vital of all needs in modern civilization. The control of world-wide communication by the Allied Powers during the World War was just as important as the physical control of the high seas by their fleets. With this control of communication, they were able to coördinate their combined resources and direct them to the points where they would be most effective.

World-wide radio communication is now a possibility for every nation, through the medium of ultra-short wave channels that are being opened by engineering development. Unfortunately there are only a limited number of such channels available. They were divided up for specific services by the last International Radio Convention held in Washington last year.

Since that convention adjourned, rapid strides have been made in the development of apparatus. With each increase in the sensitivity of radio receivers, there comes a corresponding decrease in the number of wave channels actually available at any one time. In other words, the transmitters in different countries begin to interfere with one another just as a great many of our broadcasting stations located in different states interfere with one another despite the prohibitions of the Federal Radio Commission. Scientific progress is always one or two steps ahead of regulatory efforts.

Take short-wave rebroadcasting channels, for instance. There are thirty-five of them available for the entire world. The Federal Radio Commission in this country has already allotted twenty to local station operators. How many have been assigned by other nations to their own citizens I cannot say, but there is no doubt these channels are already saturated.

Every nation has a legal right to use *all* the channels for transmission within its own borders. Unfortunately radio waves do not respect man-made geographical boundaries.

We are on the threshold of international broadcasting. It is quite conceivable there will be interference unless some international agreement is reached. It would seem to be the policy of wisdom for our Federal Radio Commission to begin coöperating with the International Radio Union of Berne before any serious cause of international misunderstanding arises.

Or Unduly Extended

A headline on one of the items sent me by the public relations department of the chains, reads: "Radio Conductors Devise Elastic Music."

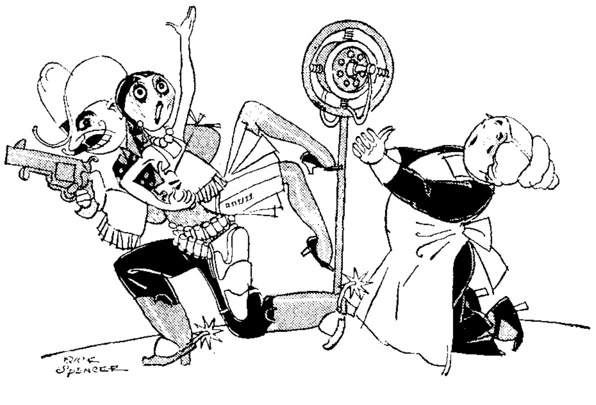
Yes, indeed, some of it does sound rather badly stretched.

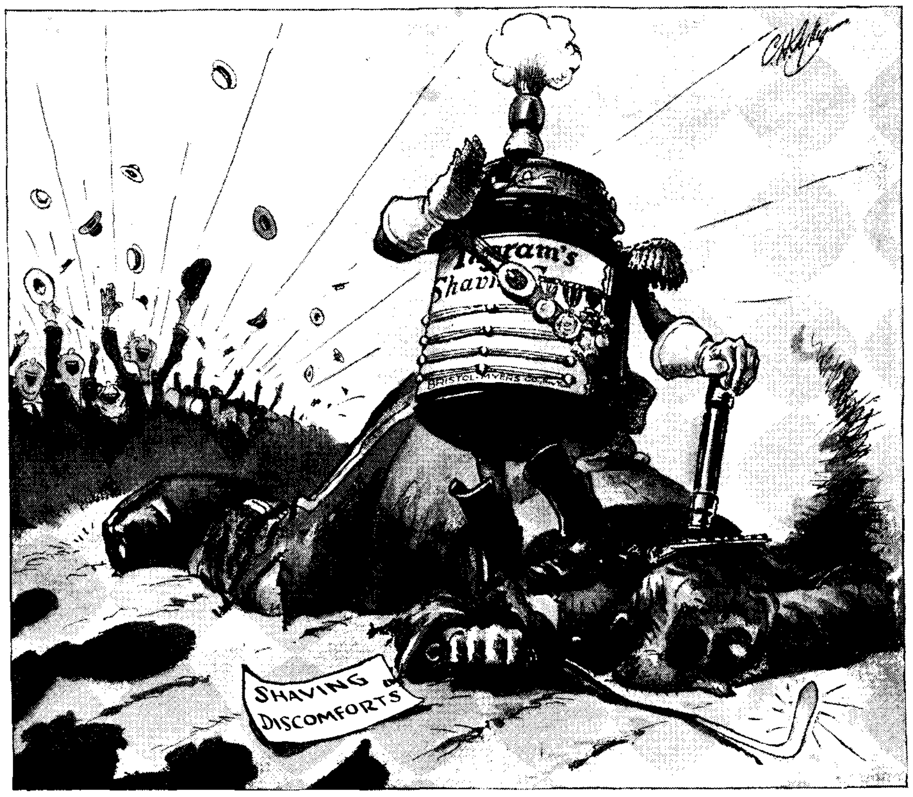
Curses! Jack Dalton

One of the strange things to the visitor in a broadcast studio is to see the actors and actresses who are taking part in a radio drama gesticulate quite as freely as though they were on a theater stage. It appears even more peculiar because of the lack of make-up or costuming to fit the part that is being portrayed. The gestures, however, are no mere heritage of former stage experience. They are vitally important to a proper vocal effort. Let Charles Webster, who has devoted the last three years to radio drama over the NBC microphones, tell you why.

"The radio actor," declares Charles, "knows that the only thing he does before the microphone that reaches his audience is what he says. But to achieve the best voice, to convey the most passion, pity or anger through the voice, the actor must make about the same gestures he would on the stage.

"In broadcasting, gestures mean a great deal to the actor. They work him up to the emotional pitch that his voice conveys to the listeners. On the stage the audience knows what the actor feels by both voice and gesture. On the radio only the voice tells, therefore it must be doubly effective."





Enlist in the legion of Cool Ingram Shavers!

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

JOIN up with that comfort-loving army of men who look to Ingram's every morning to keep shaving on a safe, cool and stingless basis.

For Ingram's is cool—*cool*—COOL—COOL! It's different! It's unique—a brand new sensation in shaving comfort.

It's the shaving cream that was purposely planned to take the burning bite out of the morning shave and leave a clear, cool face when the job is done.

Never mind your Whiskers think about your Face

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is shaving cream and lotion—both in one. Because of three soothing and cooling ingredients it tightens and tones the skin when and while you shave.

And with Ingram's you can shave without those fiery little pin-prick stabs from which ordinary creams seem powerless to protect you

Ingram's does all of these four important things and it does them well:

Number One: It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
Number Two: It will keep your skin in better shape.
Number Three: It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
Number Four: It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty to look at, but it's the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C 99
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________
© B.-M. Co., 1929

THREE SCREEN GRID TUBES

AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL

SILENT VISUAL TUNING

A REVELATION IN RADIO

Presenting more advantages than any previous Receiver has ever offered, the new No. 846 Screen Grid Stromberg-Carlson represents the farthest point of progress in the development of broadcast reception. It has:

Three Screen Grid Radio Frequency Stages, "Totally Shielded", affording high amplification, improving Selectivity and Sensitivity; adding new brilliance to Tone.

Linear Power Detection, assuring maximum results from the new Modulated Broadcasting, giving purer tone at all frequencies.

Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker, scientifically baffled, giving accurate response on low as well as high and intermediate tones.

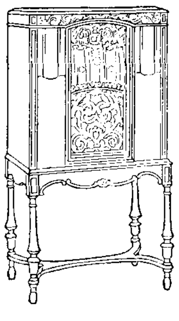
Automatic Volume Control, regulating amplification to strength of carrier waves, minimizing "fading" and maintaining volume.

Meter for Visual Tuning, indicating proper resonance point for finest Tone.

Phonograph Jack, permitting permanent connection, allowing electrical reproduction of records.

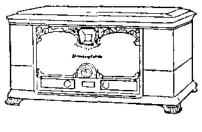
Half Octagonal Cabinet, with six legs, giving the massive effect of a rare old piece.

No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses 3UY-224 Screen Grid, 3 UY-227, 2 UX-245 in "push-pull" and 2 UX-280 Radiotrons. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies . . . $347.50



No. 642, Screen Grid Stromberg-Carlson. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies . . $247.50

Learn the address of the nearest Stromberg-Carlson dealer from your telephone directory.



No. 641, similar operating unit to No. 642. Price, without tubes or Speaker, East of Rockies . . . $155

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Nothing but a Ghost

Continued from page 32

few cans tonight at the store," grunted the captain. "It gets that way sometimes."

A few moments later Mr. Smith passed his hands over his eyes and yawned.

"I shouldn't be sleepy," he confessed. "How long will it be before we anchor, Captain? I think I'll take a last nap."

"Plenty of time," the captain assured him heartily. "You turn in. I'll see you're called afore we drop th' hook."

Mr. Smith rose. He seemed to weave somewhat as he entered his cabin and they heard him mutter, perplexed, "Queer! I shouldn't feel so tired."

THE captain waited until he heard the boards of the bunk creak under his passenger's weight and then with a nod to his companion, he got up and went on deck, the mate following soon after. Anselm met them at the taffrail.

"Well?" he said.

"He's going under," grunted the captain. Anselm nodded and turned to watch the dark shadow that was Waratah Island, looming closer and closer. The schooner slid between long rolls of foam, and came to rest on the placid water inside a sheltering reef. Anselm, the captain and the mate went below.

"He ought to be out by now," commented the captain.

"We'll pitch him ashore when we're through," said Anselm, curtly.

The captain unlocked a long drawer. He took out three cartridge belts with holstered revolvers, and each of the men buckled one on.

"What beats me," said the fat mate, cinching himself up, "is why you didn't come here afore. Looks like you've wasted a pile o' time knowing them pearls was here."

"Lucky for you," was Anselm's comment. "You get your share now. But the fact is I only got to look at the old man's papers about a year back. I knew about the stones all right but hadn't an idea where they were till I got a slant at the plan of the house. Took me a year then to get to Singapore and find the right men to chip in with."

"And then you found us busted flat," grunted the captain. "But Mister Smith came along just in time."

The three men left the main cabin and a few minutes later were pulled across the inky waters to the beach.

They stumbled on to a narrow path, and following it for some hundred yards, eventually reached a large clearing in the center of which stood a roomy bungalow made of white coral blocks half smothered in vines. They ascended the veranda steps, moved cautiously toward the front door that opened into the bungalow living-room, and then Anselm, with an abrupt gesture, flung it open and stood blinking in the light that flooded from the opening.

There was a startled gasp from a woman who was sitting by a long and narrow table, her hands busy with some sewing as she rocked back and forth in a cane chair. Across the table from her sat a man about thirty-five years of age, sprawled in another cane chair and with his stockinged feet resting on a stool. Seeing a stranger, he rose.

"My name's Cartright," he said. "Won't you come in, Captain . . . er . . ."

"The name doesn't matter," drawled Anselm. He stepped into the room, the mate and the captain crowding close at his heels, their hands resting on their gun butts.

"Keep still," he snapped grimly. "And tell your woman to behave. You won't get hurt."

"Better make him fast," grunted the captain. "No sense leavin' him loose."

The fat mate passed a length of fishing line round both of the trader's elbows which he made fast behind his back with a strong seizing, rendering him helpless.

"We'll do the same for you, ma'am," said Anselm. The trader uttered a stifled protest.

"You lay hands on her and I'll . . ." he choked.

"Aw, quit," grunted the captain with some disgust. "We ain't after wimmin."

The trader's wife, trembling a little, rose from her chair and submitted to having her elbows lashed behind her. That accomplished she was bundled into a corner with her husband and the three intruders set to work.

Anselm produced a scrap of paper which he scanned with care, occasionally lifting his eyes to orientate himself in the room.

"Direct line from idol about ten feet to center of room," he muttered. Then gazing about, "There's no damned idol here!"

He thrust the paper into his pocket.

"Where's the idol that used to be here?" he demanded harshly, staring at the bound trader. The man looked puzzled.

"He means that old wooden image we used to have," cried the woman hurriedly. "It was here when we came. We sold it to a collector who was here last year," she added, looking at Anselm. He wiped his brow as if relieved.

"Where did it stand?" he demanded.

The woman nodded to one wall.

"About there, I think. Below that picture. Did you come for that?"

Anselm ignored her. He strode to the spot indicated, placed himself beneath the picture and measured ten feet outward to the center of the room. Then taking a hammer from his pocket, he tapped on the floor, listening after each blow.

THE bungalow was of a construction rather unusual in those parts. Beneath the hardwood of the floor there was apparently solid stone and Anselm's hammer knocked futilely for some time.

"Got a chisel or crowbar anywhere around here?" he snapped.

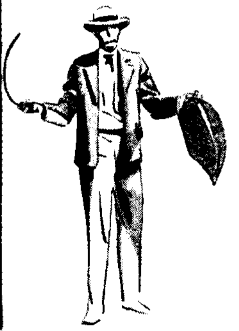
The trader shook his head.

"You might find a screw driver in the cupboard over there," he suggested, and Anselm crossed to the indicated place and wrenched open the door. A few moments of feverish groping and he found a screw driver with which he proceeded to pry up one of the floor boards, the captain and mate watching him intently.

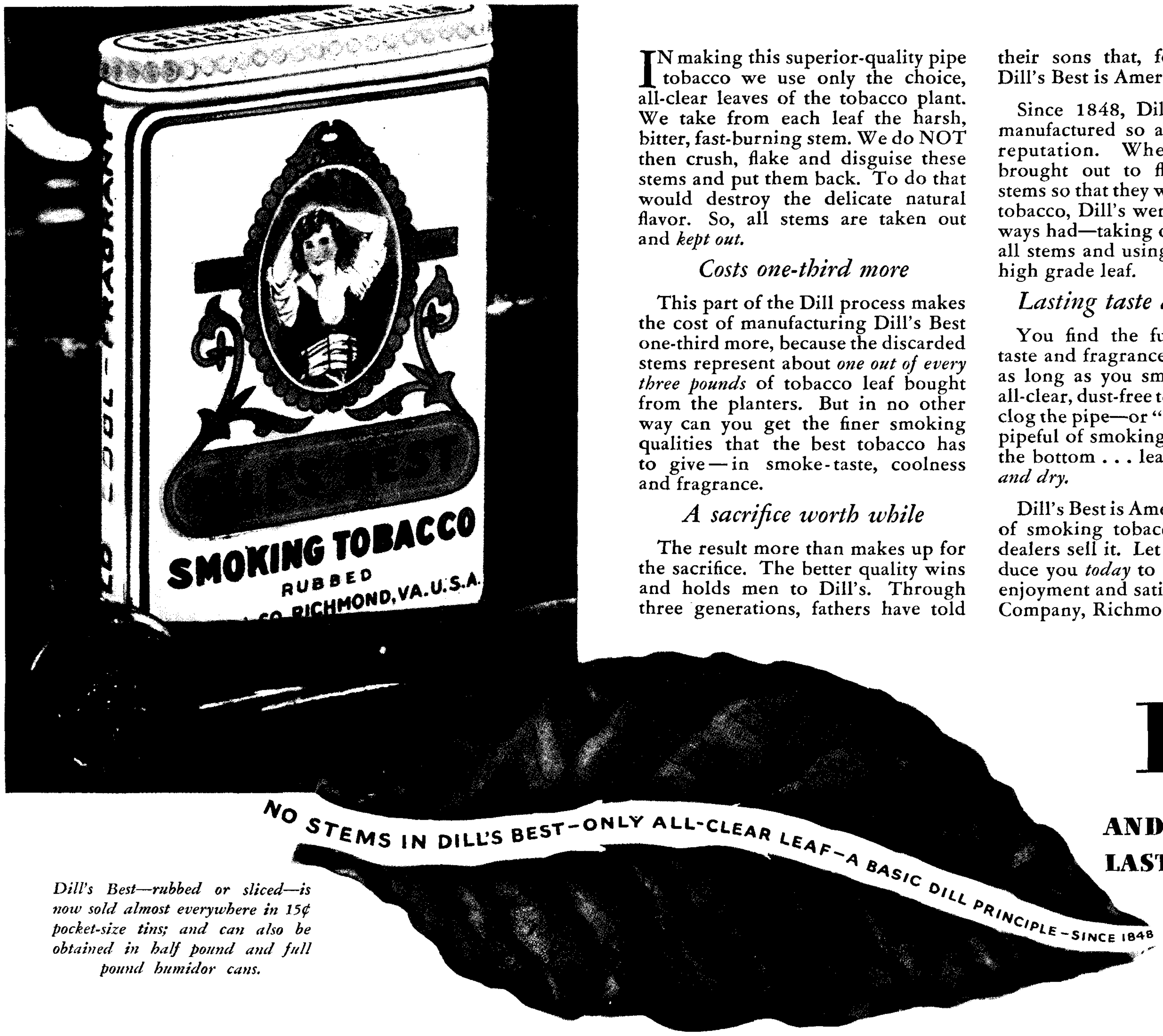
The board had been well laid and it was nearly half an hour before, with an exclamation of triumph, Anselm tore it free and tossed it aside. From the captain and the mate there came a simultaneous quick breath. In a small cavity which the board had covered there lay a rusted but still sound japanned tin box. Anselm lifted it out and carried it to the table, the others crowding at his heels; then he pried off the lock and jerked back the lid. Then he drew out first a small bundle of papers, tied with string, a worn leather bag-purse which clinked, and finally an old-fashioned, single-action .45 revolver. This last he tossed impatiently aside, as he did the papers, after a hasty glance through them. The bag he emptied with care to disclose a small packet of tightly folded Bank of England notes, a few gold sovereigns and some silver. That was all.

(Continued on page 51)

1 out of every 3 pounds of leaf *sacrificed* . . . for the quality which keeps men saying . . . .



Dill's Best is America's Best


SMOKING TOBACCO
RUBBED
RICHMOND, VA. U.S.A.
NO STEMS IN DILL'S BEST—ONLY ALL-CLEAR LEAF—A BASIC DILL PRINCIPLE—SINCE 1848

IN making this superior-quality pipe tobacco we use only the choice, all-clear leaves of the tobacco plant. We take from each leaf the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem. We do NOT then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back. To do that would destroy the delicate natural flavor. So, all stems are taken out and *kept out.*

Costs one-third more

This part of the Dill process makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more, because the discarded stems represent about *one out of every three pounds* of tobacco leaf bought from the planters. But in no other way can you get the finer smoking qualities that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

A sacrifice worth while

The result more than makes up for the sacrifice. The better quality wins and holds men to Dill's. Through three generations, fathers have told their sons that, for pipe smoking, Dill's Best is America's best.

Since 1848, Dill's Best has been manufactured so as to maintain this reputation. When machinery was brought out to flake and disguise stems so that they would look just like tobacco, Dill's went right on as it always had—taking out and leaving out all stems and using only the all-clear high grade leaf.

Lasting taste and fragrance

You find the full natural-tobacco taste and fragrance of Dill's Best last as long as you smoke. You find an all-clear, dust-free tobacco that doesn't clog the pipe—or "bite." Pipeful after pipeful of smoking . . . all the way to the bottom . . . leaves the bowl *sweet and dry.*

Dill's Best is America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco. Practically all dealers sell it. Let fifteen cents introduce you *today* to real pipe smoking enjoyment and satisfaction. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢

AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

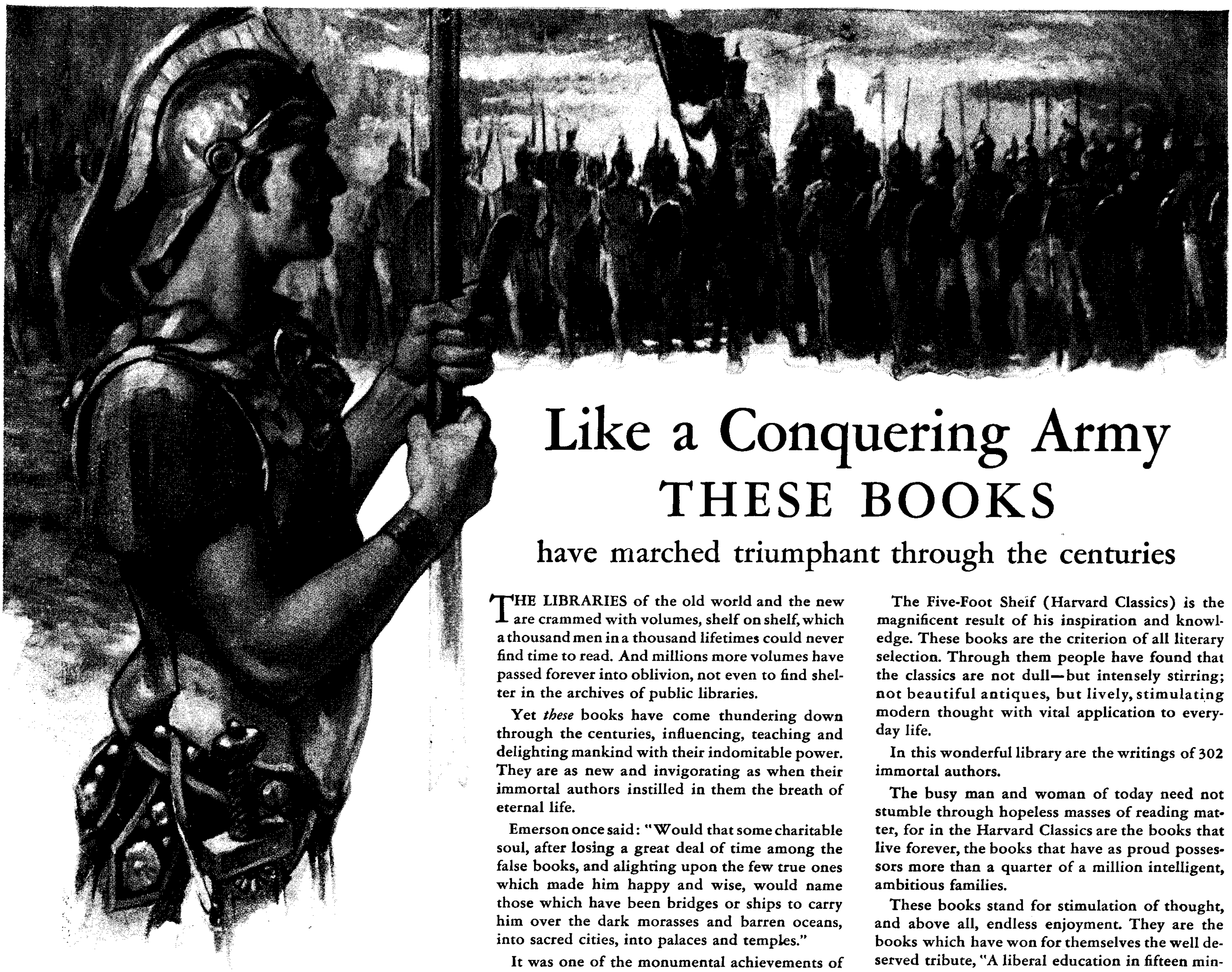
Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15¢ pocket-size tins; and can also be obtained in half pound and full pound humidor cans.

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best

TOBACCO

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND—ESTABLISHED 1848



Like a Conquering Army THESE BOOKS

have marched triumphant through the centuries

THE LIBRARIES of the old world and the new are crammed with volumes, shelf on shelf, which a thousand men in a thousand lifetimes could never find time to read. And millions more volumes have passed forever into oblivion, not even to find shelter in the archives of public libraries.

Yet *these* books have come thundering down through the centuries, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power. They are as new and invigorating as when their immortal authors instilled in them the breath of eternal life.

Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

It was one of the monumental achievements of America's greatest educator, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, to bring together the truly great books, to sift the pure gold from the mass of writings the ages have produced. For forty years President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give.

The Five-Foot Sheif (Harvard Classics) is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These books are the criterion of all literary selection. Through them people have found that the classics are not dull—but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

In this wonderful library are the writings of 302 immortal authors.

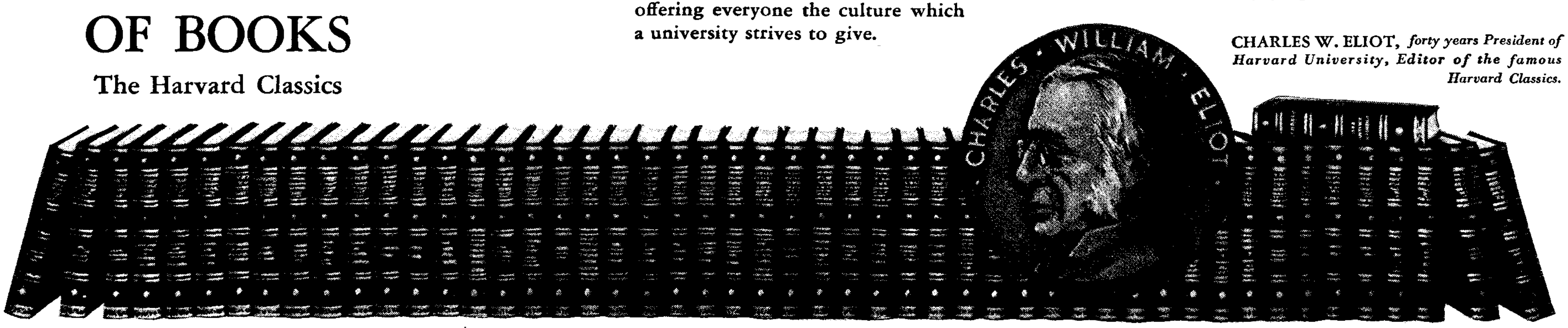
The busy man and woman of today need not stumble through hopeless masses of reading matter, for in the Harvard Classics are the books that live forever, the books that have as proud possessors more than a quarter of a million intelligent, ambitious families.

These books stand for stimulation of thought, and above all, endless enjoyment. They are the books which have won for themselves the well deserved tribute, "A liberal education in fifteen minutes a day."

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you are reading and enjoying them.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics



CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*

No. 7147-HCA

Since 1875
COLLIER
Good Books

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

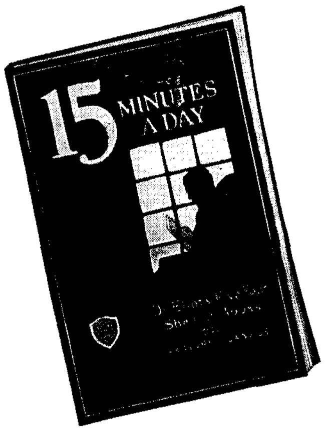
NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss ________________

ADDRESS ________________

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

This FREE *booklet*

The certificate is for your convenience. Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous booklet that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.



Nothing but a Ghost

Continued from page 48

"Ain't no pearls there," grunted the captain surlily.

"By God! They *were* here!" shouted Anselm. "They must be here! Only two men knew about them and one died in Queensland and the other in a Shanghai dive!"

The captain licked his lips.

"Maybe this wasn't the hiding place," he suggested. "Maybe there's other places!"

"By God! That's right!" Anselm blurted. He picked up his hammer again and, dropping to his knees, went carefully over the floor.

At last he paused and dropped into a chair, baffled.

"Looks as if you got us on a wild-goose chase," the captain rasped.

"Wait a bit and let me think," Anselm snarled. "They're here somewhere I tell you—find a drink!"

THE fat mate had already discovered a half-filled bottle of gin in a cupboard and this he brought forward with some cups. The captain dropped to a chair, frowning heavily, and the mate, setting the bottle on the floor, poured three generous drinks and passed them round. Several minutes passed in comparative silence, and then the captain rose and moved slowly over to confront the trader and his wife huddled still in their corner.

"We ain't meaning no harm t' you," he began smoothly. "It's a private sort of affair we're on, y' see, looking fer some loot we buried here some time back. Guess you never run across it, did you?"

"Do you think I'd be trading for copra still?" suggested the trader, with a touch of irony. "I never even knew of that hiding place under the floor."

The captain grunted.

"We got a friend of yours on th' ship," he began again. "Old gent we picked up at Singapore. Said he was your uncle, ma'am."

"Uncle?" cried the woman. She choked back her resentment and tears. "Did you bring him? I knew he was coming but we thought it would be on the next schooner from Batavia. Is he well? You didn't hurt him?"

"Not yet," observed the captain significantly. "I suppose he ain't ever been here any time?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "He was a trader here a long time ago."

"He didn't write an' tell you about any pearls, heh?" the captain suggested.

"No," answered the woman. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Mebbe if we tried a little hot iron on yer man's feet you might think of somethin'," drawled the captain. The woman's eyes widened and her lips moved soundlessly. The trader uttered a short oath.

"Sure," grunted the captain. "A touch of hot iron might help."

He bent and caught the trader by the arm, dragging him to the center of the room. The woman screamed, a high-pitched throbbing sound that made the men curse her savagely. The trader kicked and wriggled but his legs were finally lashed fast and Anselm began to heat the bent and twisted screw driver over the flame of the oil lamp on the shelf.

"I tell you there are no pearls here!" panted the trader, his face ashen. "You swine! I'd tell you if I knew."

Anselm crossed the room, the metal of the screw driver smoking a little but not quite red-hot. The fat mate bent and ripped one of the socks from the trader's foot and Anselm dropped to his knees. The woman moaned, a long, low sound filled with anguish. Her eyes closed, to jerk open again as a choking cry of pain split the room. There was a faint odor of singed flesh.

"Let him go!" whispered the woman. "There's money in the safe in the bedroom. Take it and let him go. There are no pearls that we know of."

"Might as well give him another touch," the captain suggested, and Anselm grunted. The choking cry, bitten off short, rose again. The woman lay limp in the corner, unconsciousness flooding her. Anselm straightened with a curse and flung the screw driver aside.

"Looks as if they're tellin' the truth," he said savagely.

The fat mate slopped another drink into a cup and lifted it to his lips. It never reached there. He remained transfixed, his eyes wide, his body tense. Anselm uttered a stifled and wondering oath. The captain stopped chewing at his quid and dropped a hand involuntarily to his gun. In the doorway stood Mr. Smith!

He did not look at all insignificant now. The weary shoulders seemed to have straightened and grown wider. The age wrinkles about his mouth seemed to have been magically wiped away. The eyes were no longer a lifeless gray left chill and hard and wide. There was something menacing about him in spite of his white hair, something deadly and coldly magnetic.

He was bareheaded, dressed only in a shirt and duck pants, both of which dripped with water. The front of his ducks was also stained a faint brown, from the waist almost to the knees, and it came to Anselm with a start that such a stain might have been caused by deliberately spilled tea. More menacing than all, and more suggestive, were two cartridge belts crossed about Mr. Smith's waist, and though he stood with a hand idly resting against each lintel of the door, he looked quite ready to use the guns which sagged in their holsters down each thigh.

"I WAS delayed a little," he said, and his voice was crisp and clear. "I had to swim. I came principally to correct your version of an old history, Anselm. Bradley did not want to hog all those pearls, as you suggested. His partner got that idea and shot Bradley in the back. He was afraid to try any other way. Bradley was the fastest gunman in the South in those days. His natives attacked the partner—you were right there—and he got out. He was a yellow sort of dog, for the first thing he did was to tell the authorities where they could find Bradley, and they got him and put him in jail. Bradley heard later that his partner had been killed and it never occurred to him there would be any clue left as to where the pearls were hidden, so he didn't bother to get them. He figured they'd be all right for a rainy day. When he got out of jail he went into northern Queensland and there he died. I knew him very well, you see?"

The three men, standing erect in the room were as if in a trance. The sudden appearance of a man they thought drugged for the night stunned them. There was a long, tense silence after Mr. Smith had finished speaking. Anselm was the first to break it.

"You know so damned much," he sneered, "I guess you can tell us where the pearls are then. They're mine by rights. My father . . ."

(*Continued on page 52*)

Who's Your Tailor?

ED. V. PRICE & CO.
TAILORING ATTENDS THE DIRECTORS' MEETING . . .

*More than 19,000 Business Executives Dress in These Better-Fitting Clothes

Only a great organization of skill and ability meets the exacting requirements of these men who know, want and deal in values.

They can well afford to pay much more for their clothes. Our modern tailoring service makes it unnecessary.

The extra value in fabrics, style, fit and workmanship in our garments tailored to your individual build and attitude requirements is yours at no greater cost than ordinary clothes.

Our local representative will gladly show you the new Fall and Winter fabrics now on display. The coupon will bring his name and information of real interest to you.

*
Taken from a recent census of Ed. V. Price & Co. customers through our 3500 dealers in all parts of the country.

$30 $35 $45 $50 and upwards

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

ED. V. PRICE & CO., 319-339 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL. C-9-14
Please send me the name of your nearest representative, your new style book, "Men's Togs," and facts about your exclusive "Attitude Method" of personal tailoring.
Name........................
Street........................
City........................ State........................

... FASTER ..
.. ever FASTER
grows the pace of Business ....

MODERN business eagerly grasps every new device for speed, every labor-saving method, every aid to greater production. The grilling pace of competition must be met. ¶ Progressive business offices everywhere have adopted the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter. They endorse its distinctive advantages—its resilient action, unvarying smoothness and accuracy, its greater capacity for faster, finer output. ¶ In these days of intensified pressure upon personnel and equipment, the light-running Royal is easing the tasks of the thousands who are daily employed at its keys. ¶ The superiority of this modern business machine is indisputably confirmed by its results. *Compare the work!*

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Incorporated
NEW YORK CITY
Branches and Agencies the World Over
Price, $102.50

ROYAL
TRADE MARK
TYPEWRITERS

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Was Bradley's partner," said the old man quietly. "And a yellow dog!"

"There's no use blatting away like this," jerked the captain suddenly. "You know too damned much, *Mister* Smith. Guess you were wise to the doping, eh? Well, we c'n use you right now. What happened to the pearls?"

"They're here," said Mr. Smith, a faint smile curving his lips. He glanced at the gap in the flooring and then at the seared feet of the helpless trader. Finally he glanced at the woman huddled in the corner and his face hardened.

"I'll take the three of you to Billiton and the magistrate," he stated crisply. "You'll get five years at the least!"

Anselm's breath went out with a hissing noise. The captain's eyes became mere slits. The fat mate took half a step back and dropped a hand to his gun. The three of them drew almost together, and the captain and Anselm at least were fast for men who were not professionals with weapons. But neither of them saw Mr. Smith's hands move. One moment he was idly and even indolently leaning in the doorway, and the next, he was erect and orange flames were stabbing from each of his hips.

The fat mate's bullet buried itself in the floor as he pitched forward like a log, a neat hole above his heart. The captain staggered and went on one knee without having fired at all, his gun dropping with a thud as he twisted sideways and crashed limp. Anselm's bullet splintered the stone of the wall a clear two feet to one side of the doorway, and then a red stain crept slowly across the bosom of his shirt. He sagged at the knees, and then collapsed like an empty sack.

Mr. Smith stood motionless for a moment, blue smoke curling up before his face. Then, holstering his guns, he moved into the room, secured a knife and cut both the trader and his wife free.

He lifted the woman to a chair, and forced some gin between her lips. The trader hauled himself to a seat and swallowed a stiff three fingers before he could speak.

"You came . . . just in time," he whispered hoarsely. "The devils!" He stared at the limp bodies and shuddered. The woman opened her eyes and gazed stupidly around before remembrance came and she moaned. Mr. Smith picked up from the débris of the ruined table the old single-action revolver Anselm had lifted from the tin box, and began to fumble absently with the butt. It came away in his hand after awhile to drop into his palm a small washleather bag which he opened and emptied, disclosing nearly twenty fine pearls of considerable size and value. He stared at them for a while, smiling faintly, and then slipped them into his pocket. The woman stared at him, awed.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "I don't know you . . . unless . . ."

"I'm your uncle," he said gently, and blinked. "There's nothing to worry about now." He left her for a moment and went outside into the darkness. His face was queerly soft and gentle as he gazed up at the stars and the night wind played in his hair.

"There was a man who died in Queensland," he whispered. "In the old days, the brave old days. We must remember that. It was only a ghost that walked tonight."

HE REMAINED motionless for a long time. Then his hands moved to his cartridge belts. Twice and three times he touched them and twice and three times his fingers fell away. He seemed irresolute, as if there was some madness in the wind, and the night that stirred him set desires racing in his blood which he fought against. But at last he straightened his shoulders and set his lips. Steadily he unbuckled the belts, and flu [illegible] away with their holstered guns.

"Yes," he said, very wearily, "it was nothing but a ghost. The old days are gone."

Then Typhoon Bradley turned and went back into the bungalow and strangely the age-lag was in his step and the shoulders that had once been massive were caved over the ruin of a chest again. But he was smiling to himself and felt at peace.

Bad News for Pitchers

Continued from page 19

subject in which I am vitally interested, as one of my kiddies got kicked in the head by a zebra the other day, and will have to give up reading for the law and be a football coach, a baseball umpire and a cartoonist. The madam thinks a cartoonist's work is too confining; if the boy got good at it and his cartoons were widely syndicated, he wouldn't dare go any farther than Siberia for his outings and not even there more than four or five times a year.

A football coach is usually home in the summer, when you've already got mosquitoes. So we kind of hope the boy will choose umpiring, and have engaged a private tutor to instruct him in pointing as well as imitating the cries of animals.

The Place for an Expert

I don't believe I had better waste my time and yours with suggestions on how to umpire. Billy Evans, apparently normal when a child, went into the profession and wrote a surprisingly clear booklet about it which you can buy for twenty-five cents.

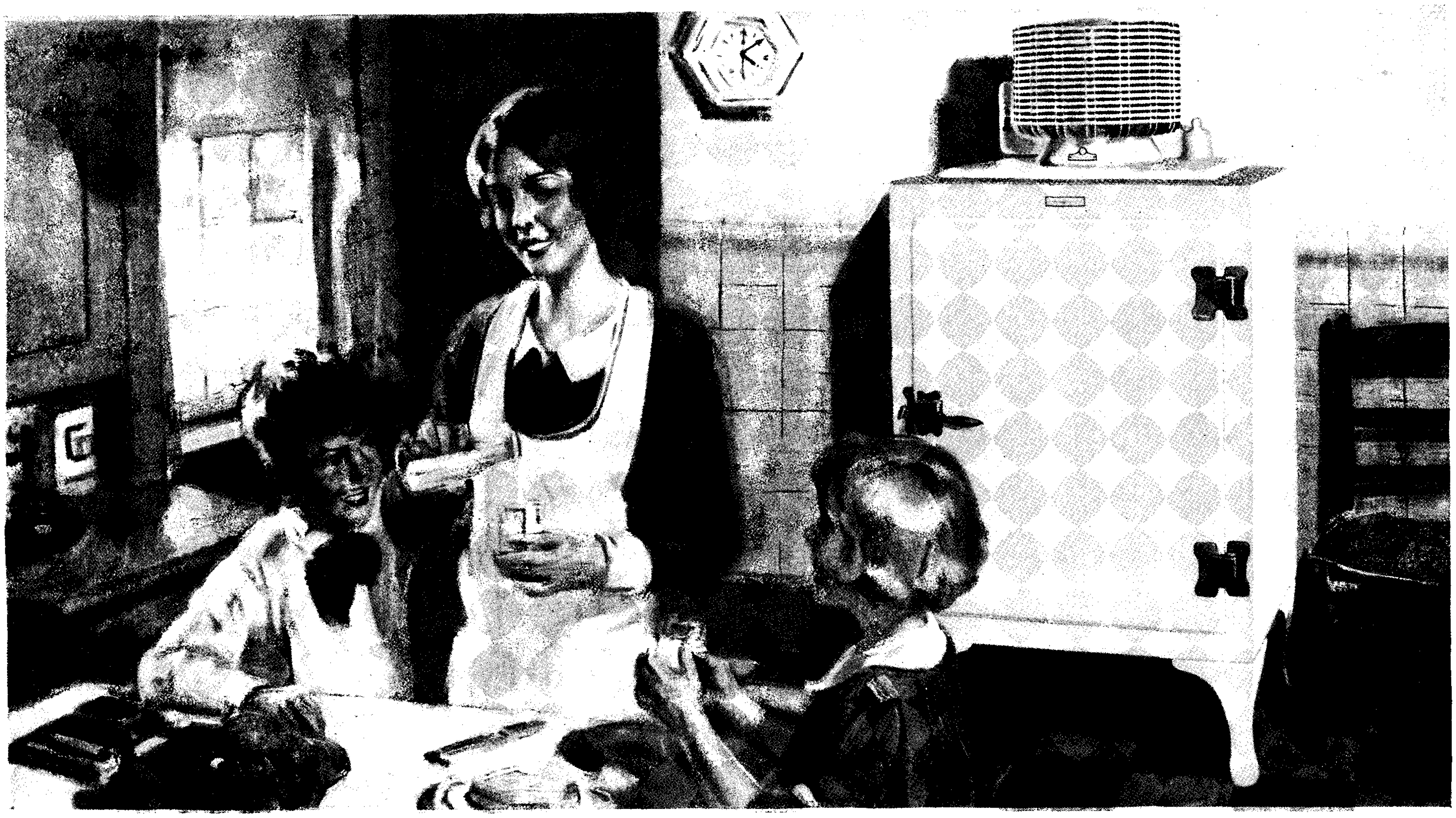
There is just one thing I would advise and that is to sit in the stands or the bleachers instead of trying to run the game from the field. I know that the place to judge balls and strikes is in the back row of the right field seats, because I have sat there and heard my neighbors correct an umpire when he charged one of the home batsmen with a strike that was below his knees and too close to him. The correction went unheeded, of course, because umpires are infallible.

The only time I ever saw an umpire in doubt of this infallibility was five or six hours after a certain world's series game in New York. Two of them, following a consultation, had called the game on account of darkness. It was noon and Old Sol beat down out of a cloudless sky. I reached Park Row forty minutes later and nearly had sunstroke walking from the subway to the office. The stenographers, returning from lunch, carried parasols.

My work done, I went to the Waldorf where Mr. McGraw was not letting you pay for anything. I saw one of the umpires in the lobby with Nick Altrock, and horned in.

"I'd like to have you boys' honest opinion," said the umps. "Didn't you think it was getting pretty dim out there?"

"It would have been only for the fireflies," said Mr. Altrock.



Your Children — — —
— — — is their food safe ?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is not wholesome—possibly dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less — always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food is contaminated—becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only all-steel, warp-proof cabinet — easily-cleaned, sanitary.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now $215 AT THE FACTORY

Your dealer will be glad to explain the spaced payment plan, which makes it so easy to own this faithful watchman of the family health. If there is not a dealer near you, write Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for booklet C-9.

An unmatched record

There are now more than 300,000 homes enjoying the comfort and protection of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one of the owners has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

"Then ye who'd bid adieu
to care,
Come here and smoke it
into air."
—Anon.

DONALD GARDNER
1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD · · AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

Pipe smokers:

Back about 1870, James N. Wellman developed a secret tobacco process which won instant and widespread favor. It yielded a fuller-bodied richness, mildness and flavor which just seemed to "go" with a pipe.

Wellman's Method, used exclusively on Granger Rough Cut, is what makes it so fragrant and mellow, so sweet and cool.

Big, shaggy flakes—not like finely cut hot-burning tobaccos, but "Rough Cut" to burn slowly down to a clean, dry ash.

All in a common-sense soft package, foil wrapped to give the best protection, at 10 cents. A whole bookful of reasons why it's "in more pipes every day!"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO

...in more pipes every day!

I'm not scared of the General

Continued from page 17

"That reminds me." On his way to the door George Malt turned. "She gave me a message. Something—was it?—about a dog—"

"A dog?"

"As I recall it," stated George Malt, "it was some bilge about if she had a dog who wanted a walk she would not be troubling you."

"Oh." Aubrey had paled, but he set his teeth. "She said that?"

"'If you see him,' she said, 'tell him this from me.'" George laughed. "But don't you worry! Leave it all to me!"

IT WAS not until the following afternoon that Aubrey had a chance to show initiative. Strolling down by the lake, he heard the boom of the General's voice. It seemed he was addressing a gardener. Throwing up his chin, Aubrey made for the source of the disturbance, thoughts of Lindbergh banking up solid behind his resolution.

"Good afternoon, sir," opened Aubrey, as he came on the General surveying a ladder with disapproval.

The old soldier turned on him abruptly.

"D'yeh see what that fool brought me for a ladder to reach up to the gallery windows?" he shouted. "Ten-foot short! What does the blinkin' fool think I am—Blondin?"

"Is there any little thing I can do, sir?" asked Aubrey.

The General surveyed him thoughtfully. He had not forgotten billiards or the fly book, but he hated delay and he wanted to get a burglar trap he had devised fixed at the windows of the gallery.

"I think," he declared, "I could manage to reach the ledge up there if you could steady the ladder. Think yeh could manage it? Then while I make fast to the ledge, yeh could shift the ladder round the corner and I could climb on again and reach the sills. What?"

"Certainly!" agreed Aubrey, showing enterprise.

Collecting a coil of wire the General mounted the rungs.

To Aubrey at the foot of the ladder the climb seemed a long one. Some thirty feet up the General was snorting dizzily among drain pipes and gutters, trailing yards of wire as it unwound on his outstretched arm.

When he had reached the ledge the General looked down. "Right?" he inquired.

Tightening his hold on the ladder, Aubrey jerked his head. Gingerly the man at the top transferred his weight to a foot groping for a toehold on the coping, then, clinging to the ledge with his hands, he parted company deliberately with the ladder. Watching the feat brought perspiration to Aubrey's brow, safe as he was on the ground. It seemed as though the General could only hold on for a matter of seconds. He heaved at the ladder to shift it, as ordered, round the corner.

His first heave moved the top some three feet against the brick work, but not by a millimeter did it shift the bottom cupped in the turf. Desperately he heaved again and this time the top, yielding gracefully to gravity, began to slide over the wall. Leaping round the base, Aubrey set his shoulder against the progress, and it was not until a yell from above reached his ear that he knew he had been successful. The top of the ladder he now found had ridden the crest and stopped itself by cannonading into the seat of the General's trousers, on the other side. A man made of lesser stuff than the General would have been dislodged.

"What the boundin', blastin' hell," he inquired, choked with the effort, "do yeh think you're doing, yeh pop-eyed young fool?"

But Aubrey, shaken to the core, did not hear him. He was sure the General could not cling on more than a minute or so longer—and so was the General. Twice more in less than half a minute he drove a battering ram into the seat of the old soldier's pants, then, taking advantage of his flagging strength, the ladder skidded off due west, and crashing over the roof of the library windows, split itself neatly in half.

The General, like a parboiled eagle from the crags, watched it go—watched the man to whom he had trusted his life, snatch up the longer portion and offer it to him as the best he could do—watched Elaine arrive, attracted by the noise. Then he applied himself inarticulately to the job of holding on to his two inches of coping.

"Oh, oh!" cried Elaine. "Why won't you do something? He'll be killed. . . ."

It seemed likely to Aubrey. "But what can I do?" Lindbergh, he was certain, would have done something.

"A ladder—a rope! Anything!"

It was at this moment that the gardener appeared with the long ladder. The whole household seemed to have collected as they set it rapidly against the wall for the General to embark. "Poor, poor fish!" her eyes seemed to say to him, but the arm of George Malt drew him aside.

"Shift-ho, I think," he counseled.

"Me?" Aubrey demanded with heat. "I'm not afraid to—" he broke off, catching sight of the General's face as he paused before making his descent. It was as if his roving eye were seeking out someone in the crowd below. "Where to?' he amended hurriedly.

"Immaterial," stated George Malt. "It is speed that counts."

THAT evening he chanced upon Elaine in the picture gallery upstairs.

"Still here?" she greeted, a trifle coldly Aubrey thought.

"Here?" He moved over to her side among the crates in the softly-lit gallery.

"There is," she explained, "a good service of trains back to town."

In the faint glow from the shaded lamps she made a picture which went straight to Aubrey's heart. Swiftly now he knew that he hated this man Lindbergh. He gulped. "I'm not going," he stated in a voice he did not recognize.

"Oh?"

"I'm not going to leave this house, Elaine, until I've shown you that I am not the—the worm you think I am."

"You know I consider you a worm?" She was examining the tips of her fingers.

"Yes." He moved closer to her as she slanted against a crate. "George Malt told me."

A hand hanging at her side touched his. Like a man in a dream he bent his fingers over it. "He's your father, Elaine—and after all I'm stopping in his house."

She shook her head, and Aubrey noticed that her lip was trembling. "What difference does that make? Oh! As long as I can remember I seem to have heard him cursing and spluttering at people! At first I thought you were—different. But I know now that it's just because you haven't the spirit. Oh, oh! Either a man has nice manners and no spirit, or . . . or. . . . Why, if I only knew it, I expect Lindbergh raves at you if you forget to put s-sugar in his t-tea. . . ."

A remarkable thing happened to Aubrey Effinghame. He discovered himself in the act of kissing someone. It was Elaine.

"Ye Gods!" cried Aubrey, when at length he came up for air. "Ye Gods and by Jove!" He prepared to submerge afresh, but Elaine was gone.

From the door at the far end came the sound of retreating footsteps. Aubrey leaped round.

"Oh, oh!" sounded a queer little voice. "I hate you! I hate you! But . . . you're rather a dear. . . ."

IT WAS the proximity of the cases, taken in partnership with the new yeasty feeling which now surged in him, which gave him the idea. It seemed to show initiative. It seemed to show enterprise.

Through the billiard-room he made his way round to the kennels at the back of the house, taking care to leave the French windows open behind him as he took to the lawns. It was close on midnight and there was no one about. He wanted to keep his idea to himself.

One of the first things he had been shown by the General on his arrival was the lion dogs brought back by the General from Kenya some six months ago. "The only things, my boy," that old soldier had confided to him in those days when all was peace, "the only things on four legs that will stand up to a lion." And certainly they had looked fierce enough. Outside the pen now, Aubrey ran an eye over the brutes in the moonlight. He was not afraid of dogs—even half-broken lion dogs as big as small mules. But he wanted to make sure.

"Good fellows then," opened Aubrey. "Good boys!"

One of the dogs nosed to the bars. Hoping he did not look like a lion in the moonlight, Aubrey scratched his head. In less than a minute, that dog was outside the pen and, with his collar held firmly in Aubrey's hand, was being led quietly back to the house.

"And now," said Aubrey to himself as he shut the door of the gallery on the lion's foe, "that plate which has been worrying the General is safe for one night at any rate. If I couldn't help the old boy rig up his trap at the window, he'll have to admit I did the trick for him in another way."

He turned to open the door for a last look round on this show of enterprise, but a bloodcurdling growl, followed by a sinister rush, caused him hastily to change his mind. "I should not," he reflected with satisfaction, "care to be the burglar who tries to break in there!" Smiling to himself he went happily to bed.

Next morning Aubrey awoke to a rose-tinted world. He greeted the company at breakfast with a quiet confidence. The General, stretched in a chair at the French windows, had a touch of gout.

"Well, well," Aubrey chirped as he shook out his napkin. "Everything all right with the plate?" It was a rhetorical question.

"What do you mean?" demanded George Malt.

"Mean?" Aubrey turned to him from beaming on Elaine. "I mean that I'll bet no one got in to steal it!"

THROWING aside his napkin, the friend of Aubrey's school days rose urgently to his feet. The look of consternation on his face piqued Aubrey.

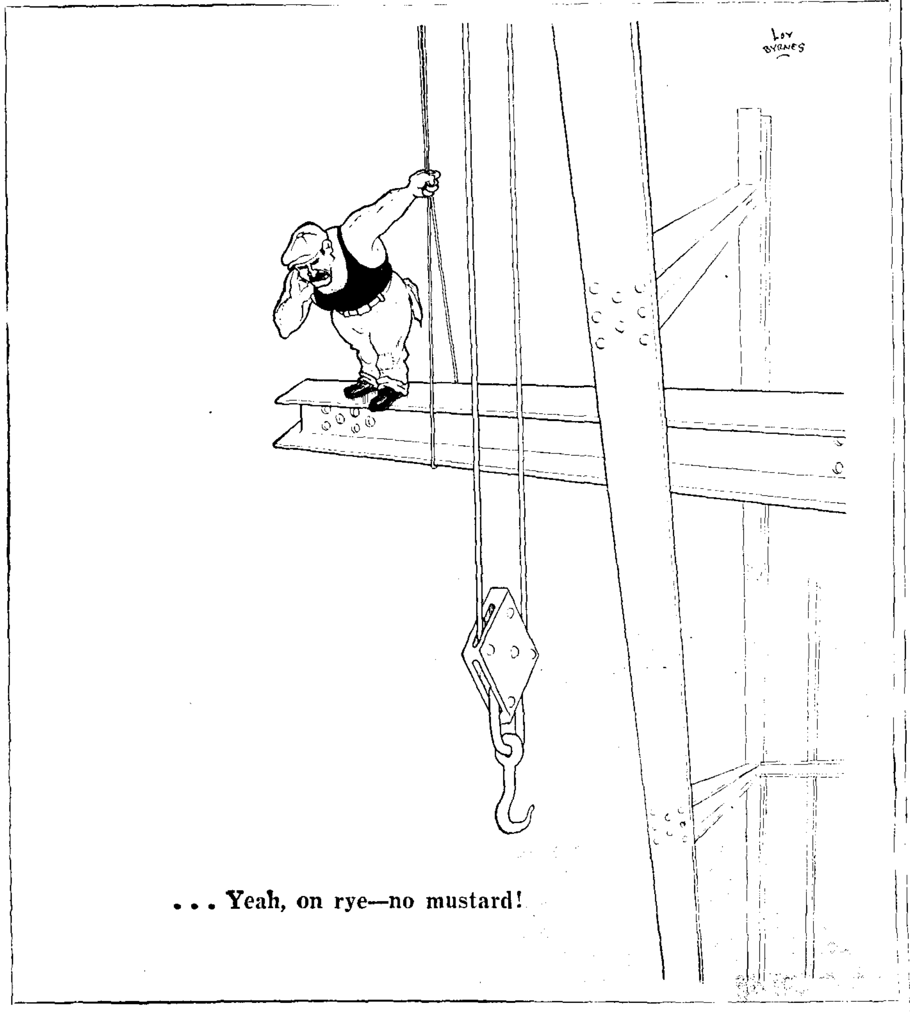
"Do you," he inquired distantly, "find anything wrong with the idea?"

George Malt waved an urgent hand, pointing to the General and pressing a finger to his lips.

Aubrey was puzzled. Smiling he shook his head. "I was only asking you if you found anything wrong with my scheme of shutting the dog up in—"

A smothered howl burst forth from the direction of the General's chair. His neck was swelling as he struggled to get on his bandaged legs. "So you were the idiotic fool who shut that damned dog in the picture gallery! Lemme get hold of yeh! Gimme that crutch somebody, I'll—"

(*Continued on page 56*)



. . . Yeah, on rye—no mustard!

FREE!

A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.

How to feel Clean-Shaven Longer!

Now a closer shave because of extra efficiency of small-bubble lather.

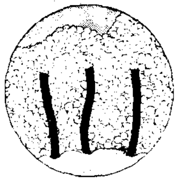
MEN who use Colgate's do not worry around five o'clock as to whether to shave again....or to try and "get by." Such men know the superiority of Colgate's small-bubble lather—that it gives a longer-lasting shave—one that makes you feel comfortable and clean-faced. Colgate's small-bubble lather, as its users know, is vastly different, quickly moistening the beard at the base, as big bubbles can't.

Just Plain Reasoning

The minute you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard....crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

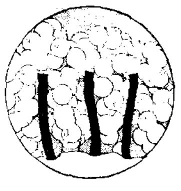
Instantly your beard gets moist....easier to cut.... scientifically softened right down at the base.

Ordinary, big-bubble lathers have more air, less moisture. A comparison will prove Colgate superiority. Note our coupon offer of a week's free trial. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful—the perfect shave finale.



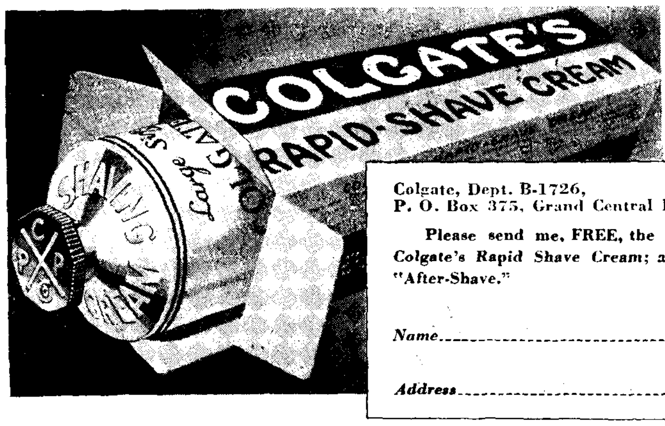
COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



Colgate, Dept. B-1726,
P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
LEADER
SPEED LOADS
RANGER
REPEATER

When the call of all outdoors becomes a positive *command*

IF YOU'VE never known the thrill that comes only with a good gun nestled in your arm, begin right now and begin right—with a Winchester.

There's a Winchester for every shooting purpose — dependable, close shooting, beautiful in balance and in action and stamped on barrel and receiver with the "Winchester Proof" mark—the supreme test for safety and the mark of aristocracy in gun making.

Here, for instance, is Winchester Model 12, known as "the perfect repeater" and truly an outstanding masterpiece in shotguns. 6-shot hammerless, 12, 16 and 20 gauge.

You may, of course, prefer a hammer gun like Model 97—a 6-shot, hammer repeater. Or, if you elect the small bore sport, there is Model 41—a racy, bolt action single-shot thoroughbred, or the Model 20—a beautiful breakdown single shot—each in .410 bore.

It will help you choose to write for our Free booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition." Ask at the same time for "The Winchester Idea"—a booklet which describes—all Winchester Products.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.
Dept. C

Shoot Winchester Ammunition in Winchester Guns—they are made for each other and for true variety in sport.

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

(*Continued from page 55*)

Aubrey was getting used to leaving his host in mid-sentence, but this time as he legged it for the broad horizons, he was puzzled.

"Gout!" echoed George Malt, when he had piloted his friend out of reach of the storm. "What made you think the old boy had gout? Those bandages were how the doctor fixed him up after the dog had finished with him. When he got home last night he popped up to the gallery for a last look round. I beg your pardon?"

"If you will pack my bag and bring it out to me," Aubrey said, "I am catching the next train back to town."

But George Malt was not listening. He waved his friend absently to silence. "I'm thinking. I always work best when hard-pressed for ideas. . . ."

THROUGH the screen of trees and shrubs intervening, Aubrey glimpsed a slender figure patting pillows about the General as he allowed himself to be settled once more in his chair. A sensation of vast loneliness swept over him.

"Good!" decided George Malt. "It will work. What is needed is something desperate—something that will knock them cold. I knew I would be able to help you!"

"I am going back to London," said Aubrey.

"You are not. Not when I have had the idea of a lifetime."

"I am going back to London."

The man with ideas patted him tolerantly on the shoulder. "Listen to me, laddie! Either you want this girl or you don't. Am I right?"

Aubrey eyed him doubtfully. "Well?"

"This is the scheme. Either you jump into it with both hands and the engagement is announced, or you confess you're sick of this woman and I get your bag."

"Elaine—"

"Good! You are with me! Wise—very wise. You know Melchington?—about seven miles from here, the place where they hold the Assizes. Well, there's a fellow there I defended once—he should have gone for a stretch of anything up to five years, but I pointed out that he was an ex-soldier, father of five, with a wife expecting, and," added George Malt, "that he was in Glasgow at the time. He got off with a medal and ten pounds from the missionary box. I must tell you about him some day."

"Do," invited Aubrey. "But in the meantime I am going back to town."

"One minute! This fellow will do anything I ask. This morning I am running over in the car for a chat with him. Now listen very carefully to this. With this plate lying about it's a gift! At two-thirty tomorrow morning—no, make it three. Three, then? Good. At three, this fellow is found by you in the picture gallery. You slosh him—he's about six-foot-four—did I mention he got pinched the time I appeared with him for putting three constables into a hospital for seven weeks? You are seen by the household putting in the good work, then, just as everyone rushes to your assistance, he breaks loose and gets away—"

"And—you mean Elaine . . ."

"'My hero!' she breathes, and drops into your arms. 'Put it there,' says the General. 'My boy, I'm proud of you! Proud to have my daughter marry a man like you. If—'"

Aubrey stopped it with a gesture. He wanted time to think. The idea had possibilities. "You don't think he might lose his temper and—"

George Malt laughed. "Give me a tenner," he said, "and leave it to me. Remember—three o'clock in the morning!"

That night Aubrey took an alarm clock to bed with him. He passed into the land of dreams full of quiet confidence.

It was not the alarm clock that woke him in the early hours. The sound of a shot echoed into his sleep, and as he leaped out of his bed he became aware of sounds of confusion rising up the broad well of the stairs from the hall below. Seizing the clock he scrutinized the face closely in the darkness. Three twenty-seven was the time, for Aubrey was a sound sleeper. The clock had done its best. With a groan he jumped into a dressing-gown and dashed for the stairs to take up his belated cue.

But on the broad gallery running round three sides of the hall, he pulled up short. And not without cause. His meteoric entrance on the scene was greeted by three shots fired rapidly from an automatic held by George Malt's obliging acquaintance who, it seemed, was cornered in the hall below.

"Overdoing it," Aubrey decided. Woodwork had splintered all round his head. He hesitated. In various strategical positions the whole household appeared to have collected on that gallery and behind pillars and convenient objects of heavy furniture in the hall.

"Get down, yeh fool!" breathed a familiar voice at Aubrey's feet. "The man's a thug—cornered—and he's out to kill. . . ."

On his stomach the General was snaking his way towards the banisters, a double-barrelled elephant gun in his hand. Someone, before the fun had begun, had switched on the lights, and in the glare of them Aubrey now made out the figure of Elaine, hands clasped before her, among an assortment of maids on the far side of the gallery. He drew a deep, happy breath, holding his ground.

Over the balustrade, on the blind side, he passed on to the friend of George Malt a wink full of significance, then stooping over the General concentrating in his Indian Brave act, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"No, no!" he smiled. "This is not the way." From that dumb-struck tracker's fist he removed the gun, shaking his head critically. "Cocked, too! Let me—"

The gun in Aubrey's hand leaped like a live thing, and a shattering roar took the air. A large fragment of the General's coat sailed into the air, and closely following it came the old soldier himself, fists clenched over his head.

"Yeh blitherin' fool—" he began, but a salvo from the man with the automatic sent him back to earth with a bound.

SHAKEN, Aubrey laid aside the gun. The time for action had come. With a shrug he walked deliberately to the top of the main staircase.

"Stand back—or I'll plug yer!"

Aubrey smiled—and strolled on down the stairs. This fellow was doing it rather well. A warm feeling of gratitude moved him for that man of affairs, George Malt.

"*Get back!*" the man in the hall snarled. Into his voice he had managed to put a certain amount of realism. Aubrey admired his work. "What's yer game?"

Aubrey passed a confident beam round the breathless company. It lighted on the face of George Malt.

A late-comer on the scene like Aubrey, George Malt had cast one glance on the burglar below, then clung to the pillar he was hiding behind for support. He had never seen this burglar before.

His face, as Aubrey now surveyed it, looked odd. There was a tense expectant twist about it that puzzled him. He smiled reassuringly to let his promoter know that, although he had arrived late, he was not going to let him down.

But from the cover of his pillar, George Malt shook his head, waving his hands idiotically in front of his face.

With his head poised to one side, Aubrey watched it critically, his eyebrows puckered politely.

"Get back!" this man croaked hoarsely. *"Get back!"*

It seemed like a chorus to Aubrey. The sound of it had begun to bore him. "That's all right," he said. "Leave this fellow to me. Don't worry!" He laughed carelessly. Lindbergh, he was sure, could have done no better.

A bottled moan escaped from the lips of George Malt as he watched Aubrey continue down the stairs. Vaguely he considered making a dash to drag this poor nut back to safety, but he decided that one funeral was sufficient.

TO THE man with the automatic, Aubrey was a new experience. Up to the point where this young man had burst in on the scene, the recovery from a bad start to his night's work had been progressing as well as could be expected. In another brace of shakes he would have worked his way to the switches and made a safe get-away in the darkness.

His first thought on encountering the strange phenomenon of one advancing with a smile on to the spout of a formidable automatic was concealed machine guns. But as Aubrey stopped in front of him, hands on hips, he abandoned the theory. He now favored the thesis that he had bumped into a colleague engaged on an inside job.

"What's the game?" he repeated in a dry whisper.

Aubrey held a finger discreetly to his lips, lowering the left eyelid commandingly. "That," he said in a voice that carried well, "will be enough of this." Then he made a grab for the gun.

Up the stairs George Malt shut his eyes and waited for the report that was to be Requiem.

There was no report. For one thing, the gun was empty—the last shot had gone to discipline the General before Aubrey began his descent; for another, this thug was interested in Aubrey. That wink had strengthened the theory of an inside job.

"Oh?" Aubrey drew back a space to turn up the sleeves of his dressing gown. "Very well. I shall have to use violence."

Carefully clenching his fist he brought it sharply down on the gunman's wrist. Behind his pillar George Malt's knees gave. The automatic spun from the thug's hand, and, with a bellow of wrath, he jumped at Aubrey. But before his fingers could meet round the young man's throat, he stopped short. A second wink had reached him. It was full of dark significance. This sort of thing was outside a hard-working burglar's experience. He paused to consider it, and in that pause Aubrey landed his second blow—half an inch, perhaps, too low under the right eye.

As the bewildered gunman recoiled, he became aware that this little man was wagging an urgent finger at him. He only wagged it long enough to attract attention, then put all his weight behind a drive that took the intruder's wind somewhere a long way off where it did not belong.

In the next few seconds the dazed thug seemed to see nothing but urgent winks, commanding gestures that plumbed depths of understanding beyond his knowledge, and the beginning end of rocket-like swipes that landed on him regularly in the brief intervals. It did not look like a square deal to him. He pulled himself together. Whatever this was, he was going to put an end to it.

An avalanche landed on him—it was Aubrey leaping round his neck. He seized it, and tearing it away from him, held it purposefully at arm's length. He drew back his fist.

Aubrey was puzzled. Three winks he got over *accelerando*, then came realization that this roughneck must have let his artistic spirit run away with him. But instinct came to his aid. As that swing whistled through the air, he ducked and dived for the stairs and safety.

When he came to work it out afterwards he decided that he tripped on the rug as he dived. All he remembered at the time was hitting the parquet, and, as he sprawled, heavy boots taking him in the ribs. One flash he registered of the thug, stern elevated, striving for a decision against gravity, then astronomy seemed to be indicated.

It was the General who dragged him to his feet. "By Gad!" he was snorting, as he indicated the limp pile, all that remained of the thug. "That last was a neat bit of work!"

"Bit of work?"

"Throwing him over your shoulder! Cumberland style! Stunned him, by gad!"

"Cumberland style?" He wanted to get this business clear. "Is—is he dead?"

The General laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Best leave him as he is," he hastened persuasively. "If yeh go any further we may have trouble with the police." He turned away to take charge of the internment squad. "My lad, I'm proud of yeh! And to think when yeh took my gun I—" shaking his head he applied himself to the victim.

The General was proud of him. The words had a familiar ring. But according to George Malt, there should have been a second stanza. If—

"Oh, Aubrey! How . . . wonderful. . . ."

Wide-eyed this girl was hanging on to his gaze, her knuckles tucked up under her chin. Aubrey had seen things like this on the screen. Clearness of vision came to him.

"Wonderful? You mean that fellow?"

Drawing a deep breath she said nothing.

"Oh, that!" He laughed lightly. "It was nothing! Just Cumberland style." Lindbergh wouldn't have thought of that.

She shook her head. "Aubrey," she breathed, "I'm sorry I said that about the dog. I should have known that—that in the big test you—"

"BY THE way—" The figure of George Malt, drifting by, fastened itself on to Aubrey. "I meant to tell you, but it slipped my memory. That fellow I was talking to you about yesterday in the gardens bought a pub in Blackpool last November. I recalled it just after I left you."

Aubrey allowed it to soak in. "Then—" perspiration broke out on his brow, "you mean . . ." His eye lingered on the procession led by the General. It was bearing the thug away like a sack of grain. "They've got that fellow quite—safe?"

George Malt shrugged. "I must hop along to lend a hand. Odd coincidence, was it not?" He hurried off at the tail of the procession, leaving them alone together in the hall.

Aubrey recalled his thoughts from the toils of the last half hour. A slim hand had found its way into his fingers. Eyes of cornflower blue were holding him expectantly. As one who samples the upper air at the top of the shaft three days after the mine explosion which entombed him, Aubrey Effinghame filled his lungs.

"You were saying," he reminded, as he adjusted the cord of his dressing-gown and straightened the cuffs, "something about taking a dog for a walk?"

"My Lindbergh!" breathed Elaine.

Modernizes Steam Heat . . . keeps radiators hot longer Have this fuel-saving comfort with your present heating system

Steam heat in your home or building? Without radical or expensive changes you can make it the most modern kind of heating system! In a few hours it can be converted into a *vacuum* system at a small fraction of the cost of a new one.

WHY VACUUM ?

—because. . . .

in a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat up far quicker. In a vacuum system, they stay hot far longer. Naturally, less fuel is consumed.

ANY good heating contractor can do the job for you in jig-time. He tightens up the system to keep out air; places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the pipes of air; and installs a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on each radiator.

That is all. You will then have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. With uncanny efficiency *every* radiator heats up *15 minutes* after drafts are opened. When the fire is banked, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps heat in radiators for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. This means that in the coldest weather radiators stay hot all day long without frequent raising of steam pressure. Can you imagine a more efficient heating system?

And that is not all. In the thousands of homes whose heating systems are vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, they are saving as much as five dollars per radiator every year in fuel bills.

Ask your heating contractor to come up and estimate the cost of vacuum-izing. When you learn how little it costs you will find it hard to believe our claims. If so, send for the booklet, "How to Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief", which tells and *proves* the whole story. Do not put it off. Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. R-5, Waterbury, Connecticut.

April Escapade

Continued from page 28

and helpless, somehow, curled in her lap.

"Why couldn't you tell Rountree that you couldn't do it?" Martin asked, in what was almost his usual gentle tone with her.

"I thought—" she said huskily, in a lowered tone, "that you could use the money, Mart. I thought you could go to Germany."

"The money!" he echoed, with a scowl.

"Yes. That was what started it."

"He paid you?"

"But why should I have done it, otherwise?"

"You mean you thought I'd take his dirty money!"

"Mart, don't talk that way."

"I might have murdered the fellow, and you take his money!" Mart said bitterly.

"But I couldn't know that," Mary Kate reminded him, openly wiping her eyes, looking at him through sopping lashes. "I am as sorry as I can be," she said. "But—but you have no right to be so hard on me, Mart."

JUST then there was an authoritative knock on the kitchen door. And instantly she knew it would be Christopher who stood in the opening, when Cass had opened it—as indeed it was Christopher.

He sent a quick glance about the orderly, homely room, and came in. Hardly a word was exchanged as he took off his hat and overcoat, and hung them on a peg by the hall door. Martin nodded toward a chair, and Chris sat down in it. Mary Kate was rooted to her own seat; she could not move. Her lashes were wet and dark with tears, her shining hair had slipped back into a careless cap of waves and loose tendrils, her face was pale and stained with tears. She continued to rest her head on her hand; she did not look up as Chris came in.

"Am I late?" Chris asked. His voice went through her like an actual pain; her senses whirled about in a sort of vertigo.

"No, it's not nine," Martin answered coldly.

"What's the matter, Mary?" Chris asked, in an undertone, leaning from his chair to bring his face within a few feet of her own. She twisted about, doubled both arms on the red oilcloth, and burst into silent, tearless sobbing that was all the more violent because of her effort to restrain it. "What's the matter?" the man asked. "Have they been riding you?"

"I wanted to ask you a few questions, but my sister has answered some of them already," Martin began, in a measured tone. His uneasy eyes moved continually to Mary Kate, who had controlled herself and sat frozen with fear. He faced Chris. "You and she were alone in the house on Friday night, weren't you? Your house, I mean, in Burlingame?"

"My servants were in a garage room that is attached to the house—yes," Chris answered, somewhat surprised.

"And she had been introduced that evening as Mrs. Steynes, hadn't she?" Martin pursued, after a moment of electric silence.

"Didn't she tell you that? That was the plan," Christopher countered, in annoyance and surprise.

Mary Kate had stopped breathing. All was lost now. She raised her head, and looked defiantly, steadily, at her brother. Martin's face was ghastly.

"You said that there were others in the house, Sis?" he asked, almost in a whisper. The eyes of sister and brother met, and they might have been alone in the world.

"There weren't," Mary Kate answered, hardly audible.

"And he did call you 'Mrs. Steynes,' didn't he?"

"Yes, Mart."

Mart's tone was suddenly gentle, all brotherly.

"How much money did you take from him, dear?"

"None—" she had been planning to say, while he spoke. But the little tender word disarmed her, and she faltered out an indistinct monosyllable, and was silent, hanging her head.

"Tell me the truth, won't you, Molly? You know no one in the world loves you as much as I do," Mart pleaded.

Her armor was pierced. Through eyes suddenly drenched again she tried to smile at him.

"Honestly, Mart, I didn't do anything wrong! Honestly, Marty."

"I know you didn't mean to," Mart said. "But you let him buy you clothes, you took his name, you went to his house and spent the night. Ah, don't now, Molly—" he protested. For the tall girl had left her chair, and taken three steps toward him, and was on her knees, with her face against his knee. "And you took his money," he finished the arraignment. "Why, you know what all that looks like!"

"But, Mart, if it *isn't* what it looks like, and if I didn't take his money!" Mary Kate sobbed.

"Don't cry, Molly—" he said, crying himself. His well hand was on her abased coppery head. He looked across at Christopher, and spoke with a simple and broken dignity.

"I sent for you today, Mr. Steynes," Martin began, "because I thought there was only one thing to be done. And I still think so."

Cass Keating laughed, as an older man laughs at a boy's dramatics; Mary Kate brought her head up suddenly, and stared amazedly into her brother's face. Christopher pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"You have your sister's word for it, and you have mine, Mr. O'Hara," Chris presently said, in his poised, leisurely way, "that nothing wrong took place."

"I know that," Martin assented.

"But that isn't enough for you?"

"It isn't that," Martin said. "But she's not quite twenty, and you are several years older. She's very poor, she hasn't a penny or an influential friend—you're a very rich man, and accustomed to buying what you want. Yachts, houses, horses for your polo, jewels, and I suppose women, too."

"YOU can suppose what you like, naturally," Christopher said, in a steely tone. He lighted a cigarette with a shaking hand.

"She went to your house, when there was no other woman," Mart pursued; "you called her your wife before your friends, she wore clothing you had bought, and spent the night alone with you. That there was a police investigation wasn't your fault, but—"

"I'll tell the world it was not!" Chris agreed scornfully, as Martin paused.

"Now you say, and she says, that it was all a practical joke, and I believe you," Martin resumed, reddening a little, but in no other way taking any notice of Chris' manner. "But you must see that you have done her a terrible

(*Continued on page 59*)

»«

IT DEPENDS ON THE TUBES YOU USE

Amplifier
RAD
KEN-RAD
UX-226

Remember this:

You can't get good reception from old or mediocre tubes.

Good reception is impossible without good tubes—standard quality tubes—such as Ken-Rads. For smooth, natural reception—fuller and richer tones—put Ken-Rad tubes in every socket.

Ken-Rads are made by one of the three oldest radio tube manufacturers. Every Ken-Rad is individually tested before it goes into the distinctive red-yellow-and-blue carton. Insist on Ken-Rad licensed tubes.

KEN-RAD ON THE AIR

A unique and tuneful Ken-Rad program—"Cabin Nights"—on the air every Monday evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Time, 9 P. M. Central Daylight Time, 8 P. M. Central Standard Time, over stations WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN. Haunting melodies, dusky voices and lilting tunes. Ken-Rad invites you to listen in every Monday evening.

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION
Incorporated
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
A Division of
KEN-RAD TUBE & LAMP CORPORATION

KEN-RAD
RADIO TUBES
LICENSED BY RCA
K KEN-RAD

Help your digestion *when it's good!*

MILLIONS have found Beeman's Pepsin Gum a pleasant and wholesome precaution against indigestion. Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, its smoothness and fine quality, and the pleasant way it stimulates digestive action after meals. Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is today the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion. Help your digestion when it's good—enjoy a stick of Beeman's after meals!

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM
aids digestion

MEN WHO SET

THE PACE

Business today demands a brisk, well-groomed appearance. Successful men are invariably clean-cut, clean-shaven. They set the pace in personal appearance as they set the pace in business.

These are the men who turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream with enthusiasm. Because Squibb's gives them extra spruceness, extra comfort, extra ease—with no extra effort.

For your next shave, brush up with Squibb's Shaving Cream. Feel the free-swinging stride of the razor over your face when Squibb's has prepared the way. Feel the cheery comfort. Above all, notice how smooth and clean-cut you look.

All drug stores carry Squibb's Shaving Cream. It's reasonably priced at 40c a large-size tube.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

A SHAVING CREAM

BY SQUIBB

40
SQUIBB
SHAVING
CREAM
cents
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 58*)

injustice. She had been engaged to Mr. Keating here—"

"My dear Mr. O'Hara," Chris said airily, all the man of the world, "you are taking all this far too seriously. Of course we took a chance, your sister and I. But just because appearances were against us doesn't mean that you have to treat the girl as if she'd outraged all the laws of God and man!"

"No, honestly, Martin, he's right," Cass added. "You mustn't make too much of it."

He came to Martin's side, and held out his hand to Mary Kate, and she got to her feet, and went over to take the chair he had vacated. Cass sat on the arm of it, with his arm about her.

"She told me about it," he said. "It was all a mistake."

Mary Kate leaned her head against his arm, and closed her eyes. He was being so generous, so kind. And it mattered so little!

"When she says that everything was straight and aboveboard, why, that means everything was straight and aboveboard!" Cass said cheerfully.

MARTIN looked from one man to the other, gloomily.

"*He's* not afraid of what people think of her reputation, Cass," Martin presently said, with a glance at Chris. "It doesn't cost him anything to hush it up, buy me off, pay my hospital bills—that's nothing to him.

"But if I'd gotten him that night—as I wish to God I had," the boy went on, leveling a sudden look of hate at the last comer, "if I'd gotten him that night, then he would have paid. *Then* he would have paid!"

"And you would have paid, too, and Mary would have paid," Chris reminded him, unperturbedly.

There was a moment of silence, when she could feel, like tangible currents through the air, the hostility of the glances the men exchanged. Then there was a stir, and she opened her eyes and started to her feet as her mother's voice struck suddenly across the other voices.

"Well, what is all this? What's going on here?"

Mrs. O'Hara, rosy and breathless from walking, her widow's veil dangling from her dingy bonnet, her cotton gloves in her hand, was standing, amazed, in the hall doorway. She had come in from the front of the house; Tom was peering slyly, curiously, over her shoulder.

Christopher rose politely to his feet, extinguishing his cigarette with a quick motion of long brown fingers against the little ash tray on the sink. Martin, trapped, looked desperately about him, brought his eyes back to his mother's face. Mary Kate, her face tear-stained, her hair disheveled, her breath coming shallow and quick, went to her mother. She took off the widow's veil with her own loving experienced hands, and carried it, as she had carried it many times before, into her mother's room. She came back to smile gallantly at the older woman.

"Nothing's the matter, Mother!" she said.

"Don't tell me that!" Mrs. O'Hara rebuked her sharply. She crossed to the chair Mary Kate had just vacated, and sat down, staring bewilderedly from face to face. "Whatever's happened, Mart?" she asked.

For a full minute there was the silence of utter confusion. Christopher and Cass sat down again, and Mary Kate took the chair she had first occupied, at the table, and rested her chin in her hand again.

"You've met Mr. Steynes, Mrs. O'Hara?" Cass remembered to say, then, rather flatly.

The older woman acknowledged the introduction only with a shrewd appraising glance, and a brief nod.

"What's come to all of you?" she demanded.

"Mother, we've been in—sort of—trouble, the last few days," Martin then began, haltingly. "And perhaps we ought to tell you about it—

"I couldn't go out," he added, as in sheer stupefaction Mrs. O'Hara was still, and none of the others spoke. "So I had to ask Mr. Christopher Steynes—" (the syllables were so many threats) "I had to ask Mr. Christopher Steynes to come here," Martin repeated, with a glance at him. "I thought you'd be at Uncle Robert's until at least eleven."

"Your Uncle Robert is very bad, and I promised I'd get into a wash dress and go back and set with him," Mrs. O'Hara said automatically, her mind not upon her words, her anxious eyes upon her children. "I don't know why you had to keep anything from me, Mart," she added, her look moving from one member of the silent, self-conscious circle to another.

"In this case, Mrs. O'Hara," Cass said, "there was no reason why you should ever have been bothered by it!"

Mary Kate's mother gave him a glance of superb scorn, a look expressing all the resentment of the reticent, proud woman whose private affairs are indecently and unfairly made public. Then she turned her expectant eyes toward Martin again.

"Tell me what on earth is goin' on, Mart."

"Mother—!" Mary Kate began impulsively. But her mother stopped her.

"Leave your brother talk!" she commanded. Mary Kate subsided into silence, her whole slender figure drooping, as she sat at the kitchen table, her softly tumbled coppery head resting on her hand.

"Ma," Martin began, "this Mr. Steynes here is a friend of Mr. Rountree's, and they asked our Mary Kate, last week, if she would pretend for two days to be married to Mr. Steynes."

A sharply horrified look at her daughter was Mrs. O'Hara's reception of this. Chris essayed to speak.

"The reason being—" he was beginning, when Mrs. O'Hara silenced him as she had her daughter.

"Just a moment, please!"

"THE reason was," Martin resumed, accepting Chris' opening, "that some woman was pursuing him and hoped he'd ask her to marry him. She had followed him out from New York."

"You didn't get yourself mixed up in that sort of thing?" the mother asked, with a stern and incredulous look at Mary Kate.

"There was to be money in it," Martin pursued relentlessly.

"Between us and all harm!" Mrs. O'Hara whispered.

"Look here, Mr. O'Hara, you're giving your mother an entirely false idea of the whole thing," Chris interrupted impulsively.

"I'll take it the way my son gives it, if you please," Mrs. O'Hara told him. And again Christopher fell silent.

"Mary Kate wanted the money for my German trip," Mart conceded, before continuing.

"Mart," his mother pleaded, "don't tell me she knew no better than that!"

"Well, anyway," Martin went on, "she and Mr. Steynes bought clothes, and she went down there to Burlingame—she didn't go to Sacramento at all—"

"Molly—?" her mother questioned, heartbreak in her voice. Mary Kate made no answer; she did not raise her head.

"She told us she was going to Sacramento," Martin pursued, "but she went to Burlingame, and when she went

(*Continued on page 60*)

There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

Writing for publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travel, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

If you would learn to write
Start Writing

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your present ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

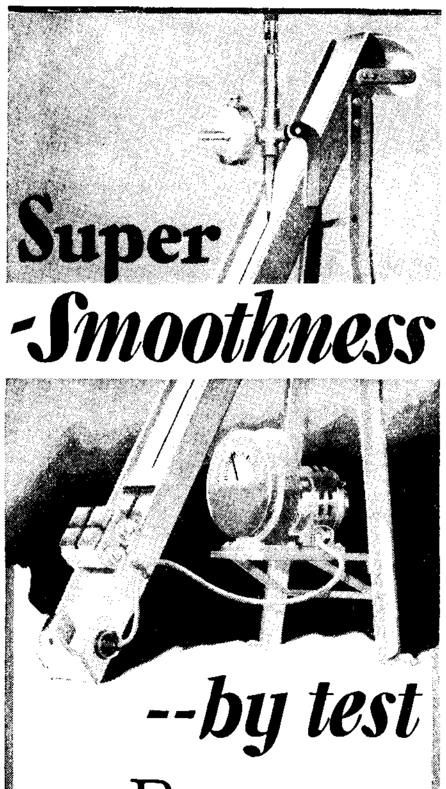
Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

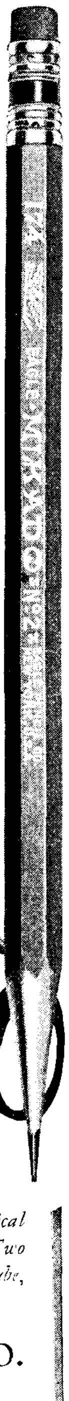
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's, Sept. 14th.

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss

Address ....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 211359





BECAUSE MIKADO must always be the super-smooth pencil, we invented a device that measures its smoothness with a certainty no human hand can give.

This device, registers, by electrical chronometer, the speed of a weighted car down an inclined track, with a pencil lead acting as a friction brake by pressing upon a strip of paper which the car pulls along.

The speed of the car increases with the smoothness of the pencil lead. It moves fastest when MIKADO leads are tested because their friction against the paper strip is the least.

Every step in making MIKADO leads, down to the final tempering in penetrating oils, has this super-smoothness in view.

Laboratory tests of every service quality guarantee that you can't get a better pencil than MIKADO.

Made in 5 degrees from soft to hard by The Largest Pencil Factory in the World.

5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

EAGLE
MIKADO
THE *YELLOW* PENCIL
WITH THE *RED* BAND

For the best results with any mechanical pencil buy MIKADO THIN LEADS. Two Dozen leads in the yellow, hexagon tube, with the red band.

EAGLE PENCIL CO.
NEW YORK CITY

(*Continued from page 59*)

to dinner at Mr. Rountree's, she went with Mr. Steynes, here, and was introduced as his wife."

"Don't say such things, Mart!" Mrs. O'Hara rebuked him.

"It's true. I drove the doctor home that night," the boy said, "and I saw her. His place is just opposite the Rountree place, and I was starting for home when I saw her come out on a sort of terrace there, all dressed up—oh, my God!"

He put his hand over his eyes. There was absolute silence in the kitchen, except that Mrs. O'Hara drew her breath with a sort of whimpering sound.

"I went kind of crazy, I guess," Martin said. "I started to come back to the city, like I always do, leaving the doctor's car down there, and all of a sudden something seemed to burst inside my head—"

"Oh, blessed and merciful Lord—" Mrs. O'Hara whispered. Her eyes were shut.

"I CAME in here 'round midnight, or later," Martin said. "You called out to me, remember? Anyway, I stayed in my room upstairs until I thought you were asleep, and then I changed my clothes, and emptied my pockets, and drove myself back. I went to Rountree's, there were still lights there, and a maid answered the door. I said that I had come to get the young lady—the red-haired young lady—that I was to call for her—and she said, 'Oh, that was Mrs. Steynes. She and Mr. Steynes went home long ago!' I went back to Burlingame, and into the telephone office, and asked the girls there where Mr. Steynes lived, and they told me. I suppose they thought I was his chauffeur, or had to call for someone at his house, I don't know.

"For about an hour I walked around the place, listening and watching. And after that I began to go crazy again, thinking of our Mary Kate in there—and you and my father, and all of us loving her so! And him with his money—

"You know I wasn't going to kill him. But I wasn't going to let him get away with that, either—not with our Molly. And that's what got my arm, Ma. I never went to Portland, any more than she went to Sacramento. Mr. Steynes here got me before I got him."

Mrs. O'Hara looked at her son for an endless moment.

"And Mary Kate wasn't there at all!" she whispered.

"Oh, yes, she was. She was upstairs, in his room."

"You liar!" Mary Kate said simply, with a look.

"My God, have mercy; my God, have mercy," Mrs. O'Hara whispered.

"Allow me to say that you have gotten an entirely false idea of the whole thing," Chris interpolated authoritatively and impatiently. "This is all nonsense! Your daughter took part in a little masquerade, and except for her brother following her, and causing a lot of police interference, nothing would have come of it at all."

"Police interference?" echoed the mother's voice.

"After the shooting. Yes. But the whole thing," Chris explained, briskly, "has been closed up. It's done. There's no follow-up whatever. It was all extremely foolish, and we got a bad break, but it's over. Your son's wound is practically healed; I believe he takes off the bandages in a few days. And as for your daughter here, Mary, she played her part with a beautiful dignity, and lived up to her agreement absolutely. As for anything else, I never put my hand on her. She'll tell you so. I never kissed her!"

"And furthermore," Cass added, unexpectedly, "Mary Kate and I are going to be married, and the sooner the better. When she tells me that everything was all on the level, I believe her. The whole thing was a mistake, but we all make them, and as far as I'm concerned—I'm never going to allude to it again!"

"I told you that because it's true!" Mary Kate said, explosively.

"And now that everything is settled so beautifully, what do we do with Mr. Christopher Steynes' money, that can buy him anything?" Mart asked, in an ugly tone.

"We do nothing with it, we don't want it," Cass said.

"Mother," the girl asked, turning her tear-soaked eyes and stained, pale face toward the older woman, "do you believe me?"

Mrs. O'Hara looked at her. Then her own eyes filled, and she smiled, and opened her arms. And with a burst of bitter tears Mary Kate went into them, sitting on her mother's lap, straining her slender figure against her mother, locking her arms about the older woman's neck, and hiding her shamed face on the breast that had been her refuge from the first hour of her life.

"Why, darling girl," Mrs. O'Hara said tenderly, "have they all been har'rd on you? Has Mart been har'rd on you? You'd only have to tell me that you'd done nothing wrong, and however foolish you might have been, I'd never hold it against you! It was only when I thought his money had bewildered you a little, dear—"

"But, Mother, I'm no *fool!*" the girl said emphatically, gulping, and drying her eyes on her soaked little handkerchief. "I'm not one of these poor little ignorant fools that they send out to Saint Catherine's! I knew what I was doing, and I thought it would be—just fun, and that Mart could go to Germany with Doctor van Antwerp, even if I got married. I wasn't—led astray," Mary Kate assured her brother fiercely. "I've been working in a downtown office two years. I finished high school. I know about life!"

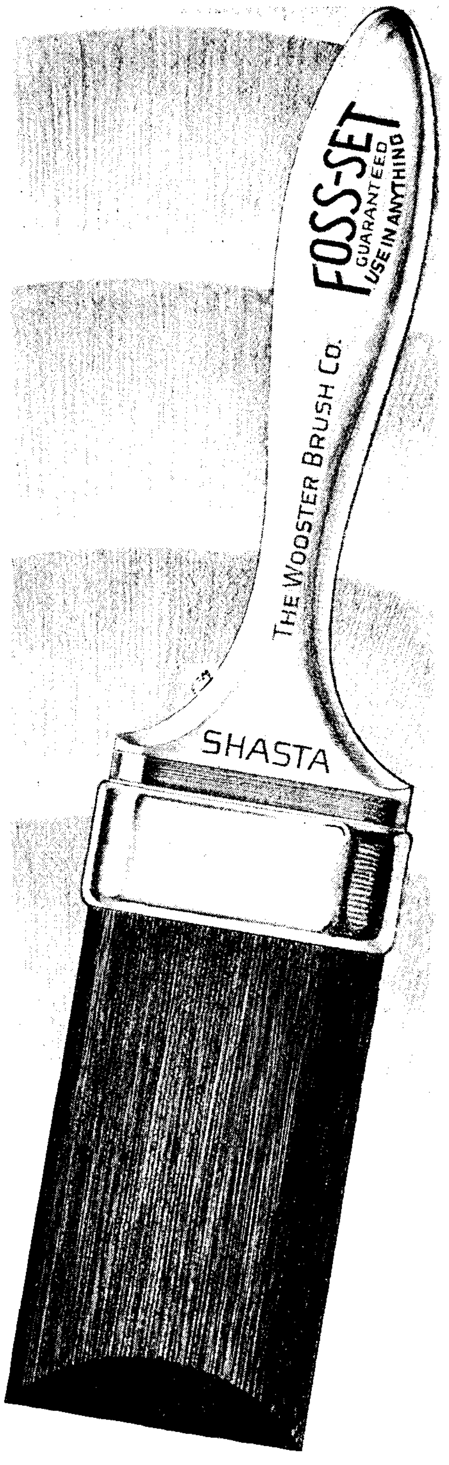
"It seems to me that this whole thing has arisen from the fact that Mr. O Hara here put the worst possible construction upon what his sister did," Chris said, coolly.

MARTIN shot him a contemptuous look, but before her son could speak, Mrs. O'Hara answered him.

"It was very easy to put that same construction upon what she did, sir," she reminded him, with simple dignity. "Mart only thought what the world would think, and we have to remember the world—we live in the world. Mary Kate did very wrong—but who'd know the true good heart of her," her mother said tenderly, with a downward glance at the bright head on her breast, "if her own mother didn't? She's never refused one of us any kindness she could ever do us, be it what it might! She'd see only the money her brother needed, when she'd step into trouble like this, and put her hand in the fire for any one of us, if it was only little Pat himself that ast her to!"

Mary Kate at this cried more bitterly than ever, and increased her hold upon her mother almost to the strangling point.

Mrs. O'Hara's fine, simple, tired face was deeply worried; her faded gray eyes were filled with anxiety still. But, as she had gotten their tangled affairs in hand a thousand times before, in the last hard years, so she was beginning to catch at the threads of tonight's fresh predicament. Indeed, there was to her a certain exhilaration, a certain actual stimulation in this evidence that "the creatures" so palpably needed their



If it's Worth painting It's Worth a WOOSTER BRUSH

THERE is a Wooster Brush for every paint job—over 2000 different styles and sizes. Make sure of good painting. Get a Wooster Foss-Set brush large enough to do the job—ask your dealer.

Look For These Trade Marks.

"Ted the Tester"
The bristles *can't* come out!

FOSS-SET
GUARANTEED
USE IN ANYTHING

THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
Makers of good paint brushes for 78 years.
WOOSTER, OHIO

DO
YOUR
GOLF SHAFTS
have this
TORSION
?

TORSION SEAM

The new Bristol TORSION Shaft is the only steel shaft that duplicates the torsion and feel of finest hickory. Identify this wonderful new steel shaft by the open torsion seam, as illustrated above.

NEVER before has there been a golf shaft like the new Bristol TORSION. Now you can play with a steel shaft having steel's recognized strength, endurance, uniformity and power—plus the sweet, cushioned feel, liveliness and weight of perfect hickory.

The secret is hickory torsion—now, for the first time, made possible in steel. This torsion action in the shaft itself entirely absorbs shock of impact and eliminates finger sting. Of course, you'll be able to make better shots with a club that feels like this. Here, at last, is the ideal shaft for every club. Be among the first to play with it. Take one out on the fairway and try it. See how much better it feels.

TEST

Test golf shafts for torsion. Grasp the grip tightly with the left hand, and twist the club head with the right. You can feel the slight torsion twist and immediate rebound in the Bristol TORSION Steel Shaft, just as in fine hickory . . . impossible in all other steel shafts.

• • •

WRITE—*let us put you on the mailing list to receive, free, "The Bristolite", our newsy golf magazine. Let us know if your "pro" or dealer is unable to supply you with Bristol TORSION Steel Shafts. Look for the torsion seam and the Bristol TORSION Label on the shaft itself.*

The Horton Manufacturing Company
129-A Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFT
ALLAN LARD PATENT PENDING

Mother's guidance still. They were not so big, so tall, so smart, so free but what they could get themselves into trouble, God love them, and turn to her, and to nobody else, in the last pinch, to get them out.

Here was the dapper and modern and successful Cass Keating devotedly championing Mary Kate, and here was haggard, wounded, angry, passionate Mart ready to kill anyone and everybody who dared impugn the honor of the O'Haras, and here was her slender, tall, brilliant miracle of a girl, crying her loving, impulsive, misguided little heart out, in her mother's arms. And with all these she knew how to deal.

THERE was only one troublesome foreign element in the kitchen tonight, and Mrs. O'Hara proposed to get rid of it as rapidly as she could. This well-dressed, self-possessed young man, Mr. Steynes, who had all that assurance and confidence that is the heritage of the rich man's son, was throwing the whole situation out of key.

"Maybe," Mrs. O'Hara began, as a first step toward dismissing him, "maybe we've been making much ado about nothing, Mart. Anyway, all's well that ends well."

Unaware of the classic source of her simple phrases, she managed to give them a force of her own. Mart was still scowling.

"It isn't 'nothing' that Mary Kate had to be questioned by the police!"

"That could have happened to any witness—you fool!"

Chris did not say the last words aloud, but they were there, none the less.

Mary Kate, now secure in her one sure fortress, looked resentfully over her shoulder at her brother with tear-wet eyes.

"I wouldn't care if I was in jail!" she exclaimed, "as long as I hadn't done anything wrong."

She buried her head against her mother's neck again, sure of the maternal approval, which was indeed bestowed by a pat.

"I only want to say," Christopher began, with an air of closing the discussion, "that, since Mr. O'Hara here wants to go to Germany with Doctor van Antwerp, it would give me tremendous pleasure to feel that I had—I had, indirectly, helped him to do it."

"It's a pleasure you never will have!" Martin assured him, rudely.

"I don't know that I could spare him, with Mary Kate marri'd," Mrs. O'Hara said mildly. "But if other matters could be adjusted, indeed I'd see no reason that Mart shouldn't have his chance. Mary Kate did nothing wrong, and it would be a pity that all her lovin' effort to help her brother should be thrown away."

This statement, somewhat hesitatingly made, as the speaker felt her way, and sought out her words, produced a profound impression upon them all. Chris was the first to speak, and there was genuine feeling, there was even a trace of huskiness in his voice.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Mrs. O'Hara," he said, simply.

Perhaps Martin, who was but twenty-two, after all, and whose own hopes and dreams were close to his heart, had had, while they spoke, time for a swift vision of a great ship, a foreign city, the piers and the gray stone buildings of Hamburg, the thought of himself, in close attendance upon the famous old surgeon who was his friend, the mirage of strange surgeries, a strange language, a young Irish-American listening, looking, learning all the thousand things that O'Farrell Street never could give Martin O'Hara.

At all events, his expression, his tone, had changed, when he said, with a little difficult, boyish dignity:

"To borrow money from—anyone that would lend it, would be one thing. But I'd never want her to feel that she took the chance she took to help me!"

"If we believe that everything was all right, then we have to act as if everything was all right, Mart," his mother observed, with that quiet and dispassionate glance from her faded gray eyes that was more forceful than the snap of a whip, to her children.

"I don't think he should have done it," Mart muttered, stubbornly.

"I know that!" Chris himself answered sharply. "You don't think I'm proud of myself, do you?"

Mary Kate's tears had by this time dried, and she was now twisted about in her mother's lap, listening. Her cheeks were still flushed, and the silky mop of her copper-wire hair enchantingly disordered; her blue eyes were dark and shining, under their wet lashes. Except for these long lashes stuck into little points by tears, all the traces of the late storm had vanished. As quickly as a baby she had recovered.

"Ma, I'd—I'd take care of you, if Mart and Mary Kate were gone!" Tom offered now, hoarsely and awkwardly. "I'd get a job, maybe down at Mills Field—"

They all laughed, and he subsided into silence again, his cheeks blazing. That is, they all laughed except Mrs. O'Hara, who gave this dearest problem of them all a glance that said his mother perfectly appreciated the value of his suggestion, and would trust herself to his protection with absolute confidence.

"Will you keep that check until your mother and brother have had time to think it over, Mary?" Chris asked, humbly.

For answer the girl looked at her mother, whose eyes were only a few inches from her own.

"Suppose we leave it like that," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Then there's just one more thing," Chris recommenced, with a brief nod. He turned toward Martin. "You telephoned me today, and asked me to come out here tonight, didn't you?" he asked.

Martin nodded in his turn, his eyes a little puzzled and still faintly hostile.

"What did you want of me?" Chris continued.

The other hesitated, and then said, uncertainly:

"I wanted to—talk to you."

"You wanted to talk to me when you came to my house on Friday night, didn't you?" Christopher asked mildly.

MARTIN was silent, his eyes held by Chris' eyes.

"You wanted to make me do something, didn't you?" Chris pursued.

"I thought you had—harmed Molly," Martin admitted slowly.

"You don't think so now, do you?"

The boy's eyes moved slowly to his sister's face. He cleared his throat.

"No, I don't think so now."

"You were going to make me ask her to marry me, weren't you?" Chris said.

Mary Kate's color rushed up like a blown flag; Cass, lighting a fourth cigarette, halted halfway.

"I suppose so," Martin admitted sternly.

"Why, you know so! You all but said so, today," Chris reminded him.

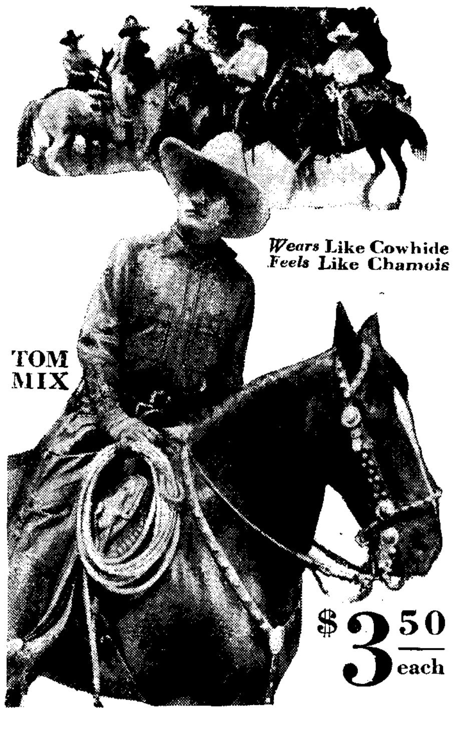
"Well—" Martin said.

Chris looked suddenly young, and tired, and boyishly stubborn, in the mellow lamplight. There were circles about his eyes; he shook his heavy mop of fair hair backward patiently.

"I do ask you to marry me, Mary," he said, steadily. "I realize that—that I had no right to—

"Anyway, I wish you would."

(*Continued on page 62*)



INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL

BUCK SKEIN
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHIRT

Wears like leather, soft as suede, warm as a coal fire and looks like a million dollars . . . that's BUCK SKEIN.

And no matter how often you wash it, or how hard you grind the dirt in, your Buck Skein will come out of the tub even smoother and mellower . . . looking more like leather every time.

Big and comfortable. Buckskin tan color. Coat style, collar attached. Two big-fisted flap pockets. Double sewn seams that can't rip.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If your Buck Skein shrinks, if it fades, if the texture scuffs up, if you're not 100% satisfied, get your money back . . . no matter how long you've worn it. Our Gold-Bond Guarantee assures you this protection.

BUCK SKEIN JACKET $5.50

Windproof and Rainproof. Double weight Buck Skein for double wear. All-wool knitted springy belt. Two, large, over-sized flap pockets.

Ask Your Dealer for a genuine BUCK SKEIN. If he is all sold out, mail coupon below enclosing price of your Buck Skein Shirt or Jacket, and I'll send yours prepaid, myself.

Buck Skein Joe

BUCK SKEIN JOE
c/o Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc., *Makers*
Dept. W-9, 331 Broadway, New York City

See that I get (Check Here)
A Buck Skein Shirt at $3.50 ☐
A Buck Skein Jacket at $5.50 ☐
Neck Band Size________
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐
Name________
Address________ (City) (State)

HERE IS THE ANSWER TO FALLING HAIR

—dandruff—itchy scalp dull, drab hair!

"GLOVER'S Natural System of Hair Culture" is the tested scientific way to correct the underlying causes of hair and scalp trouble. It is fully explained in the free booklet shown below.

Glover's—the true mange medicine with the essential pine tar fragrance—cannot be improved in scientific principles. Followed by a shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap and used as directed, it has stood the test for over fifty years. A strictly medicinal preparation that brings fullest success when used with our systematic massage.

GLOVER'S NATURAL SYSTEM OF HAIR CULTURE

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE
FOR FALLING HAIR
REMOVES DANDRUFF

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. L, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of this booklet.

Name__________________________________

Address________________________________

Setting-Up Exercises for Your FACE—
LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES
REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5-Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, helps to banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results assured. 15 years of successful use. Book *free!* Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite957, 5So Wabash Ave., Chicago

HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION at HOME – Only $19.85

Fascinating question and answer method. Used in High Schools. Every subject covered. Easy Terms. Certificate awarded. Write for free book.
High School Home Study Bureau, Inc.
Dept. K-14, 31 Union Square, New York City

"Safety-valve" your radio

Don't run the risk of burning out your tubes and set. A new tube costs $4 to $5. Wirt Voltage Regulators cost only $2.25 and $3.25. They are guaranteed to protect your tubes against current "surges." They cut down line noises—increase selectivity. Small size for any A. C. set of 6 tubes or less; larger size for sets having 7 tubes or more, or dynamic speaker. Order today from your dealer or direct.

No. 211
WIRT COMPANY
5221
Greene Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
No. 211-B

WIRT VOLTAGE REGULATORS
for all A. C. sets

(*Continued from page 61*)

A dead silence. Then Chris repeated, rather flatly:

"I wish you would."

The color had drained from Mary Kate's face, and she looked young, too, with her pale cheeks and dilated dark blue eyes, and her soft tumble of hair, as she sat on her mother's lap, one slender arm still lying about her mother's neck.

"Oh, thank you, Chris," she said, very faintly. "But—but—" she stopped short. "But thank you very much!"

And she looked at her mother in perplexity, like a child who is about to cry.

"Since I came here tonight," Chris said, "I've come to realize what—what your family means to you, and what you mean to them—

"I don't believe I have much to offer you. Money, of course—"

Another silence.

"Money," Mrs. O'Hara pronounced, superbly, ending it, "buys very little."

And suddenly they were all in a gale of laughter. Martin laughed, Cass laughed and Mary Kate laughed almost hysterically. Even Chris laughed, caught by the contagion of their mirth.

"Ma, you are priceless!" said Mary Kate.

The atmosphere cleared. She and Cass and Chris were all on their feet. Mary Kate looked at herself in a little mirror by the sink, and made a few quick adjustments of collar and hair, and Cass held Chris' coat for him. Martin, his wounded arm strapped over his breast, watched them from his chair, and Mrs. O'Hara, fallen into deep thought with the amazing easiness of her mystical race, continued to occupy the shabby old piece of furniture known for many years as "Ma's rocker," her eyes narrowed thoughtfully, her full, disciplined, patient mouth slightly pursed.

Chris, overcoated, hat and big creamy gloves in hand, went over to Mart.

"Good-by, and good luck!" he said. "I hope—I hope you'll decide for Germany."

"Thank you," Mart said, gruffly, but in a friendly manner, too. "I'm sorry if I—blew up," Mart continued, awkwardly. "We have no father, you know, Molly and I, and maybe—maybe I forgot that she's perfectly able to run her own affairs."

"Oh, that's all right!" Chris said. He turned to Tom.

"I know Throckmorton," he said.

"*What!*" Tom shouted.

"If you really want to go in for aviation," Chris continued, "I'd be glad to give you a letter—

"Let me know, will you?"

"Oh, Ma!" Tom said, almost crying.

CHRIS shook hands with Cass.

"I don't have to tell you that I congratulate you," he said. "You have my best wishes. You're—" he paused. "You're very fortunate," he said simply.

"Thanks," Cass responded.

"Good-by, Mrs. O'Hara." Chris was bending over her, he had her hand. "I—I certainly admire your family," he said, with a brief laugh. They all laughed. "I think they're all—stars. They have the—the vitality of—of—

"Anyway, they're all *stars.*"

"You've seen us at our worst tonight," Mrs. O'Hara assured him. "Maybe you'd come out and have dinner with us some night, and we'd treat you a little better?"

"I'm sailing on Sunday."

"Well, good-by and God bless you then," Mary Kate's mother said, with a sudden penetrating glance that saw through all the layers of veneer to the lonely, little-boy heart of the child inside him. Her changed, lowered tone spoke only to that.

"Thank you," Chris said, stirred, clearing his throat. He blinked his eyes as he smiled at her, and bent his head suddenly over the fine work-worn, capable hand.

Then it was Mary Kate's turn. She stood by the door, and Chris took both her hands, and looked down at her, as he said, unexpectedly, incoherently:

"And you won't marry me?"

The girl looked very tall and very pale, and was oddly unsmiling as she answered, conventionally:

"No. But thank you for asking."

"Thank *you.*" His face reddened and his voice thickened, and for a moment their hands held them united, and their bewildered eyes were fixed upon each other.

And it was as if both were asking the same question.

"What are we saying? What does all this mean? Is this good-by?"

SUDDENLY Chris, laying aside hat and gloves with a quick gesture, gathered both her hands against his heart, and bent over her, so that his browned, almost stern face was close to her own.

"There's one thing I left out, Mary," he said. "They may as well hear this, too.

"It's this," he went on, in a dead silence. "I didn't count on this. But I love you very much. Did I say that?"

The ground began to sway gently beneath Mary Kate's feet. Waves—waves lifted her from the floor, and the drumming and rushing of many waters was in her ears.

"No," she whispered. "You didn't say that!"

She turned to face the others in the kitchen, her shoulder almost touching Chris as she leaned back against him, his hand, that had been holding hers, still gripping her fingers, and his arm half about her. And it was as if, standing there, she measured two worlds—the one against the other.

On one side was only this protecting arm and this gripping hand. She knew little more of him. And on the other, were all the associations that she knew, were all her happy, adored, protected years. The kitchen with its worn linoleum and familiar frying-pans and chairs and oilcloth-covered table. Mart, handsome and resolute and fiercely protecting; Tom, who was developing so rapidly now, who had come, just of late, so much more close to his older sister, who had seemed, just of late, to need her. Cass, clever and successful and devoted, planning a happy normal life with her—a forty-dollar flat, curtains, dishes, a white wedding in the new Dominican church in a few weeks' time, years of love and labor shared, children, some day a country home.

And last, and first, and all the time, Mother. Mother, with whom she hurried, sleepy and chilly, to early church, and with whom she walked home, at peace, for hot coffee and special Sunday rolls. Mother, who had taught her, talked to her, scolded her, praised her, all her life long, even while she fumbled in her flat purse for movie money for "Mart and Mary Kate," or patiently thumped the heavy iron that meant exquisitely fresh frills and blouses for the beloved eldest daughter.

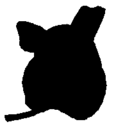
To choose Chris meant no more kitchen, no more Cass, no more Tom—and in the dear home sense, at least, no more eager, ambitious, headstrong Marty.

It meant that she chose exile, alienation, distance. It meant no more Mother.

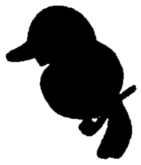
(*To be concluded next week*)

Black Looks

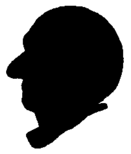
BUT not necessarily. Scowls and smiles are equally easy to reproduce in Colliergraphs. You'll never know till you try what fascination there is in fitting out an art gallery with portraits made from combinations of these ingenious curves



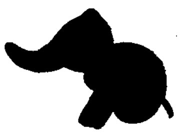
"Puppy," by Mrs. C. T. Hamil, 1316 W. 84th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



"Bird," by Mrs. W. J. Bivens, 2305 North C St., Tampa, Fla.



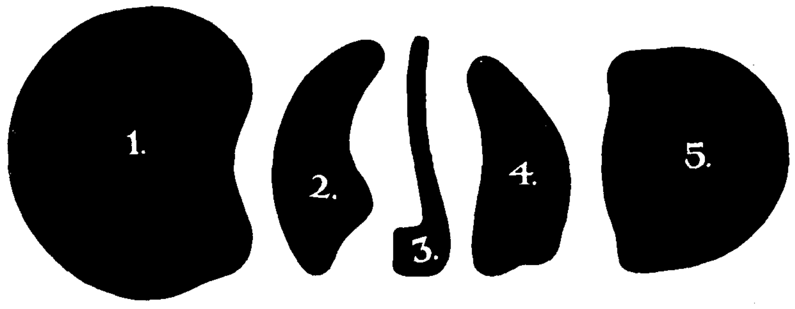
"Man," by Norma M. Schall, 524½ Park Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.



"Elephant," by R. F. Winders, 735 E. 89th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Here are the pieces—cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



"What'll we name her, Skipper?"

"Weel, she kind o' 'minds me o' the Queen O' The Seas. Smart a craft as ever sailed...see how I put this glue here, so's we can set the mast all proper." Sure! The handiest tool in the work shop. LePage's Liquid Glue. Always ready for use. Good cabinet makers always use LePage's in making joints, even if they also use nails or screws. Stands 3000 lbs. shearing strain per square inch. Stronger than the fibers of the wood it joins. Its slow-setting helps amateurs make perfect joints.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

Complete Corn Comfort

for Soft Corns
TWO KINDS
for Hard Corns

Wizard Improved Corn Pads

There's no relief for tender corns like the new Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Without being bulky, they cushion the corn and instantly end pain. Oh! so soothing! Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D), the wonderful modern antiseptic, they are safe as well as swift! Get a package today at the nearest shoe or drug store.

SEND FOR *FREE* SAMPLE
Specify Callous—Bunion—Hard or Soft Corn.
35¢ everywhere WIZARD CO., *St. Louis*

Whatever Goes Up

Continued from page 11

about new building which I have quoted do not take into account the immense volume of alterations to bring old houses up to date. A large group of building material manufacturers have recently organized what they call the Home Modernization Movement. They have made a survey and find that out of 20,000,000 homes in the land about 12,000,000, or sixty per cent, are in need of modernization.

The movement has had a tremendous popularity. Everywhere one sees old weather boards coming down and a new garment of stucco descend upon the old house or the old crumbling stucco disappears and a robe of shingles follows. A change in the roof gives the house a new sweeping line. Rich colors brighten the door and window frames. Somehow a sun parlor gets worked into the house, stepping-stones supply the walk and a bird bath appears on the rear lawn.

Towns of the Future

I have talked about this with a good many thoughtful architects, and they are fairly well agreed in their picture of our future development. The people who want to live in private houses are moving more and more away from the town, as a result of which a wide margin of semi-rural satellite suburban settlements is spreading around the big towns, while the towns themselves are tending to become more and more aggregations of skyscrapers.

Even the dwellers in the towns are gravitating more and more into large structures of brick or concrete called multi-family houses. We may or may not like this. I state it as a fact and regardless of whether it is wise or not. The trend toward apartment living is the outstanding fact in our home life. In 1921, of all the living accommodations built, one fourth was in multi-family dwellings. In 1927 it was almost one half. In 1928, for the first time in our history, the number of dwelling units in apartment and tenement houses was greater than the number of private houses. That fact tells its own story.

Even those who do not like this tendency must find some comfort in the fact that modern apartment homes are at least immensely superior to those early structures. It must be remembered that the apartment house is not a very old institution in this country. The first apartment was built in 1870. It is interesting to note that it still stands at 142 East Eighteenth Street, New York City, and that a family which moved in when it was completed is still living there. But what a far cry it is from that old tenement to the finely planned, handsome and convenient multi-family houses of today!

About ten years ago I ran into an architect who turned out to be a good deal of an enthusiast. He had done some good work but he was by no means overburdened with this world's goods. He happened to be a man with an idea and, like most such men, his idea was consuming an immense amount of his time. His name was Andrew Thomas.

He had been looking at magnificent apartments going up for the rich men of the great cities who were running away from the servant problem and taking refuge in fine apartments. He had also been looking at the monstrously ill-favored and misplanned tenements put up for the poor man.

Thomas had won five awards from the American Institute of Architects for his apartment plans. He might have lived at ease designing skyscraper palaces for the wealthy. But he was letting this idea about building apartments for the poor man run away with his time.

He had worked out plans under which an apartment might be built on just forty per cent of the plot instead of seventy-five or ninety per cent, thus allowing more space for light and air. He had also planned to reduce the cubic contents of the building but at the same time give the dwellers more room.

He had worked out a method of using just common brick instead of expensive face brick, yet getting more artistic surfaces for his building. He had done a great many more things, including plans for putting up these apartments in large groups, thus organizing the resulting large open spaces for gardens, playgrounds and so forth. I was a reporter assigned by a great liberal-souled New York newspaper to devote practically all my time to the pressing question of housing, and I spent many hours talking to Thomas, or rather listening to him talk. With the zeal of a crusader he would say:

"Why, man, if I could just get someone like young John D. Rockefeller to see these plans—think what a man with his money could do!"

Well, I talked with Thomas a little while ago. He had just completed for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the second or third of such apartment enterprises. It was for the colored people up in Harlem. There he has put up a marvelous full-block apartment house, beautiful, comprising every modern convenience, with playgrounds, lovely gardens, sun parlors. The tenant pays for these houses about six dollars a room less than for ancient, badly lighted and ventilated monstrosities in the same neighborhood, and owns his apartment at the end of ten years.

And there isn't an ounce of charity in the whole enterprise. Mr. Rockefeller so organized the financial arrangement that he derives a return of six per cent from his investment. That is part of Mr. Thomas' and Mr. Rockefeller's plan—it furnished an enlightening demonstration of how fine, modern, multi-family construction can be carried on at a profit. And now he is just finishing a similar job for young Mr. Marshall Field in Chicago.

Wiping Out the Slums

Between the old apartments built back in the eighties and the nineties and these modern American homes, there is such a gap that the old ones are being simply abandoned as so much junk. The vision of Andrew Thomas is destined to sweep down billions of dollars' worth of outworn, impossible construction. Already it is making its impression on the slums of New York and Chicago. I talked with an English landlord recently, indeed the largest of English landlords, whose tenants comprise 30,000 families. He had come to this country to study America's handling of the tenement problem. He had seen the Thomas apartments. He declared them to be far ahead of any similar work being done in any part of the world, and he planned to go back to England and design his own new construction on this model. He declared to me that he saw America wiping out her slums within twenty-five years or less.

It is in these buildings and in the skyscrapers that a distinct American taste is asserting itself. Few realize

(*Continued on page 64*)

BRAND NEW GENUINE *Model* 3 CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now!

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included —If You Act Now

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 309

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name..

Address..

Employed by..

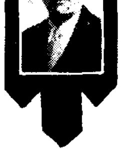
DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Th n **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Dissatisfied Men AND Women

WANTED TO MAKE $40 TO $100 A WEEK

Mr. Magill earns over $50 weekly during the early months of the year, twice that amount after September first and last week made $125.00 in five days. Miss Deckterow writes that she made $66.70 in an hour June first and $27.00 in ten minutes two days later.

These are not exceptional cases, since we have people who earn from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, but any



man or woman of average ability can earn from $40 to $100 weekly with our nationally known personal and business Xmas Greeting Card and Stationery lines.

We pay liberal commission in cash every day together with liberal monthly bonus and furnish magnificent samples and everything necessary to do business with—*Free*.

Address

Sales Manager, Dept. 95
THE PROCESS CORPORATION
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

Tool Oil

Automatic tools are, after all, just machines with working parts that need good oil to minimize friction. They need it regularly, too, just as other and larger machines do.

3-in-One is ideal tool oil—a scientific blend of three high quality oils—animal, mineral and vegetable—therefore has valuable properties *that no ordinary single oil can have.* Penetrates quickly; stays put; oils perfectly. Try it!

3-in-One

is also a superior rust preventive. Always rub on all tools before putting away. The resulting oil film sinks into the pores of the metal and is impervious to moisture; even damp salt air.

Manufactured since 1894

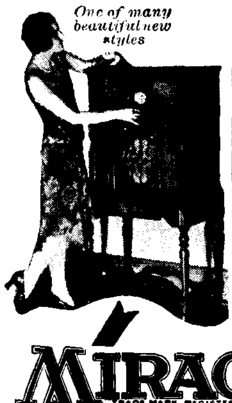
Three-In-One Oil Co.
130 William Street
New York, N. Y.

3 IN ONE
THREE IN ONE OIL
Handy Oil Can

3-in-One is sold everywhere by good hardware, sporting goods, grocery, drug and general stores, in two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE SAMPLE
Send postal for generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Both free.

N104


One of many beautiful new styles

Factory to you
SAVE 50%

Try it 30 days Free BEFORE YOU BUY

Latest Screen Grid Push-Pull Electric or Battery Radios

Enjoy a powerful new Miraco 30 days in your home—at our risk. No obligation to buy. Send for latest literature and amazing special wholesale Price Offer.

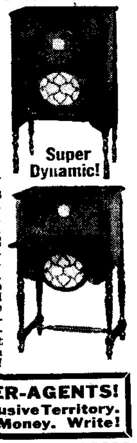
MIRACO
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
10th Successful Year

Compare with Costliest Sets!

America's big old, reliable Radio Factory springs its 10th anniversary sensations! Latest 1-dial, Perfected Screen Grid, Push-Pull, Super Dynamic Electric AC and newest battery sets of finest construction, costliest features—at astounding low factory prices. Compare with radios at 2 to 4 times the price—unless Miraco is MORE SELECTIVE, RICHER, CLEARER TONED and gets MORE DISTANCE, don't buy it! Delighted thousands report programs from Coast to Coast, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, with magnificent clear, cathedral tone. *1 year guaranty.* Choice of beautiful consoles with dynamic speakers. Insure satisfaction, save lots of money—deal direct with a big, old maker of fine radios—10th successful year. Write and be convinced!

Screen Grid 9 $49.88

BATTERY MODEL $29.50



Send postal or coupon for Amazing Special Offer. No Obligation.

USER-AGENTS! Exclusive Territory. Big Money. Write!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP'N
Builders of Fine Sets—10th year
422-BS *Miraco Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio*
Send amazing special wholesale price offer.
☐ Interested in exclusive territory prop'n.

MIRACO Radio gets 'em Coast to Coast

Free
NAME
ADDRESS

(*Continued from page 63*)

how very new the skyscraper is. In spite of all the destruction that has gone on, the first American skyscraper is still standing, unless the wreckers have climbed on it in the last few weeks. It is the twelve-story building of the Home Insurance Company standing on the corner of LaSalle and Adams Streets in Chicago. This building was started in 1884 and finished during the following year. Its designer, who must therefore be known as the father of the modern skyscraper, was W. L. B. Jenney.

It is also interesting to note that Chicago and not New York was the birthplace and first nursery of the skyscraper. In fact an old dictionary defines a skyscraper as "a very tall building such as are now being built in Chicago."

It is fair to say, however, that another man had dreamed of such a thing at an earlier day. He was L. S. Buffington. He had conceived a principle which permitted him to dream of buildings fifty stories high. Of course that principle is the steel skeleton in which the walls are only a garment and no longer perform the function of supporting the building. He even gave his dream buildings a name in which he came very close to the one they are known by. He called them "cloud scrapers."

Fathers of the Skyscraper

Buffington applied for patents on his various ideas around 1887. I think he secured protection for them after many, many years of controversy and has only lately collected his first royalties. He might also be called the father of the skyscraper, though certainly Jenney built the first one.

One other man is sometimes referred to as the father of the skyscraper. He is Jules Breuchard. Certainly the huge structures of today would be impossible without Breuchard's contribution. This so-called "solid earth" on which we build is by no means as solid as it is supposed to be. It is strong and compact enough for most purposes, but if you were to try to up-end a thirty-story skyscraper on it you would soon discover that it is very mushy. But down thirty, forty, fifty or more feet is usually solid rock.

Breuchard invented a means of sending down steel foundations, filled with cement as underpinning, to the solid rock. Not only that. Some day when you have nothing else to do, try digging a hole—a big excavation—next to a good-sized old building. You will notice, if you look closely, that the old building will fall very readily into your hole. Breuchard invented a method of propping the adjoining buildings on underpinnings driven down to the deep rock foundations in order to avert little embarrassments like that. Certainly these three men—Jenney, Buffington and Breuchard—must be accepted as the great pioneers in this new field of engineering.

Of course the first skyscrapers were little more than huge steel and stone or brick boxes. But today new forms of architectural beauty are being created through the skyscraper. Ugliness certainly deformed our cities. Of course we have beautiful homes and beautiful public buildings of an older vintage, but they are few and they belong to remote decades.

It so happens that most of the houses and buildings in this country were put up in the seventies and eighties and nineties—a period in which the whole world was under the dominion of an appallingly bad taste.

When our tall buildings began to make their appearance the designers proceeded to borrow their art and their decoration from the classic schools. The ancient architects used great buildings as documents on which to inscribe the heroic deeds of their patrons in symbolical figures.

Later architects adapted this form of decoration and from it resulted all the well-known forms of intricate details which we see upon the façades of buildings the world over.

Of course American architects began to apply this to our skyscrapers. But they did not produce anything very impressive. Now they have discovered that this intricate and petty detail in ornamentation is unsuited to our tall buildings. Instead they have learned how to handle the large masses simply and to apply to them great surfaces of color. From this conception have arisen those gorgeous towers, with progressively receding terraces which are the admiration of foreign visitors to our cities.

So fine are these huge, soaring buildings that even churches and schools and museums are going into them. When Cardinal Mercier, the heroic prelate of Belgium, visited America after the war, he was being driven up Broadway from his ship. Suddenly he looked up and gave a little gasp of admiration.

"They told me that you had no grand cathedrals in America," he said. "What cathedral is that?"

"That, Your Eminence," said the guide, "is the Woolworth building."

A number of skyscraper churches have since been designed. The Church of the Strangers has opened its doors in New York—a lovely house of worship stowed away in the center of a sixteen-story apartment building.

There is scarcely a bank still functioning in the building which housed it in 1900. In these twenty-nine years the banking business has undergone a complete change. The sober, stately old bank of the nineties with its one or two paying tellers has now expanded into a complex commercial institution, with twenty or thirty or more tellers, employing hundreds of clerks, perhaps thousands, and occupying not one small building, but mayhap many. The Bank of Italy, with its numerous branches, uses not less than one hundred separate buildings throughout the world.

I have said we are rebuilding America according to a better pattern. Many architects criticize what we are doing, but all admit that it is infinitely better than the ugliness we are replacing.

Building Prosperity

All this has a meaning for every family in America. For our building industry, along with our automobile industry, has been at the base of the great prosperity this country has enjoyed during the last five or six years. It has accounted for business amounting to eight billion dollars a year and, if we include all the alterations and repairs, something more than nine billion dollars—that is, nine thousand million.

Not only does it keep employed a vast army of masons and carpenters and plumbers and steel workers and laborers, but it keeps an equally large army of workers busy producing material. A million men are employed in the lumber industries. More than 100,000 are engaged in producing brick, and 350,000 in stone and clay industries.

If our prophets had been right in their dismal prophecies of a decline in building, if we were in reality just building to keep up with the needs of our increasing population, the great prosperity of the last five years would have suffered a severe dent. It is because we are engaged in the fascinating adventure of rebuilding this great country that we have been prosperous and will continue to be prosperous.

Men who need energy —for work, or play— always wear a BIKE!

Conserves strength—stops fatigue—gives more than comfortable protection. Strictly first quality . . . absolutely sanitary. Your satisfaction guaranteed. No. 55 at 50 cents. No. 77 at $1.00. Sizes: large, medium, small. Sold by leading dealers. Write us if your dealer can't supply you.

The BIKE WEB Mfg. Co.
Division of The Kendall Co.
2500 South Dearborn Street • Chicago

BIKE
Athletic Supporters
ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HELP WANTED

We require an ambitious person to do special advertising work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work is pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than $150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
2349 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Double Your INCOME!

If you want a larger income, a bigger bank account or more spending money, just clip this coupon for details of the plan followed by Mr. George Welsh of Ohio to make Extra Cash in his spare time.

There is a profitable opportunity awaiting you right in your own town as a special representative of COLLIER'S and other Crowell publications.

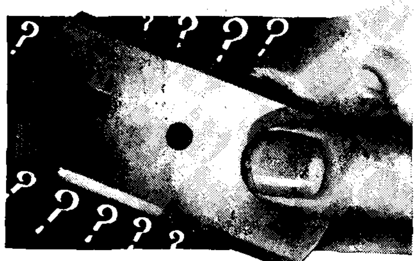
Send coupon for free outfit and information about our 25% Interest Plan.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-70
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

How can I increase my income?

Name.......................................
Address.......................................
Town ....*State*...............

Solved ...at Last!!!



What to do with Old Razor Blades!

DON'T throw them away! For old razor blades are worth *real* money—now that KRISS-KROSS rejuvenates them an amazing way—and gives them the kind of edge you have only *dreamed* about until now. And not only that, it can take a *new* blade right out of a fresh package and increase its sharpness almost 100%!

KRISS-KROSS makes blades *last* astonishingly, too. Ten weeks of slick shaves from a single blade is only a *low* average—while any number of cases are on record where one blade has lasted for 365 keen, cool shaves a year!

New-Type Razor Blade FREE!

To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, we are including this month free samples of a revolution in razor blade construction. Made to fit your present razor. Guaranteed to last longer and shave better than any other. Expect a new shaving sensation—KRISS-KROSS blades are made of a unique steel, made a new and better way. Find out about it today. No obligation. Clip coupon below for offer. Mail it now!

AGENTS

Find out how to make $100 a week and more just showing KRISS-KROSS to men in your locality. Full or spare time. R. S. Hopkins (Mich.) made $20 first day. We show you how. It's easy. Check bottom of coupon for details and generous proposition. Mail it now.

KRISS-KROSS CORPORATION
Dept. M-404, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

KRISS-KROSS CORPORATION,
Dept. M-404, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me details of KRISS-KROSS Stropper. Also send free sample of your new type razor blade for ....Razor. (Fill in your make of razor.)
Name ....
Address ....
City ....State..............
( ) Check here for agents' money-making plan, full time or spare hours.

TEST YOUR
ART
ability
FREE

If you like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is. Many Federal Students are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal Course is recognized everywhere by art employers and buyers of commercial art. Learn at home in spare time, without previous training. **Personal, individual, criticisms on your work.** Get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
108 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

New Easy Way To Start Fords
and Chevrolets, too!

"Finger Dash Control"
NEW WAY

Discovered At Last! A Remarkable New Device That Starts Cars Instantly With Finger Dash Control. Prospects Buy On Sight. Big Year 'Round Money-Maker. Up To 150% Profit!

Clever new invention starts Fords and Chevrolets instantly. Chokes, too, all in one quick operation. You simply pull out dash control with two fingers. No doubling up or using hands and feet as in ordinary starting. Big demand. *Up to 150% profit on each sale.* You pocket money every day in the year.

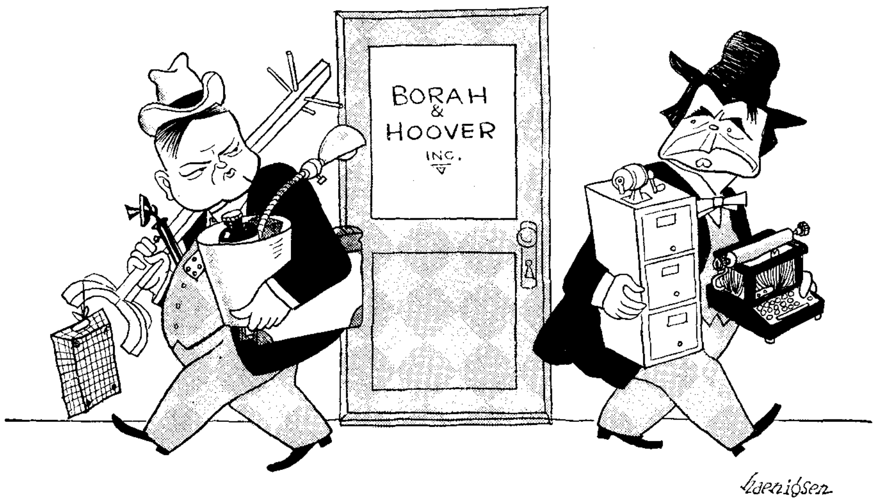
Write For FREE Plan

Millions of new cars everywhere need this amazing E-Z Finger Dash Control STARTER invention. Get free details of wonderful profit-sharing plan and get your share of the profits. No obligation, so act quick. METALCRAFT CORPORATION, Dept. L-180, 5101 Penrose Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution


BORAH & HOOVER INC.

Who's Mad at Whom?

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE inevitable drifting apart of President Hoover and Senator Borah is noticed by everybody in Washington. Though neither says anything which reaches the ears of the press, there are indications that a good deal of irritation exists in the mind of each against the other.

The Idaho senator in the campaign showed an enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover that he had never shown for any other Republican candidate for President. You would have thought that here at last were twin souls.

And the odd part of it is that, even though each of them probably thinks that the other is not all that he should be, the two still have more in common than the President and his more regular Republican supporters have. They are both for a limited revision of the tariff, but they don't agree on the tariff, and there's the rub. They are both for naval disarmament, but they don't agree on naval disarmament. They don't agree at all on Russia.

Heaven knows whether they really agree on prohibition, for nobody knows just what Mr. Hoover's real position on it is, and Mr. Borah's position on it is that of a defender of the Constitution rather than of a convinced supporter of the noble experiment.

The differences are important. Mr. Hoover is a man whose nature craves unquestioning loyalty from his supporters. He likes "yes" men, but Mr. Borah has too much intellectual self-respect ever to be so loyal as to accept the views of another.

The fact that Mr. Borah is not in entire harmony with him probably disturbs Mr. Hoover more than the fact that any other member of the Senate does not agree with him, even though Mr. Borah's points of disagreement are slight and the other senators' points of disagreement with Mr. Hoover may be considerable.

Unpraised and Unrewarded

Now imagine the situation from Mr. Borah's side. The Idaho senator was Mr. Hoover's most important supporter. He gave a certain character and respectability to the Hoover campaign that it otherwise would have lacked. He might reasonably expect a great deal of consideration from the new President. But does any one think that Mr. Borah is as considerable an adviser of the President as Franklin Fort is, or Jimmy Burke is, or Mark Sullivan is?

Ordinarily, a man who has done as much for a candidate as Mr. Borah did for Mr. Hoover might expect the offer of an important place in the Cabinet. Just what Mr. Hoover said to Mr. Borah about the Cabinet is not clear. But if Mr. Hoover offered him the Secretaryship of State, it was probably one of those offers like the invitation, "I hope you will come and see me sometime."

On the other hand, Mr. Hoover did offer Mr. Borah's worst enemy, Charles E. Hughes, the Secretaryship of State. And if there is any one in the Cabinet who was definitely Mr. Borah's choice I should like to know who he is. He may have expressed his approval in advance of several of the Hoover selections. But that any Cabinet officer was *appointed because Mr. Borah recommended him*, no one in Washington believes.

Nearest to His Heart

But Mr. Borah is not so much interested in appointments as he is in public questions. Well, let us see how he has fared on the issues which are dearest to his heart. There is not a sign that Mr. Hoover's election has brought the recognition of Russia, one of Mr. Borah's favorite aims, a step nearer, except as the passage of time brings everything nearer. In fact, Mr. Hoover is reported to have told many persons that he had no intention of recognizing the Soviet government.

Then there is another issue, the freedom of the seas, which is nearer and just as dear to Mr. Borah's heart as the recognition of Russia. The Idaho senator got Congress to pass unanimously last year a resolution in favor of defining the rights of neutrals in war. He regards it as the most practical way of lessening the use of navies in war and so of bringing about disarmament.

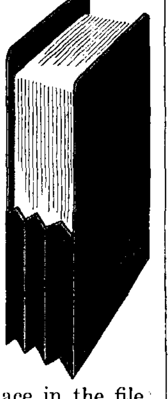
Mr. Hoover has dismissed Mr. Borah's idea as impracticable and has preferred to go along the old route of Coolidge toward reducing and limiting navies by specific agreement.

So Mr. Borah has not got much out of his services during the campaign, either in the way of appointment to office, recognition as an adviser, or regard for the policies nearest to his heart.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. Mr. Hoover came out very emphatically against the debenture plan as a means of farm relief. And Mr. Borah came out with equal emphasis in favor of it. I suppose that Mr. Borah's support of this plan was more annoying to Mr. Hoover than was that of any other senator who voted for it. All the other senators who voted for it could be brushed aside as cranks and half-baked Farm Reliefers. But not so Mr. Borah. He gave the cause respectability. Without his aid it is doubtful whether the plan could ever have got through the Senate. He kept it alive to trouble Mr. Hoover in case the Hoover farm-relief plan fails to aid the big-crop farmers.

A Folder is *Only* a Folder

But a



Vertex
VERTICAL–EXPANDING

FILE POCKET

is a firm, durable, expansible container

that never slumps down in the file-drawer, but stands erect, with the index-tab always in plain view; holds three or three hundred letters with equal facility; is easy to remove or replace in the file, holds small papers as well as large, with never a chance that they will become lost or mis-filed; saves time daily in filing and finding papers; improves instantly the efficiency and appearance of the drawer.

Ordinary *folders* lack all of these advantages. They were never intended to contain many papers, or for continued use. Your own files will show the need of something better than folders for your heavier correspondence.

You will know what REAL filing is, the minute you install **"VERTEX" File Pockets** to replace the bulkiest of your present folders.

But first try a single sample, without expense or obligation. The coupon below will bring it.

---------CUT HERE---------

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of the Bushnell Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in September 14th, Collier's.

Name of Firm..................................
Address..................................
Name and Position of Person Inquiring ....
....
Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?..............

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. C.
13th & Wood Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE'S JUST TIME FOR A BETWEEN THE ACTS!

A 5-minute chance to smoke . . . in the thick of a busy day. No time for a long cigar. Then the cigar smokers welcome the friendly red tin of BETWEEN-THE-ACTS. The 15c cigar in 10 acts. Packed with real Havana charm. But not a penny's waste in a packetful.

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

10 FOR 15¢

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Smoke 10 and see.

• • •

It's worth 15c to know how good these little cigars are. If your favorite tobacconist cannot supply you, mail us 15c (stamps or coins) for a package. Address The P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City. (© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760).

To improve your Game

wear a PAL

Pal
ATHLETIC
SUPPORTER
© B. & B. 1929

Pick the best golfer you know. Watch the full free swing of his stroke. His ease . . . poise . . . balance. His unworried concentration on the game. You may be sure he wears an athletic supporter.

• • •

Nobody can be thoroughly at ease in any athletic activity unless the zone of danger is guarded. Nature left certain delicate cords and tendons unprotected. Instinctively the body seeks to guard them . . . stiffens ever so slightly. Your game suffers.

Wear a PAL, and improve it. PAL is far superior to the ordinary all-elastic supporter. It is porous . . . knit of soft-covered elastic threads. A more *efficient* supporter . . . snug where it should be . . . comfortable all over. PAL doesn't get perspiration-stiff . . . doesn't chafe. And it will outwear two or three ordinary supporters. At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

Bauer & Black
A Division of the Kendall Co.
CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . TORONTO
Also makers of the famous O-P-C
For 40 years the leading suspensory for daily wear

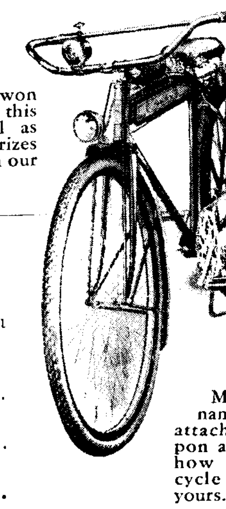
A WINNER *and* WHY!

George Field of Pennsylvania is just a regular fellow full of pep and ambition. He wanted a bicycle, baseball equipment, and a lot of other prizes which Crowell Boys can so easily earn. George had no way of earning for himself these dandy prizes until he became a member of the Crowell Club of Junior Salesmen.

He delivers, in his spare time, Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion. On every copy delivered George gets a cash commission and is rapidly building up a bank account. He is also learning the fundamentals of business and receiving valuable business experience.

You Can Do The Same

What George does you can do. Don't wait another day to sign up with this snappy bunch of boys! Send your name and address on the attached coupon.



George Field won a bicycle like this one, as well as many other prizes selected from our Big Book of Prizes.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-51,
The Crowell Publishing Co.,
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to earn money and win prizes. Send me a supply of magazines and full instructions.

My Name..

Address..

Town .... State..................

Mail your name on the attached coupon and learn how this bicycle can be yours.

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 26

nape of her neck and fastened them with silver pins.

Her brothers had arrived that morning to be the witnesses of her secret marriage. They were excited, in a good humor. They had praised her.

They had now gone out shooting with her father to while away the heavy time. Madelon was alone in the house. The day was one of overpowering warmth and sweetness. Madelon felt an enchanting lassitude in her limbs. In spite of herself her mind went into day-dreams. She wandered into the deserted and neglected garden in which all the flowers that survived—pinks, wall-flowers, marigolds, jacinths—were those that had been planted years before, mingled now with hardy weeds and field blossoms, and no one had disturbed them.

The day was so beautiful that Madelon felt happy for that cause alone. She passed delicately down the ruined walks, her fingers lovingly touched the overgrown hedges of box where the pale leaves were set in the dark leaves. She came to the fountain which had long ceased to flow with water, and to the screen of hornbeam which had long ceased to be clipped and now grew wild with broad-pronged leaves shooting heavenward.

Something—she knew not what—had come and gone—she knew not where. A dove flew past, and a sudden, most delicious breeze disturbed the flowers to a fresher fragrance; they seemed to wake, to move, to sing; the blue of the sky became more intense, shy, innocent, and secret festivities were being held in the neglected garden in the deserted park. Madelon was one with this jocund carnival of summer which seemed to her to be spread abroad solely for her entertainment. The white butterfly hovered closer to her and she had a sudden whim to seize it; her fair hand went out, shading her face, the creature escaped her and flew high over a bed of gladdon lilies, whose green sheaths boldly pierced the earth.

MADELON returned slowly toward the terrace of the château. How warm, how still, how sweet! She heard a horseman enter the courtyard.

It was not Johann Georg, surely. Too early. No! She smiled at her own expectations.

The postboy with the Gazette—she hoped it was he; if the Gazette were late her father was angry. But the horseman was De Haverbeck. She waited for him to dismount.

"I thought it was the postboy," she remarked, as he came up to her.

"I passed him," replied De Haverbeck, who did not say that he had taken the copy of the Gazette from him and that it now lay in his pocket.

He did not choose that what he had to say to Madelon should be said in the light of the knowledge of the Elector's approaching marriage.

"Where are your father and brothers?"

"They are in the park somewhere, shooting; I do not know—they will not return till the evening."

"Why, then, I am fortunate; it was you I came to see."

"After so many years! I can hardly remember when you were at Arnsdorf before."

"But *I* can remember very well."

"You are tired, dusty, thirsty?" she asked, negligently. "You have ridden from Dresden? How can I serve you? I am at leisure, my duties are done."

She thought to herself:

"Why has he come? He must go before the Elector arrives."

But there were some hours before that visit and it was pleasant, it was more than pleasant, to have the company of Delphicus de Haverbeck.

"You may bring me, if you will, a pitcher of water." They entered the château together. He laid down his hat and gloves on the window seat in the hall. "Let me speak to you, Madelon, seriously and at peace."

"Come into the old library," she said. "It has been shut up since Maestro Steffani left. Do you know what has become of him?" she added.

"He is safe and content," replied De Haverbeck. "He has found another position in Dresden. I see him often."

"I am glad, yet I used to think him very dull."

SHE led the way up the stairs and to the library which had remained so clearly impressed on the mind of De Haverbeck as the scene of his interview with the old pedant on the last occasion when he had been at Arnsdorf, when he had returned after an absence of five years and found nothing changed. Again, after another absence of eight years, nothing was changed.

"Nobody comes here but myself," she said. "Here I retreat sometimes and continue my studies and practice my music."

"The room," answered De Haverbeck, "is the sweeter for it."

"I will fetch your water."

On an iron tray she brought a thick stone jug of water and a Rhenish rummer, and set them before De Haverbeck.

"How imposing you are in your uniform," she smiled. "I used to read about your exploits in Hungary. Why have you never come to see us before? It is because of my father and brothers, I suppose? They are not always here, and you should not mind them."

De Haverbeck poured out and slowly drank a rummer of water, then he asked:

"Madelon, will you marry me and go immediately with me to Vienna?"

"You have twice asked my father that question," replied the girl; she continued with a harshness he had not expected: "and my answer is the same as his. No, Delphicus, no." For all this show of resolution she was weak enough to add:

"Why do you ask me?"

"Because I love you, I suppose. Perhaps because you love me and I, knowing it, must return to you again and yet again. Always, as I think. Whatever happens."

"You have never wooed me," mused Madelon.

She sat down on the other side of the table, near where stood the faded virginals, with their cracked garlands of blue, yellow and green flowers. She interlaced her small fingers, and placed her chin on them, with her elbows on the ink-stained table.

"Perhaps, because you were always mine."

Madelon laughed.

"I shall marry the Elector, Delphicus."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Absolutely."

"But you do not love him?"

"He does not displease me," replied Madelon.

De Haverbeck gazed at her with an immense tenderness—at those lovely, smoothly brushed and neatly knotted curls, those exact small features and large golden eyes, at her darned, washed gown, so neat, so trim; her ironed ribbons, her bare wrists and throat, her softly rounded figure, so fine, so delicate.

"Darling girl," he whispered softly, "do not refuse me. I think you my match in mind and enterprise. I know you are ambitious and have been denied much you should have, but I believe I can satisfy you as well as myself."

"You have no fortune, Delphicus," she sighed, quietly. "You, as I, are equipped only with your person and your wit."

"And I have done well enough," replied the young soldier, earnestly. "I have no great hopes of promotion in Saxony, but in the Empire, in Cassel, or in Venice I might rise sufficiently high to support even a proud wife; perhaps to do as much for you as your Elector could, Madelon."

"You try to tempt me with an ignoble lure," cried the girl, with sudden emotion. "If I married you, Delphicus, it would hardly be for pomp and power!"

"Yet these things you value, and I also. I am not made for a mean station, nor for a hermitage; I am neither taken with the speculations of philosophers, nor the fancies of the priests—a simple man of action, a gentleman at arms. I have found life agreeable to my senses and plain to my understanding—as you also find it, I think, Madelon. In denying me, you deny yourself. Come with me to Vienna. For I do love you."

Madelon pressed her chin more firmly on her locked hands:

"And what else do you offer me?" she urged. "The Elector can give me authority and luxury and love; believe me that he, too, loves me, is obedient to me as a slave to his master. What can you add to this?"

"I can add honor; I offer you honor and fair fame," said De Haverbeck leaning toward her across the table.

"Do you not think I shall have honor as the Elector's wife?" She, too, leaned across the virginals, the space between them.

"Only worldly honor, my Madelon. You know, my young darling, that you serve the turn of your father's and your brothers' ambition, and that this marriage has in it nothing noble."

"You will be the only one, Delphicus, to say that. I shall be respected and admired by all. It is useless for you to assail me with your fair arguments. My mind is resolved, my heart armed."

THE young soldier's dark eyes bent on her a look of compassion and love.

"Do you believe in God, Madelon?"

"I should be a good Lutheran if I had not read so many books of philosophy."

De Haverbeck rose.

"Madelon, it is persistently rumored that the Elector marries with the Margravine of Anspach."

Madelon was not startled.

"That is but the intrigue of Count Stürm, and I do not fear him."

"Madelon, it is in the Gazette this morning. I hoped without my telling you this that you would have been inclined to me."

"Your news," said the girl coldly, "alters me not. Count Stürm could put what he pleases in the Gazette. He could spread abroad what news he pleases. The Elector will come here and marry me tonight."

"Then I will leave you to your preparations. I will depart before I meet your father and your brothers."

He would have gone immediately, but Madelon had risen as swiftly as he had risen, and come round the table and caught him by the wide cuff and shirt ruffles.

"Delphicus, I shall be many hours alone yet. Do not go; why cannot we talk together? We are not children now. When I am the Electress I will still be your friend." Her warm loveliness was close to him.

"But I shall not be yours," replied Delphicus, tenderly. "When I leave you now, it will not be to return, even after another eight years. I have offered three times for you, Madelon. I have waited all my life. I think of you continuously. I can never be the object of your coquetry."

Madelon clasped her arms around his arm! She was shaken by an unreasonable fear of his departure—a sense of panic, of terror, weakened her. . . . She thought that if he left her she would be somehow abandoned to all evil, that in him she beheld a final defence against unspeakable and unappeasable calamity. She shuddered, considering the return of her father and her brothers—hunters avid for the game—with revulsion. Disgust filled her at the thought of the Elector's visit, at the long and subtle preparations, the part she was to play in which she had been so carefully schooled; the visit of the pastor which had been so adroitly arranged, the triumphant shout of "Caught, at last," which she knew would echo in her father's heart when the blond young man, shaken with passion, confused with wine, would sign their marriage contract; and at what must follow, their night together, her surrender of she knew not what to an impatient master.

De Haverbeck waited, not urging her.

HERE was a man she could trust. He would never offend and never betray. She adored in him his control of his desires; a man, not a boy. When she was with Delphicus she knew what honor meant. He would never touch her without her consent. Standing now so close to his steady presence, yearning for his embrace, almost was she tempted away from all the inducements, from that fortune to which she had dedicated herself so skillfully and so readily. If he was to have been the bridegroom tonight . . . ah, she would not be afraid.

There was, too, that little coiled fear of failure, always at the bottom of her heart, which had leaped to life at the words Delphicus had spoken—"Madelon, it is rumored!" "Madelon, it is in the Gazette!"

She said, fingering his laces, looking down:

"If I were to consent, like a crazy creature, to what you suggest, Delphicus, would you take me away now, at once?"

"If you wish I would take you away. We could be married at once."

That was an enticing fancy.

To go away at once to another world, another air—never to see again the anxious faces of those three men looking to her for all their sordid fortunes. Never to behold again the flushed countenance of that enraptured youth waiting for her simulated response to his passion. Never to have to pretend, or lie, or flatter—to be able to allow the soul to go with the body, the mind with the senses.

She dropped her hand from his steady arm and moved away, tormented; this time it was he who followed her and caught her gently by the wrist.

"Madelon, cannot you decide? Madelon, is it so difficult?"

Madelon hesitated: she believed that she could not much longer resist him. A man like that, surely he loved her, surely, he was her true lover.

Madelon returned to the chair by the old virginals, and put her face in her hands, endeavoring to shut out her sense of the overwhelming presence of her lover. The moment was, to her, beautiful. She felt that she had always been fond of this shabby room because one

(Continued on page 68)

The famous Matthews "38" Stock Cruiser
Speeds 15 to 30 miles
Go anywhere in a Matthews Cruiser
"Matthews 38"
ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF CRUISING
Matthews "38" Single Cabin, Double Cabin, Sport Cruiser, Day Cruiser
Matthews "46" Double Cabin, Single Cabin, Sport Cruiser
Matthews "34" Speed Cruiser
Ask for Folder C
THE MATTHEWS CO., Port Clinton, Ohio, U. S. A.
Quality Service Since 1890

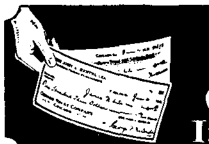
MONEY FOR YOU
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

"I Don't Care"
That is what your finger nails *shout*, if they are untidy. Refined men and women ensure neat nails *always*, by using Gem, the handy pocket manicure that quickly cleans, files and trims the nails in odd moments. Ask your druggist or cutlery dealer.
The H. C. Cook Co., 2 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.
Gem NAIL Clippers
Gem Jr. 35c

CLEAR VELVETY SKIN
can be yours by proper cleansing. The right soap to ask for is
Resinol

ACCOUNTING
How to learn Accounting
THOUSANDS of ambitious men are earning more money today because they know Accounting. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first lesson. Both will be sent *free*.
International Accountants Society, Inc.
A Division of the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 69, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HOW CAN I EARN EXTRA CASH ?
ANS. BY SELLING US YOUR SPARE TIME
By acting as a local subscription representative of Collier's and other Crowell magazines, you too, can pleasantly turn every spare hour into from $1.00 to $1.50 clear profit.
WRITE TODAY for free outfit and instructions.
CHIEF OF SUBSCRIPTION STAFF
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.



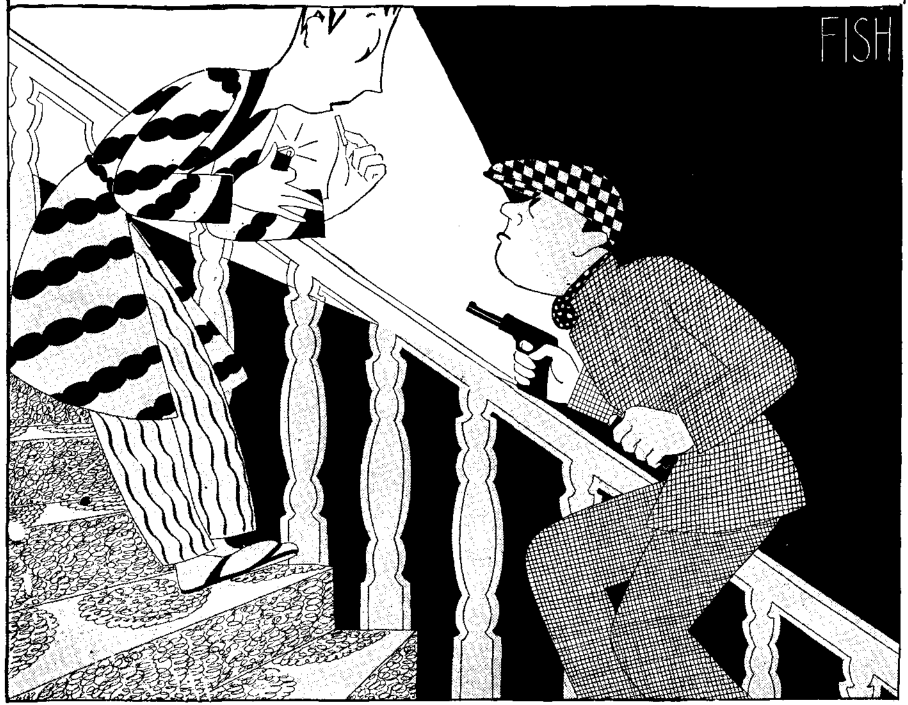
Get Two Salary Checks *Instead of One!*
THIS EASY WAY
THE HERTEL PLAN offers the most profitable, fascinating way of making big money with
Personal Christmas Cards
We pay you WEEKLY and give extra MONTHLY BONUS checks. A stenographer made $1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, $800 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., $61.75 in 2 hours.
Hertel Cards Sell Themselves
$10 Outfit FREE Everyone wants MADE-TO-ORDER Christmas Cards. Take hundreds of orders just showing our beautiful designs. Write today—make the biggest money of your life!
THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St. Dept. 914-A Chicago, Illinois

Tilt Top
"Self Opening Standard Cap"
Delicate Fingers Remove Them With Ease!
Tilt Top Sealers seal every bottle automatically—cannot possibly injure the user—the ONLY sealer that will seal Tilt Top Caps. Will also seal OLD-STYLE crowns.
$3.00 Value
Now Only . . $1.85
Tilt Top Capper and Sealer $2.50
Tilt Top Bottle Tester 50
Formerly $3.00
Now all for . . $1.85
Your dealer's demonstration will convince you.
COUPON
Established Specialty Sales Organizations, Jobbers, Dealers, Consumers—Send in this coupon now for further information:
TILT TOP MFG. CO.
1821-23 Berteau Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:
Please send details of your revolutionary Tilt Top Caps and Cappers.
Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________State________
Check here:
Sales Organization ☐ Jobber ☐
Dealer ☐ Consumer ☐

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

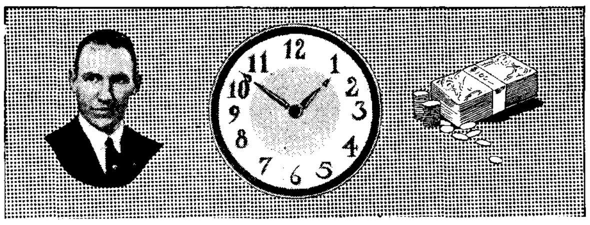
When you think you have heard a burglar, and you find you have . . .

be *nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

He Earns EXTRA MONEY In Spare Time!



MEET Mr. Manker of Tennessee—he uses his spare time to make extra money! Mr. Manker says, "Three years ago I lay flat on my back in the hospital, unable to move. Today I have a magazine business worth $5000 which I expect to double in 1930."

What Mr. Manker has done, you may do by using our money-making plan for securing subscriptions to COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE MENTOR. If you want to sell your spare time to good advantage, write for our profitable offer, today!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-63
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yes—I want to make extra money! Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your interesting plan.

Name ....

Address ....

Town .... State ....

(*Continued from page 67*)

day this would happen between the dark walls lined with their old schoolbooks and the portraits of her ancestors: had she not always felt an affection for the map of the world in the brass frame, because one day he would stand beside it, waiting for her answer?

All was dear, familiar, charming; there had always been an enchantment in the old library where Madame de Rosny and her father so seldom came, where the humble Italian had spoken, timidly, as gloss on his lessons, of virtue and honor. . . . Even when she was a child playing by the fountain, he had looked at her and loved her. . . . This was a happy hour.

De Haverbeck laughed as a man might laugh before an amazing circumstance of happiness; Madelon laughed also.

THE door opened with a harshness that jarred all her nerves. She looked around, startled and angry. It was her brother, Casimir, who had entered.

The greeting between the two men was stern.

"What is this, sir, and why are you here with my sister?"

"I am asking, for the third time, for your sister's hand," replied De Haverbeck. "I am here on an open and plainhearted errand. You shall not provoke me."

Madelon turned to her brother with mingled apprehension and appeal.

"You break in on us rudely, Casimir. This affair is between ourselves. I must have some time at my disposal."

The young man retorted angrily:

"I come home, I search for you everywhere, I hear from the groom that Delphicus has arrived, and find you closeted together!"

"He wants to marry me, Casimir. He has come from Dresden to tell me so. And I—I have listened to him."

"This is amusing," sneered Casimir.

De Haverbeck crossed to the table, looked across the virginals at Madelon, and said, most earnestly:

"Since he will not leave us, tell me, before his face, your answer. Do not be influenced by this displeasure rashly conceived against me—what they offer you is cold and fruitless! Love enhances life and is the only measure of content—the loose and trivial bravery they offer you is but a hurry of vanity to hide a wretched hollowness! Look up, my young darling, and entrust yourself to me!"

Madelon did not answer, because she wished to prolong this glorious and happy moment. Casimir hung near, scowling, alarmed.

"Does he persuade you?" he sneered at his sister. "Remember, you know nothing of him—what he really is and how he lives."

"No," smiled Madelon, "only his long fidelity."

Casimir laughed with a coarse ejaculation.

"You're bewitched, my girl. You know all about this faithful lover, eh? Do you know of his pleasure house on the Bächnitz road—and the—" Casimir reluctantly altered the word that came most readily on his tongue—"whom he keeps there?"

"You try to inflame me, you poor boy," said De Haverbeck, with the dark brows contracted. "But I'll not be provoked—Madelon, speak to me—I cannot much longer endure this."

"It is a jade he has taken from the Italian Comedy—a little actress of the harlequinade," flung out Casimir. "Steffani, our old tutor, lives with them—pious hypocrite! And there's a child."

At this he stood back, half expecting to be struck, or insulted; but De Haverbeck remained stately, controlled, and folded his arms on his breast.

Madelon stared smilingly at De Haverbeck. She, too, was cool.

"You have no denial?" she whispered.

"I have not kept the matter a secret. It does not touch you and me. There is no dishonor in it."

"You cannot explain—you have nothing to say?"

"Except that I am glad, Madelon," he replied, tenderly, "that you are still so inexperienced as to ask me such questions."

He glanced at Casimir, who was triumphant, defiant, but half afraid. "You blackguard," he thought, but he could not deal with Casimir in Madelon's presence. That dirty move had won the game for the mean profligate. How could he, De Haverbeck, enlighten Madelon as to the difference between his own life, entirely clean and honorable, and her brother's, sunk in filth?

"Madelon, if you send me away now I shall not come back to solicit you again, whatever your need or mine."

"I do send you away," cried Madelon; her unnatural stillness broke into a hurry of words. She moved away from him and toward her brother. "It is amusing, is it not, Casimir, for this penniless soldier of fortune to come and ask for my hand, ask me to share his debts and his difficulties, sponge on foreign courts in his company—divide his favors with public dancers. But, *perhaps, he did not mean such a romantic* design to be taken seriously. Perhaps it may have been but a summer afternoon diversion. Indeed, it has been no more for me. . . . And now I'm weary of it."

De Haverbeck continued to look with regret, with compassion, with love, at Madelon.

She fully and calmly returned his beseeching gaze. She hunched her white shoulders out of the mended muslin fichu, and her fair, lovely face was distorted with a sneer that trembled on the perfect lips, that narrowed the golden eyes.

And, seeing that ugly scorn upon a countenance so lately flushed with love, De Haverbeck left her. He did not glance back, but left the room immediately.

MADELON listened to his steps steadily descending the stairs.

The room was dull and mean to her eyes now, detestable. The sunshine was blurred over; the heralds of a storm were riding the sky; the leaves at the window shuddered together.

As the day faded the freshness and sweetness were withered from the air. Dun clouds obscured the sunshine and the blue. The shadows spread and merged into a sultry frown over road and field. A light, yet persistent wind stirred the dry dust on road and path.

General de Haverbeck, taking the great post-road back to Dresden, turned in his saddle more than once to observe these sultry banks of clouds, advancing slowly over the purple horizon. Against such a background the young summer green loomed livid, the last blossoms of an orchard that he passed stared ghastly white. The birds had ceased to sing or had fled into the recesses of the distant forest.

A coach came in sight—six horses and outriders—direct from Dresden, the towers and pinnacles of which De Haverbeck could now see clearly on the frowning horizon. Sunshine still lingered on those walls and towers, for the storm had not yet reached the city.

"The Elector," thought De Haverbeck. "She was then right to be sure of him. I might have known Madelon."

He drew up his eager horse under a bent wayside apple tree, where the last blossoms drifted from the forming fruit.

The equipage swept past—the cumbrous ornamental coach swinging on its buckled leathers, the arms of Saxony, the black, the gold, the Electoral barret glittering on the polished sides.

The blinds were down, the windows open, and De Haverbeck could see the young Elector within, sprawling on the fringed cushions.

"Sooner Saxony than some lesser man," mused De Haverbeck. "There must be some worth in him, or he would never marry her."

He continued his lonely and somber way toward Dresden. The storm clouds had now encroached on the city, lurid yellow behind the gloomy bulk of the black towers of the Königsberg, the State prison, a high grim shape above the walls.

CLOUDS and masonry seemed to blend into a single magnificent and menacing darkness of outline broken only by the colors of Saxony, the standard of the House of Wettin hanging sullenly from the flagpole on the topmost pinnacle of the Königsberg. Delphicus de Haverbeck could not choose but gaze at this, the salient point of all the dark and shrouded landscape, and as he gazed a flash of lightning rent the rolling vapor and smote across the blank, bleak walls, barred windows and guarded gates of the great prison. A roll of thunder accompanied the young soldier as he rode more swiftly toward the gates of Dresden, the only man abroad in that shadowed prospect.

Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz also saw that flash of lightning, heard that roll of thunder.

She was in the library where De Haverbeck had left her.

The lightning darted across the place where he had stood, which, such a short time ago, had been bright with sunshine. Casimir, sprawling in front of the table with the old virginals, was teasing and tormenting her with reproaches, with advice, with recriminations. Madelon met him coldly. "Look to yourself, Casimir. Do not you betray so much agitation. See how your hand is trembling. If Johann Georg does not come to Arnsdorf tonight, then you may scold me. But, now, let us have peace."

She spoke decisively and bitterly. The keen blast of disillusion had cleared her mind and sharpened her wits; she would have no trouble with her heart tonight. All her romantic sentimentalities and tender follies had been dissipated by what she had heard of De Haverbeck. Her father and Madame de Rosny had been right when they had shown her the world as a place where men and women sold themselves for the highest possible price in the keenest possible market. The virtues were left to fools and rustics; the sole prizes worth contending for were those that could be seen and felt and touched . . . and he had gone. Why, then, this wild passion must be controlled.

She asked in a tone of almost hopeless curiosity:

"Why could you not have done something for yourself, Casimir? Why must you all rely on me?"

She glanced at him wearily. He appeared likely enough, sufficiently well-equipped, a personable, straight, healthy young man. Yet he was sinking in coils of his own creation, entangled with vices, smirched with failures, appealing to a woman to make his fortune.

"How long will you keep your place when I have got it for you?" wondered Madelon with contempt for herself as much as for him.

"There will be no difficulty about that," Casimir assured her with a sneer. "Do you think people rise by merit nowadays? I have had no opportunity, no manner of chance—what could I do with the few rix dollars our father was able to allow me? You do not yet know, Madelon, what Dresden is, or what a man's expenses are—especially in the army. Indeed, my dear sister, I believe there is a good deal that you do not know, or you would not have been entertaining De Haverbeck just now . . . nor dismissed him so easily, either."

"Madame de Rosny used to tell me that," said Madelon, dully. "When she last left me she whispered, 'There is a good deal you do not know, my child.' Yet now I think I can guess it very well."

At the mention of their ancient governess, Casimir laughed grossly.

"Madame de Rosny has found her way to Dresden—cunning devil that she is! She is in partnership with a certain Fani von Ilten, whose acquaintance, my dear Madelon, I do not suppose you will ever make. She keeps gambling tables and sells medicinal drugs and concoctions. She will be at you when you are at the Residenzschloss to buy face lotions and complexion washes and hair stains."

"No worse than that?" asked Madelon.

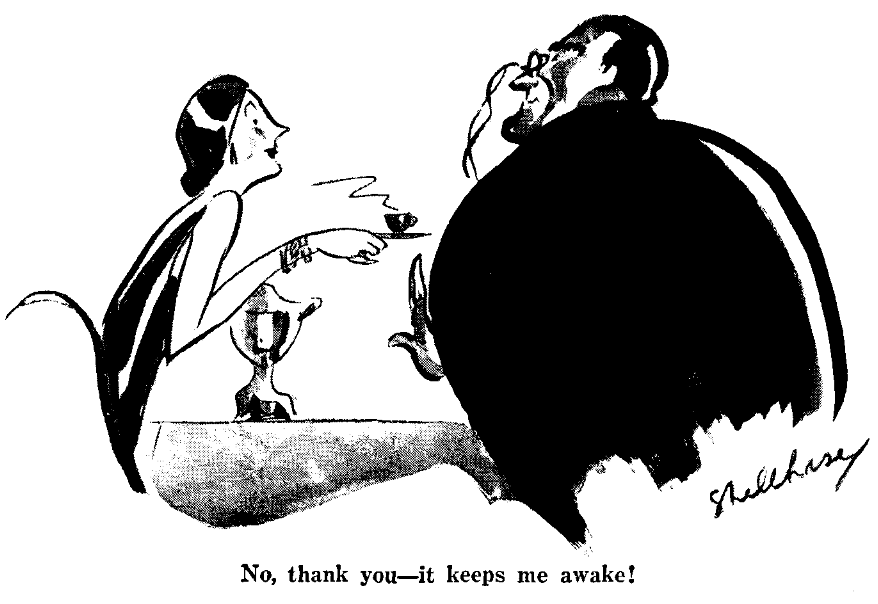
ANOTHER roll of thunder shook the air, now hot and sultry, and tainted with an acrid bitterness; the room was dark; they could hardly see one another. Casimir shrugged.

"A good deal worse than that, they say. All manner of filthy brews and witchcraft tricks—"

"Witchcraft?" interrupted Madelon.

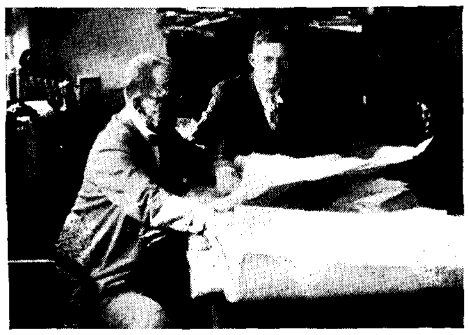
"Yes." Casimir lowered his voice and instinctively moved back as another flash of lightning darted between them. The storm was as sharp as sudden. "There was a woman died in the Königsberg the other day. They say they racked her till her limbs fell off!"

(To be continued next week)



No, thank you—it keeps me awake!

THE BUSINESS LEADERS of TODAY *are the* I. C. S. *students of Yesterday . . . . .*



E. O. Shulenberger, left, Secretary and Sales Manager of the Möller Organ Works, and M. P. Möller, Jr.

Every man in the Möller drafting room has been trained by the I. C. S.

E. J. Phillips, right, Foreman of the Console Dept., and Howard Berry are both I. C. S. students

TO THE names of American businesses that have attained international leadership in their field, add that of the M. P. Möller Organ Works, world's largest manufacturers of pipe organs.

In Hagerstown, Maryland, at the head of the lovely Shenandoah Valley, the great Möller plant builds instruments that are installed in cathedrals, churches, theaters and private homes throughout America and foreign countries. And an important factor in the growth of this business for nearly thirty years has been the training of its employees by the International Correspondence Schools.

Mathias P. Möller, founder of the company and still its active head, came to this country in 1873, a Danish immigrant boy. His skill as an organ builder soon enabled him to earn his living, and in 1881 he started operations for himself in Hagerstown.

It was in 1897 that E. O. Shulenberger, present Secretary and Sales Manager of the company, came to the Möller Works. He felt the need of technical training, for in his boyhood he had been able to get only an elementary schooling. In 1902 he enrolled with the I. C. S. for a course in Mechanical Drawing, which he completed in his spare time. He was the first of the Möller force to study with the I. C. S.

Today there are I. C. S. graduates and students in all branches of the organization. In positions of executive responsibility, besides Mr. Shulenberger, there are J. O. Funkhouser, Vice-president, and G. S. Funkhouser, Treasurer, both students of the International Correspondence Schools.

L. W. Robertson, General Foreman, is an I. C. S. pioneer student. He enrolled in 1906, when he was a Möller apprentice.

A co-operative training arrangement, for the encouragement of home study among the employees, was made between the Möller organization and the International Correspondence Schools some five years ago. In speaking of it, M. P. Möller, Jr., says:

"The record of the I. C. S. in assisting our people to make more of themselves has been an honorable and effective one for many years. Under this plan, which provides for the efforts of the Schools' representative being practically supervised by our management, with a view to enrolling the right man for the right course, there is afforded a logical co-operation which cannot result otherwise than in advantage all around. It has emphatically been so with us."

In organ building, as in every other business and industry, it is the man with a technical knowledge of his job and the job ahead who advances. Will you hold a responsible, well-paid position ten years from now? It depends on you. If you study and get ready the opportunity will surely come.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 4062-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Secretarial Work
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ Advertising
☐ English
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Mining
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Plumbing and Heating
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio ☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blueprints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry
☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name.................................Street Address.................................

City.................................State.................................

Occupation.................................

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal

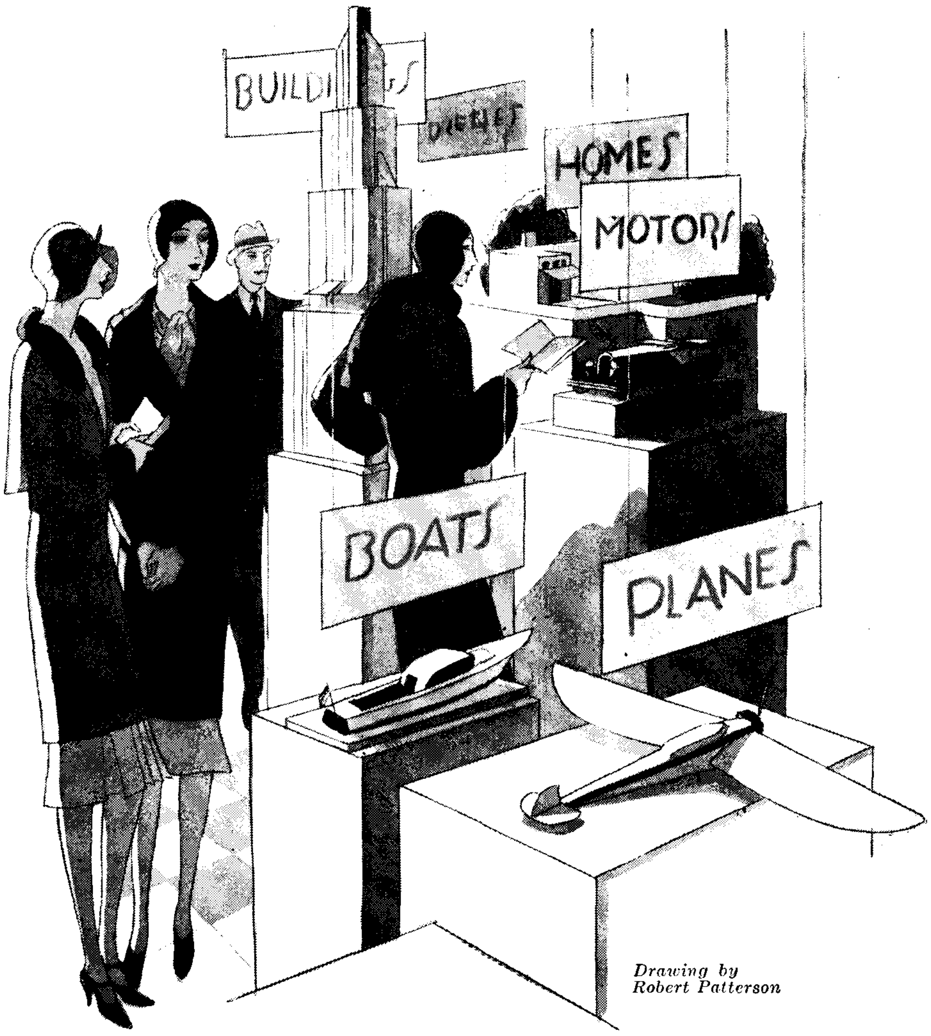
The Business Leaders of TOMORROW *are the I. C. S. Students of* TODAY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Beauty Conquers the Beast



Drawing by Robert Patterson

THE first lady of the land is Dame Fashion. If you doubt that she is queen, try to ignore her suggestions.

Every man, woman and child among us is vitally affected by what have been so long denounced as the whims of this capricious lady.

Fashion is changeable but there's reason in the change if you look far enough.

We have been accustomed to think of style in connection with women's dresses. Actually you can find it anywhere. Houses, ships, factories, sealing wax or vegetable gardens are equally subject to its sway. In business, fashion is now of first importance.

You would have difficulty today in finding a trade or a profession which is not influenced by intangible mode.

Style is the accepted standard of taste of the moment. Without always thinking of it we demand this quality in everything we buy or consume.

The house you buy or the apartment you rent must conform to the prevailing notion of what is good taste. Your new automobile must please your eye before you will test its engine and brakes. Your radio set, your furniture, the stores you patronize, even the food you purchase, the novel you read or the song you listen to, must appear in the fashion of the moment.

Of course clothes must be in the prevailing mode wherever you live and whatever you do. In the old days men and women had to dress according to their social rank, and a man might be fined if his wife wore finery beyond her state of life. Now, being democrats, we all dress alike, and social distinctions are harder to discover and maintain.

The war, new jobs, equal rights, all combine with new ideas of hygiene and of art to produce today's fashions. They are different from all the past because we live in a new and changing world and think new ideas.

You couldn't picture a girl of 1929 going around in the dresses her mother wore twenty years ago. You wouldn't see her mother doing it again.

We have new ideas of utility and a sounder taste for beauty. Besides we have at last learned that morality has little to do with clothes. Fifteen years ago the woman who wore a suit fit to swim in was arrested for immodesty. Today we know that decency doesn't have to be fortified by thick layers of clothing.

There is Permanence

Invention itself, adding new utilities and taking away old machines, necessitated fresh styles. The general use of the motor car gave us a new set of habits, while the airplane added a spectacular touch.

Style veers more rapidly than ever because invention keeps on altering the physical conditions of life at a pace unprecedented for swiftness.

We accept these changes because newer and easier ways of doing familiar work are being constantly discovered. As we move we demand new styles because universally we are learning to enjoy beauty.

The things which don't change are permanent because they are intrinsically beautiful. A Cape Cod cottage well designed a hundred years ago is worth more than its modern replica with better plumbing. A table by Duncan Phyfe is in style after a century of use, because its maker understood the essentials of beauty.

Style is not always beautiful. The dresses women wore in the 1890's seem appallingly ugly. Houses built in the 1880's are almost universally hard to sell today.

Modern styles are good because never before have so many intelligent women and men been employed in creating them.

Manufacturers, merchants and publishers are as eager as artists to find beauty in their products. Business men have not gone highbrow or goofy over a new fad.

They are merely giving a new recognition to an essential quality in any acceptable product.

Although style changes, beauty is permanent, and the surest way of giving long life to any commodity, a dress or a ship, a book or an office building, is to make it beautiful.

Beauty, moreover, doesn't just happen. It is the work of taste and intelligence. Raphael is immortal because no one ever had a keener eye for the beautiful. Stanford White's houses stand out long after he has gone because he knew how to draw lines which are permanently pleasing.

Our new emphasis on style and fashion is not a mark of superficiality or caprice. Rather it is a sign of the coming of age of our industrial civilization. When machinery first appeared, charming towns were destroyed to make way for squalor in manufacturing centers.

Now the tide has turned. We find we must live with our machines and their products and are insisting that they be made beautiful. This is progress.

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

CROSSES INDICATE
"TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Chrysler	De Soto	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Plymouth	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	65 & 75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Imperial	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Dodge	All	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Durant	40, 60, 66	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	...
	70	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham-Paige	612	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	615	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	621, 827, 837	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Hudson and Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	Century 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Century 8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	75 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Kleiber		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Locomobile	86 & 88	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Marmon	68	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
	78	...	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Roosevelt	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Moon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	Std 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
———	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Peerless	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
	Flying Cloud	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Roamer		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Stearns-Knight	6-80	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	8-90	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Studebaker and Erskine	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

FORE . . . On golf course or concourse . . . . . youth drives through . . . . . there's life ahead worth living . . . . .

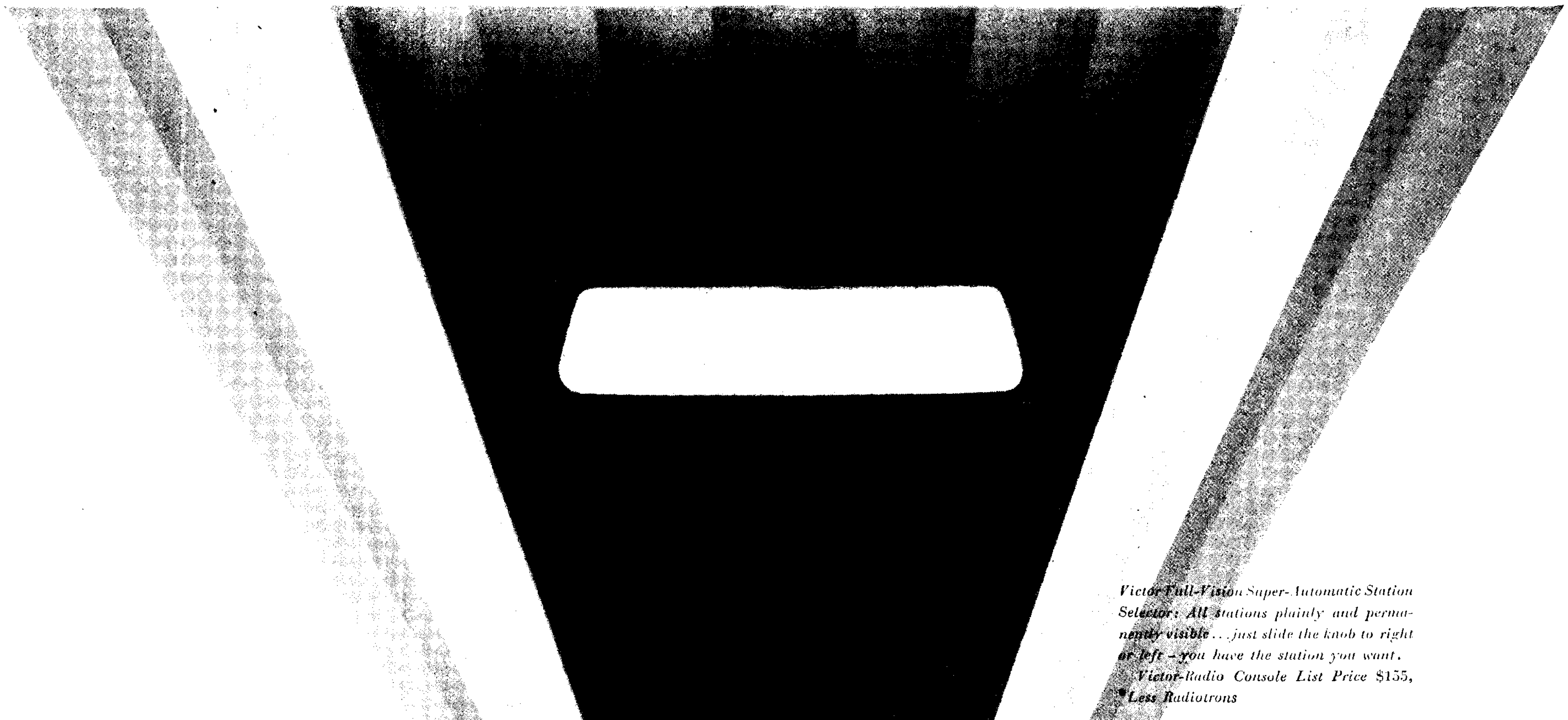
For owners of cars "Timken-Equipped" there are miles and miles worth driving . . . . . miles free of the threat of thrust, shock, torque and speed . . . . . mileage protected against advancing age by that exclusive combination: Timken tapered construction, Timken ***POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*** and Timken-made steel.

—And all that motorists have to do is to ask for and get cars "Timken-Equipped" and have Cars That Stay Young.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

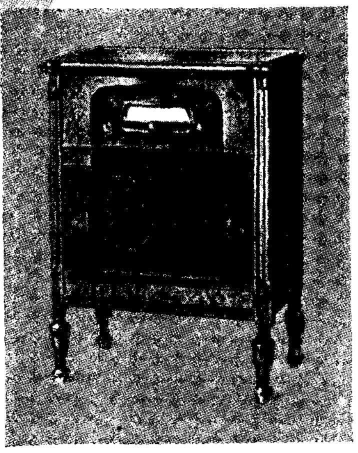
TIMKEN Tapered Roller BEARINGS

© 1929, THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.



Victor Full-Vision Super-Automatic Station Selector: All stations plainly and permanently visible . . . just slide the knob to right or left – you have the station you want.

*Victor-Radio Console List Price $155, *Less Radiotrons*



Thrilling the Nation

Victor-Radio

VICTOR
MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS
RADIO

Here for the first time is the instrument which scientists have set as their goal – the first and only micro-synchronous radio . . .

A radio that affords musical reproduction of brilliance, warmth and power comparable only to the singing or playing of the artists themselves . . . that at last achieves "acoustic symmetry" – from top to bottom of the musical scale!

Victor's *own* exclusive radio, the climax of thirty years of unchallenged leadership in acoustical reproduction – the supreme product of the most painstaking and specialized craftsmanship! Victor quality throughout.

Never before was a radio so easy to tune. The station you want is always in plain sight. The amazing new Victor Station Selector is super-automatic!

You can have Victor-Radio separately or with the marvelous new Victor-Electrola . . . bringing you, in one compact cabinet, from the same improved new Victor electro-dynamic reproducer . . . music from the air so realistic that you will be startled . . . music from records such as you never heard before – music that will take your breath away.

Only unparalleled Victor resources make possible in-built Victor quality at these prices. Only $155* for the Victor-Radio Console; only $275* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division – Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Copyright 1929
Radio-Victor Corporation of America